WOODY ALLEN: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW 12-2

38 OVER & UNDER RATED PEOPLE

Saturday Review

JUNE 1986 $2.50

**********5-DIGIT 37660
SLBRO 2UNI& &&&95 14K13 MAR87
KINGSPORT UNIV CNTR LIB 288 021 1 SAT
UNIVERSITY BLVD DIR GT
KINGSPORT TN 37660

TODAY'S HOT NEW STARS

They Have Looks and Talent

ACTRESS
ELIZABETH BERRIDGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Philip Morris Inc. 1986

Get a taste of it.

Merit

The low tar flavor break.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

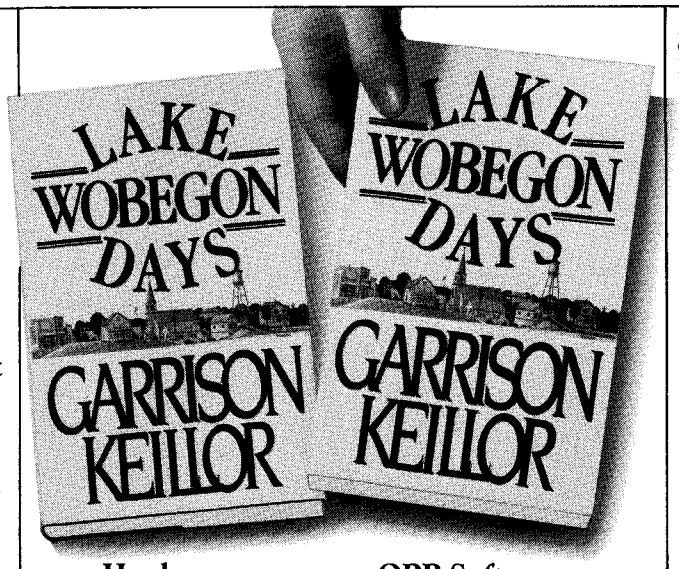
QPB PRESENTS A QUICK COURSE IN COMPARATIVE LIT.

On the left is a hardcover. On the right is QPB's softcover edition of the same book.

They're both the same size, and they're both durably bound and printed on fine paper. But our price is a different story.

QPB softcovers cost up to 65% less than their comparable hardcovers.

So the lesson here is simple: You don't judge a book by its cover, so why pay for its cover?

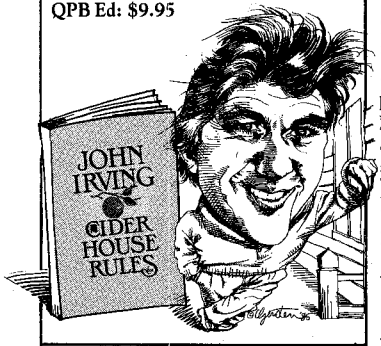


Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Softcover: $9.50**

172. The New Our Bodies, Ourselves: A Book by and for Women. Boston Women's Health Book Collective
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $10.95**

309. The House of the Spirits
Isabel Allende
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $8.95**

631. The Cider House Rules
John Irving
Hardcover: $18.95
QPB Ed: $9.95



415. The New York Times Guide to the Return of Halley's Comet
Richard Flaste, Holcomb Noble, Walter Sullivan and John Noble Wilford
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

432. The Silver Palate Cookbook
Julee Russo and Sheila Lukins with Michael McLaughlin
The Silver Palate Good Times Cookbook. Julee Russo and Sheila Lukins with Sarah Leah Chase (2 Vols.)
Hardcovers: $39.90 **QPB: $17.95**

440. War. Gwynne Dyer
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

617. The Flamingo's Smile
Reflections in Natural History. Stephen Jay Gould
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

505. To Engineer is Human
The Role of Failure in Successful Design. Henry Petroski
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $8.95**

602. Lake Wobegon Days
Garrison Keillor
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.50**

499. Amo, Amas, Amat and More
How to Use Latin to Your Own Advantage and to the Astonishment of Others. Eugene Ehrlich
Introduction by William F Buckley, Jr.
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

339. The Weaker Vessel
Antonia Fraser
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $8.95**

618. Iacocca: An Autobiography. Lee Iacocca with William Novak
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

124. A Kick in the Seat of the Pants
Roger von Oech
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $8.50**

695. Eternal Life? Life After Death as a Medical, Philosophical, and Theological Problem. Hans Küng
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

445. Know Your Own Mind: Nine Tests That Tell You What You Do Best. James Greene & David Lewis
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $5.95**

654. Stephen Hawking's Universe
John Boslough
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

479. The Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll
Edited by Jon Pareles, Consulting Editor, and Patricia Romanowski
Hardcover: $22.95 **QPB: $10.95**

171. The Discoverers
Daniel J. Boorstin
Hardcover: $25 **QPB: $7.95**

433. The Seven Mountains of Thomas Merton. Michael Mott
Hardcover: $24.95 **QPB Ed: $12.95**

611. Mathematics and the Search for Knowledge. Morris Kline
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

361. Victory Over Japan: A Book of Stories. Ellen Gilchrist
Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB: $6.95**

447. Whole Earth Software Catalog for 1986. Edited by Stewart Brand. **QPB: $14.50**

567. Final Cut: Dreams and Disaster in the Making of *Heaven's Gate*. Steven Bach
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

302. Great Detectives: A Century of the Best Mysteries from England and America. Edited by David Willis McCullough
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

516. Yeager: An Autobiography. General Chuck Yeager and Leo Janos
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.50**

459. The World Almanac and Book of Facts 1986. Hana Umlauf Lane
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $5.95**

732. Complete Guide to Prescription and Nonprescription Drugs 1986 Edition. H. Winter Griffith, M.D. **QPB: $9.50**

119. A Field Guide to America's History. Douglass L. Brownstone
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $8.95**

485. Zuckerman Bound: A Trilogy and Epilogue: *The Ghost Writer/ Zuckerman Unbound/The Anatomy Lesson/The Prague Orgy* (1 Vol.)
Philip Roth
Hardcover: $22.50 **QPB: $7.95**

218. The Concise Columbia Encyclopedia
Hardcover: $29.95 **QPB: $12.95**

100. The Best of Modern Humor
Edited by Mordecai Richler
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

434. Ten Philosophical Mistakes
Mortimer J. Adler
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

How membership works.

1. You receive the **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Selection,** plus scores of Alternates.
2. If you want the **Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in any six-month period.

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® Camp Hill, PA 17012. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want. ☐ ☐ ☐

Name_____ 6-16
(Please print clearly) QB225-3

Address_____ **Apt.**_____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

Prices generally higher in Canada.

QPB® **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Founded August 2, 1924, by
Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, William Rose Benet, Christopher Morley, Thomas W. Lamont, Henry Luce

Norman Cousins, Editor (1940-1971, 1973-1977)

Publisher and President
David L. Simpson II

Publisher and Editor-in-Chief
Paul Dietrich

Editor
Frank Gannon

Art Director
Brian Noyes

Managing Editor
Tom Huntington

Associate Editor
Melinda Franklin

Assistant Editor
Briana Porte

West Coast Editorial Director
Jay Eisenberg

Contributing Editors
Dick Cavett, William Cole, Jerome Cramer, Barbara Lippert, Christopher Manion, Cookie Mueller, Michael Musto, John Packard, Gregory Sandow, John Swenson, Zan Thompson, Barry Tunick, Dr. Harlan Ullman

Publisher
David Auchincloss

Associate Publisher
Brian B. Bauman

Director of Public Relations
Virginia Gilbert

General Manager
Elisabeth Squire

Comptroller
Carole Haller

Assistant to the Publisher
Molly Byock

Classified Ad Manager
Dean Uetake

Circulation Consultant
Robin Sommers

Counsel
Charles D. Reed

Advertising Representatives
New York
David Auchincloss
30 East 20th St.
New York, NY 10003
(212) 598-0360

Mortimer Berkowitz, Terrell Van Ingen
The Berkowitz-Van Ingen Co.
145 East 63rd Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 753-9740

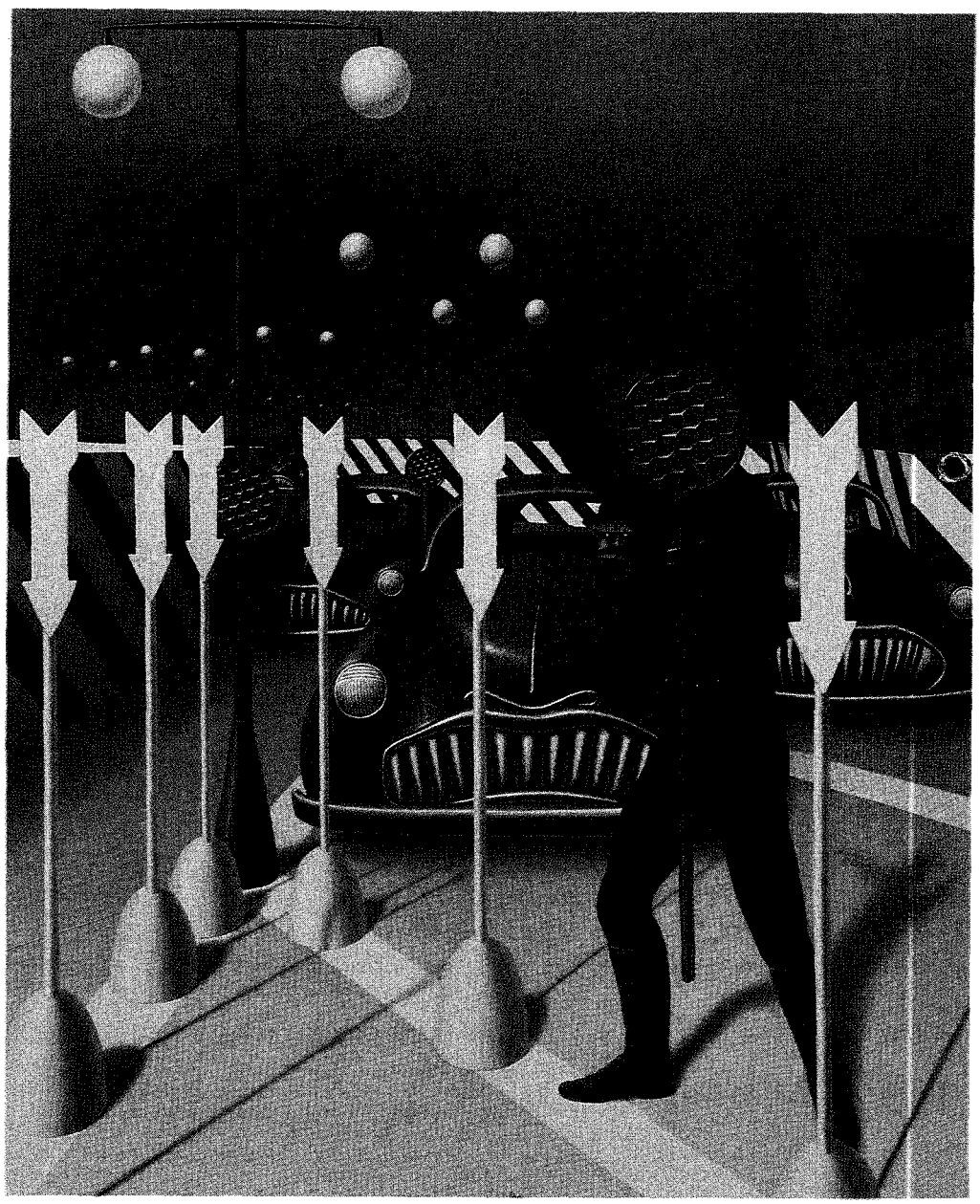
Midwest
William Aiston, Charles Milici
Aiston-Milici, Inc.
230 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, IL 60601
(312) 580-0818

West Coast
Jay Eisenberg
JE Company
6855 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 200
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038
(213) 467-2266 (L.A.)
(415) 864-3252 (San Francisco)
(214) 660-2253 (Dallas)
(303) 595-4331 (Denver)

MPA
Magazine Publishers Association

51

Islands in the stream have compelled our imagination and invited our presence time out of mind. One of the most beautiful and intriguing is Martinique. Graeme Outerbridge's striking photographs convey the feeling of this special place.



10

George Tooker's (b. 1920) social surrealist painting *Highway* (1953) is on display at Atlanta's High Museum through April 25. For news of other current exhibitions, see page ten of "Briefings."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

46

John Kennedy Toole's second novel, *A Confederacy of Dunces*, won the author a posthumous Pulitzer Prize. Now a bizarre battle royal is being waged over the right to publish his first, and very different novel, *Neon Bible*.

COURTESY RHODA FAUST

24

Hot young character actress Elizabeth Berridge is flexing her talent on stage and on screen. As new and more demanding roles for women are written, Beth Berridge is typical of the new and more talented generation of actresses emerging to play them.

RICHIE WILLIAMSON

Saturday Review

May/June 1986

ARTICLES

Going Through Stages
Elizabeth Berridge Is One of a New Breed of Actresses 24

Comedy Isn't Funny
Woody Allen Gets Serious 30

Second Annual Over and Underrated
Kicks and Kudos 35

Publish the Perished
John Kennedy Toole's Second Novel on Trial 46

Place in the Sun
The Island Paradise of Martinique 51

James Herriot
The Yorkshire Vet Tells All 56

Poet Out of Bounds
B-52 Fred Schneider Waxes Poetic 60

FEATURES

Briefings 5

A Thousand Words 16

Writer's Desk—Annie Dillard 23

Gallery—Lindsay McCrum 40

Drawing Board—Mimi Pond 63

Books 67

Film *by Michael Musto* 78

Records 82

Puzzle 90

Classifieds 91

Pick of Punch 92

COLUMNS

Top of My Head *by Zan Thompson* 18

Tradewinds *by William Cole* 20

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) is published bimonthly by SATURDAY REVIEW LIMITED PARTNERS, David L. Simpson II, Paul Dietrich, general partners at Suite 460, 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (202) 547-1106. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$9.00; two years—$15.00; (*Additional postage*: Canada—$5.00 per year; all other countries—$10.00 per year). Vol. 12, No. 2, March-April, 1986. Back issues $2.50 each, plus $1.00 postage and handling. Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at Merrifield, Virginia. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, IA 50340.

Copyright 1986 by SATURDAY REVIEW LIMITED PARTNERS. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW LIMITED PARTNERS assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Cartoons should be sent to Washington, D.C. address. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, IA 50340; 1-800-247-5470.

Cover: Elizabeth Berridge photographed by Richie Williamson. Hair: Mitch Barry. Make-up: Patrick Poussard. T-shirt designed by artist Keith Haring, available exclusively at Patricia Fields, 10 East 8th Street, NYC. Woody Allen by Brian Hamill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She likes Scrabble.
He's at a loss for words.
But there's one taste they agree on.
BENSON & HEDGES 100's
LIGHTS
Benson & Hedges
America's Favorite 100.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1985
Scrabble® is a registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co.
10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFINGS

Lately, New York fashion show promoters and window display stylists are capitalizing on the "bald-headed beauty" concept. Credit is due to Jerry Mylnychuk, who borrowed the idea from a seventeenth-century theatrical make-up technique and modified it for an art medium. Mylnychuk doesn't get paid for the thirteen hours it takes him to transform people into mortals d'arte, but he says creating the bald effect with Ivory soap and make-up, then designing decorative bodywear out of materials like dried plants and newspapers, is much more rewarding than commercial work for pay. For more details, turn the page.

PETER BRANDT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFINGS

SOAP FOR NUTS?

When fashion model Victoria Van Ayers glided across the stage at New York's Limelight last October, it was not her tightly cinched, detailed paper gown that astonished the audience. It was not her haunting, doll-like face, or even her piercing, roving eyes. It was her head: totally hairless back to the crown, and topped with a giant, fan-shaped headpiece fashioned from 120 sheets of the *New York Times*. Victoria's outfit, which featured a matching gown made from 770 sheets of newsprint, was only the first of a dazzling array of creations made from egg crates, cellophane wrap, shopping bags and other pieces of garbage that the designer, Jerry Mylnychuk, had found on the streets of Manhattan.

Unlike other forms of body art such as tatooing, the wearable sculpture of Mylnychuk is temporary. Yet each work is many hours in creation. It takes Mylnychuk at least thirteen hours to manipulate the model's hair—using a fine-tooth comb, a blow dryer and a paste of blenderized Ivory soap—into a bald-looking head. He uses this as a base on which to sculpt the remaining hair into a series of swirling shapes, which are finally painted and festooned with trash, according to the model's facial structure and the artist's vision.

"It's the most fun I've ever had," announces the thirty-five-year-old artist, who refers to his refuse-topped creations as his "fantasy series." "I still can't seem to stop doing it long enough to go out and make some money." From the day Mylnychuk did his first body sculpture, in fact, he found it impossible to concentrate on the commercial make-up work by which he was earning his living. His avocation had suddenly become an obsession.

"I quit doing make-up for fashion ads and TV and moved to this cheap, seedy hotel," he explains. "Then I started collecting garbage, walking the streets at night, grabbing anything I could use to continue doing the fantasy stuff."

Jerry Mylnychuk never studied art or make-up formally, but he knew early on in life that making art of human flesh was what he wanted to do. At nineteen, he left his small Canadian hometown and moved to Toronto, where he passed the twilight hours in burlesque clubs, putting make-up on female impersonators and designing costumes for strippers.

Then, in 1981, a photographer friend approached him with an idea for a poster contest sponsored by the Toronto Opera Company. "They wanted to create an image with the idea that within every woman is a theatrical character," Mylnychuk explains.

"I found a book on fifteenth-century theatrical make-up. That's where I got the idea of soaping out the hair, which was a popular practice done in opera houses at the time, so that the performers would not have to pluck out their hair to achieve the artificially high-looking forehead that was fashionable in those days."

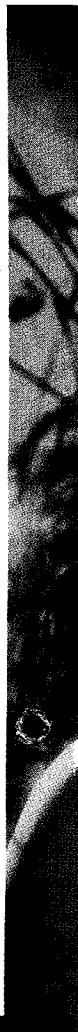
The opera company loved the result, but found it a little too strange to use as its poster. The president of the company, however, bought all the prints for his personal collection.

"Everyone who saw the pictures freaked out over them," Mylnychuk says. "So I tried the same technique for a play my friends put together. The whole cast paraded through the streets like that. Then a female reporter from the *Toronto Sun* approached me and asked me to do her head in the bald design for a cover story." The following day Ann Rohmar, an anchor for *That's Life* (the Canadian equivalent of America's *P.M. Magazine*) appeared on the air wearing Jerry's "no hair" hairstyle for

The Duchess of Urbino, as painted by Piero della Francesca circa 1435, demonstrates the Jerry Mylnychuk look (below left); Mylnychuk himself applies the finishing touch to a modern-day model (below right).

BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA COURTESEY ART RE SOURCE

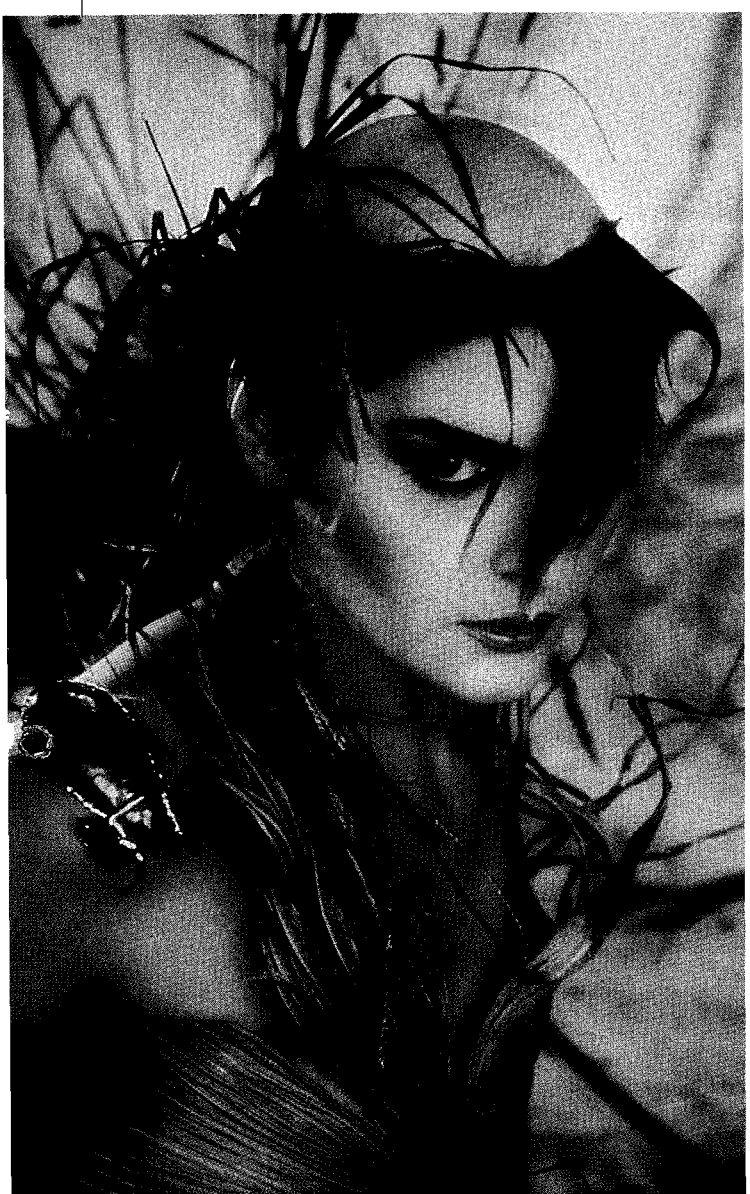
PETER BRANDT



PETER BRANDT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFINGS



an interview with him.

While some media have been willing to treat Mylnychuk's art as a cultural curiosity, the fashion industry has been unwilling to treat it at all. "So far, since I moved to New York, no American magazine has wanted to publish photographs of my fantasy work," he says matter-of-factly. "They say it's too bizarre to be classified as hair fashion and suggest that I try going to Europe. I went to France and England, and since the punk look was dying, the response was totally positive, and I'm getting more and more work there."

As Jerry Mylnychuk's tiny brown eyes peered at me through a large pair of tortoise-rimmed glasses, I recognized the artist's irresistible curiosity. Jerry was scrutinizing the angles and pondering the possibilities. I knew I would be the next person to step into the creator's palette.

The following Saturday morning I arrived at an empty studio on East 19th Street with a photographer, a bag of sequined fabric and a string of rhinestones. "Oh great, you brought some stuff to work with," Mylnychuk said.

He lit a cigarette with one hand and plucked at my hair with the other. "I never know what I'm going to do with people until I encounter them and get the feel of their hair texture," he said. "Then I usually play with it until I find a direction that works with the angles in their face and body and mental attitude."

As the six-hour mark approached, Mylnychuk was deep into the denseness of the moment, and undisturbed about the major problem he was having with my hair: it was too long and too thin to hold any of the shapes he had tried to construct.

"This is where I get my kicks," he muttered. "Right now, when I'm challenged by my medium. If I used rubber skullcaps or hair pieces, I would defeat the whole purpose."

Fifteen hours later, at 3:00 a.m. on Sunday, I was ready to enter the iconographical phase of the body art phenomenon. My head was bisected with a swirl, half of it bald, the other half still covered with hair. From above, my head looked like a yin-yang symbol. At my crown stood an upright figure-eight shape, and the whole arrangement was trimmed with rhinestones. I was, for the moment at least, sculpture in the round.

The artwork completed, photographs were taken. Instead of thousands of dollars or mass media fanfare, Mylnychuk's reward for a spontaneous creative experience was a photo of the product.

The whole effect," Jerry Mylnychuk says casually, "washes out in the shower."

—Kitty Pedone

A WORLD SAFE FOR MADONNA

Saturday Review *recently received a press release from the Association to Save Madonna from Nuclear War (A.S.M.N.W.). Because of the weighty issues involved, we decided to print it.*

"The A.S.M.N.W. is pleased to announce the establishment of the "MADONNA NUCLEAR FREE ZONE," consisting of the New York Metropolitan area, most of upper New York, portions of Michigan, and the Los Angeles Metropolitan area. The ZONE is defined as "beginning at a fifty-mile radius from anywhere Madonna lives or socializes more than twenty days in an average year."

The ZONE is being ruled as perennially "NUCLEAR ATTACK HANDS OFF."

As the first part of the A.S.M.N.W.'s plan to establish the safety of Madonna's living and socializing zone, the Association has asked Harry Dean Stanton, famous actor and long-time friend of Madonna, to assist in producing a detailed map of the ZONE.

Also, the embassies of those countries currently equipped to attack Madonna are being contacted and asked to commence negotiations with the A.S.M.N.W. These countries include the Soviet Union; the United States; France; Great Britain, and Red China.

We would like to thank in advance the leaders of these great nations and their People for their future compliance with our current demands.

The A.S.M.N.W. can be contacted at 228 McCormick, #3, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45219. Phone: (513) 241-5457.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFINGS

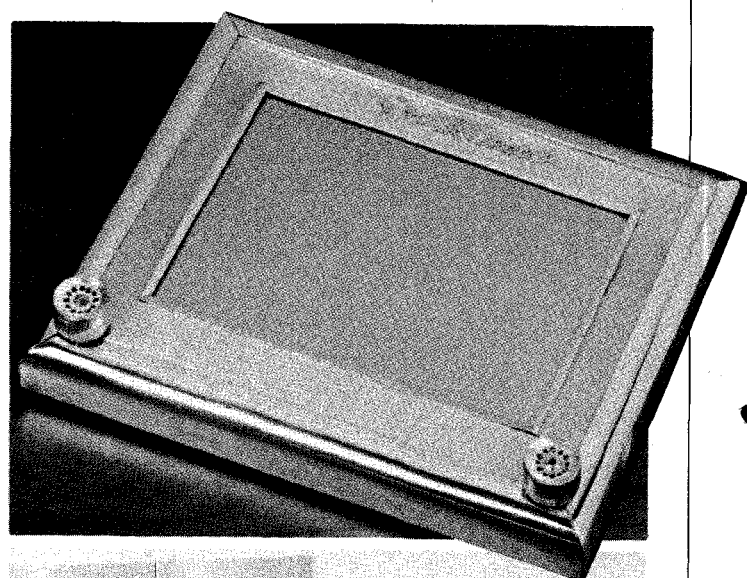
CLASSICS

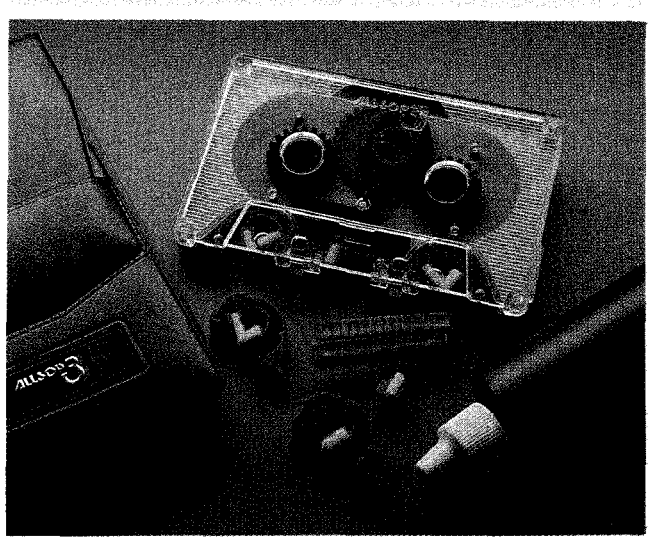
The song says that "a house is not a home," but now, thanks to Judy Kennan of Newtown, Pennsylvania, it may be a teapot. Future pot-holders send Kennan a photo of their house, and she then places a ceramic sculpture of the dwelling atop a spongeware teapot.

The basic pot goes for $150. For more information, contact Judy Keenan at 510 Pineville Road, Newtown, Penn. 18940.

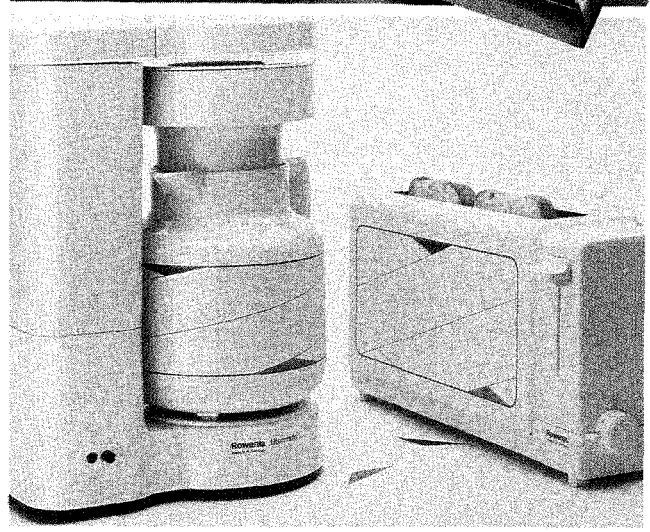
Last year the Ohio Art Company celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Etch-a-Sketch by offering a very special version of that favorite toy. Called the Executive, this limited edition comes with a brushed sterling case trimmed with silver. Each drawing nob is adorned with twelve sapphires and a bright blue topaz. In addition, each Executive is numbered and personally engraved. The price for this special toy? A mere $3750. And even at that price, you still can't draw a circle.

To order, contact the Ohio Art Company, P.O. Box 111, Bryan, Oh. 43506; or call (491) 636-3141.



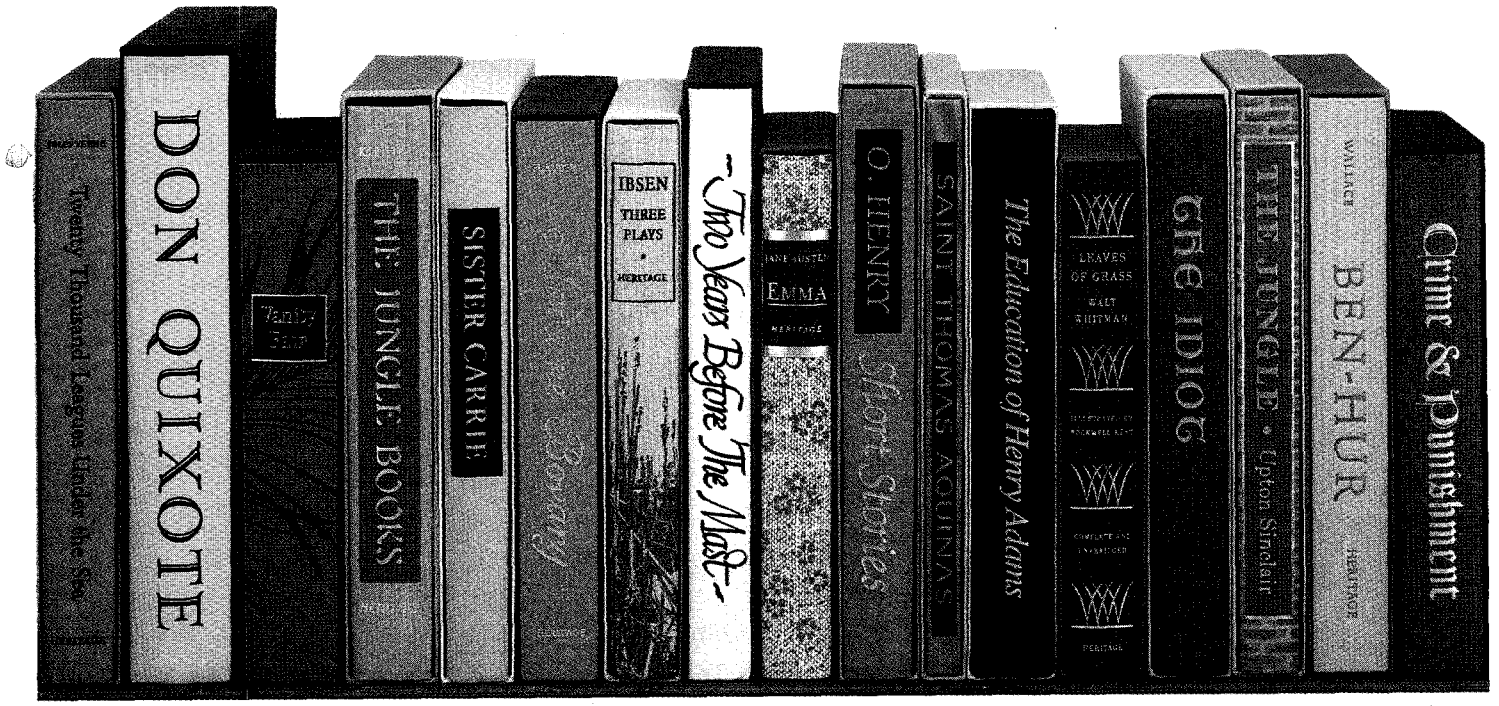


Say good-bye to dirty tape decks and say hello to the Cassette Cleaning System from Herrington, the Enthusiasts' Catalog. The System fits into the deck like an ordinary cassette, while the gear-driven wiper arm cleans the head, and replaceable felt cartridges take care of the pinch roller and capstan (even the double pinch rollers of auto-reverse decks). The System comes with a bottle of cleaning solution, four felt cartridges, tweezers for.cartridge replacement and a black vinyl storage case. Price: $16.95. For more information, write Herrington, the Enthusiasts' Catalog, 10535 Chillicothe Road, Kirtland, Oh. 44094. Phone: (216) 256-1446.



Well-known in Europe, until recently Rowenta Products were virtually unheard-of in the United States. Now the Schawbel Corporation of Cambridge, Massachusetts is importing the distinctive home electronics products. The Rowenta cool-touch toasters have a sleek modern design provided by an insulated shell that keeps the toaster relatively cool outside. These bread browners come with a choice of exterior designs—the basic pattern of raised dots or a sunburst (suggested retail price of $40), or the Villeroy and Boch Trio patterns ($45), which match the thermal carafe coffee maker (pictured). For more information, write the Schawbel Corporation, 281 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Phone: (617) 492-4313.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now You Can Own the Most Important Editions of Our Time

Would you be proud to own a volume illustrated by Picasso?

The Heritage Club has, for several decades, commissioned leading artists to illustrate its editions. Pablo Picasso, for instance, was commissioned to create the drawings of beautiful young women and courageous Athenian warriors which illustrate the ancient Greek comedy, *Lysistrata*. The original works which he created expressly for this volume are now part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

In a wholly different vein, but altogether appropriately, The Heritage Club commissioned Norman Rockwell to illustrate *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Who could better portray the inexperience of youth and the innocence of a bygone era? Today, these Norman Rockwell originals are as classic as Twain's novels themselves.

A free book just for joining!

When we receive your application, we will send you a complimentary volume by way of introduction—so that you can see, first-hand, that everything we have said about the beauty and elegance of Heritage Club editions is true. If, for any reason, you are not satisfied, simply return the volume. Your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. If you are delighted with your complimentary volume, you are eligible to receive other volumes at just $17.50 each—a price which will be maintained for at least your first two full years of membership regardless of changes in underlying costs.

Introductions by leading literary figures of the twentieth century.

Often, the writer who introduces a Heritage Club volume is as famous as the author who wrote the work. Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder and A. A. Milne, are just a few of the prominent literary figures who have been chosen to write introductions. Imagine having Theodore Dreiser tell you what to read for in *The Way of All Flesh*...or having Isaac Asimov set the stage for *Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

Definitive editions that withstand the test of time.

Heritage Club Editions have come to be regarded as *definitive* editions of the world's great classics. Over the years, The Heritage Club has sought the talents of the world's foremost artists, typographers, designers, binders, and printers to produce volumes which are as classic as the immortal literary works they contain.

Remember when books were made to last? Heritage Club Editions still are!

Nothing is more discouraging than to pay up to $25-30 for an ordinary hardcover best-seller and find that the book is printed on poor-quality paper and that the pages are merely glued to the binding. Heritage Club editions, on the other hand, are produced the way they always have been—to last for generations. Covers are thick and sturdy. Papers are acid-free—meant to endure for generations without cracking or yellowing. Pages are meticulously bound—*thread-sewn* so they will not fall out in your hands, 10 or 20 years hence.

Not a book club in a conventional sense.

There is nothing conventional about the way The Heritage Club operates. Choices are made by you, and not for you. When you enroll, you receive a *Prospectus* of upcoming Club titles. *You tell us which titles you wish to receive*, which are then sent to you at the rate of one title per month. You can purchase all titles, most, or just some. And even though you receive only titles you have specifically requested, you are free to return any volume within 30 days for a full refund. You are also at liberty to cancel your membership at any time.

Please act promptly.

Sooner or later, the generous terms of this introductory offer must bow to the still rising costs of making books. To accept this invitation, simply complete the Membership Application below and return it promptly. This is all you need to do to begin acquiring your own magnificent library of the world's greatest books in editions you will be proud to own.

Membership Application

257

THE HERITAGE CLUB
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

No Payment Required
Simply mail this application.

YES! I want to join The Heritage Club and begin building my own personal library of the greatest books of all time.

Send me my FREE first volume. Assuming this book is satisfactory, I will then send $17.50 (plus shipping and handling) to pay for the next volume in my Heritage library. This price will be guaranteed to me for the next two years. I will continue to receive a volume per month for as long as I continue my membership. I understand that I may return any book within 30 days for a refund, and that either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

If the first volume does not meet with my approval, I agree to return it. I will then owe you nothing, and my membership will automatically be cancelled.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

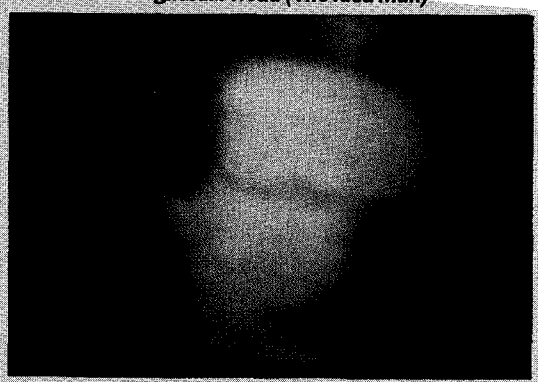
State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFINGS

Martell's *Mr. Lightbulb Head (The Idea Man)*



Rutkowski's *Marlene*

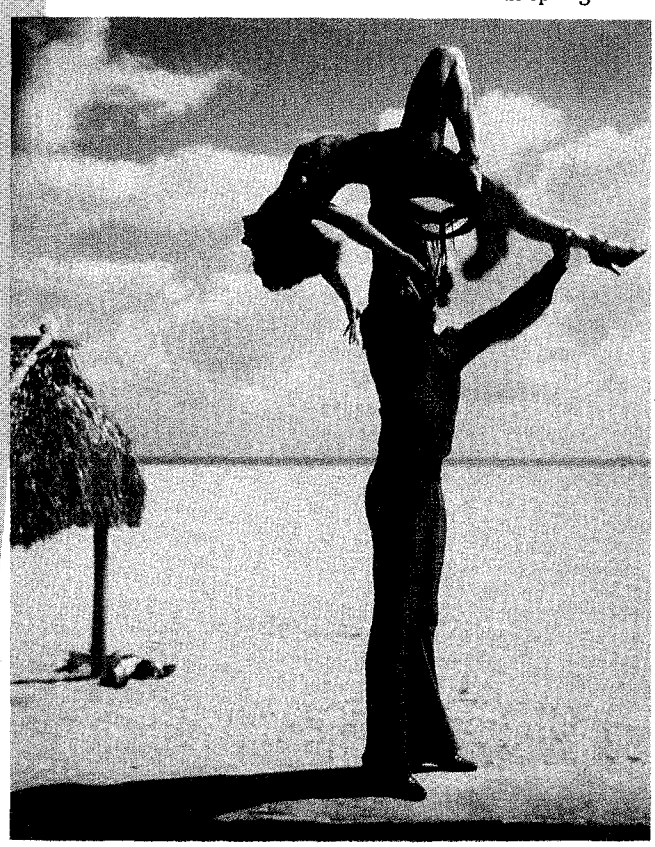
MEDIA MESSAGE

Dorn Martell and Mark Rutkowski find their inspiration in TV. They work, in Rutkowski's words, to "freeze on canvas the purely aesthetic split second of color-ridden reception soup." Working from a photograph of the captured televison image (which is "woven" electronically thirty times a second), the artists create a painting with "its own character, its own identiy, its own power." Martell uses an air brush and acrylics; Rutkowski oils on canvas.

Martell lives in Detroit, where he works as Art Director for Ross Roy, doing commercials. Rutkowski lives in Boston.

HEELS OVERHEAD

This untitled work from William Wegman's "Instant Miami" series of Polaroids is one of the latest done by the artist, who was featured in SR's "Drawing Board" last June. Wegman's work will be featured at the Honolulu Museum of Art later this spring.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE'S ONLY ONE LUCY.

INTRODUCING *I LOVE LUCY: THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION.* GET YOUR FIRST VIDEOCASSETTE–THREE EPISODES–FOR JUST $4.95.

with subscription

She was America's favorite housewife–zany, lovable, incurably stagestruck. And now, for the first time, her most priceless capers are on videocassette, for you to delight in again and again.

The CBS Video Library presents *I Love Lucy:™ The Collector's Edition*–a series of favorite episodes from the original TV show.

Remember Lucy and Ethel earning their bread in the chocolate factory? Or "saving on bulk" by stocking their freezer with two entire sides of beef? Or how about bottling Lucy's own salad dressing, and losing money on each bottle sold, but "making up for it in volume?" All three of these classic episodes are on the first videocassette, "Lucy's Troubles Managing Money"–yours for just $4.95 when you subscribe to the series.

Here's how your subscription will work: Every six weeks, we'll send you a videocassette for a free trial. Each videocassette will feature three of the "I Love Lucy" shows that always delighted you most, in a way you never see them anymore: uncut, without one hilarious word deleted. Each videocassette will carry a theme, such as "Lucy Wants to Be a Star," and come in a handsome case specially designed for the Collection. The videotape itself will have enhanced sound and picture, and be of the highest quality available.

Take 10 days to enjoy each videocassette. For each one you decide to keep, the price is just $29.95 plus shipping and handling. Although we're sure you'll love each videocassette as much as you love Lucy, there's no minimum number you have to buy. And you can cancel your subscription at any time.

FREE "I LOVE LUCY"™ BOOK!

As a special bonus, if you act right now, we'll send you a copy of "The I Love Lucy Book," absolutely free. Packed with photos and behind-the-scenes action, this treasury of Lucy, Ricky, Fred and Ethel also includes plot summaries of every single episode. Yet even if you decide to return your first videocassette, you can keep the book as our gift.

I Love Lucy: The Collector's Edition brings you all the magic of the most-watched, most-loved comedy in television history–and it's available exclusively through the CBS Video Library. So start your collection right now, by sending in the coupon. For faster service,

call toll-free (credit card orders only): **1-800-457-0866** (in Indiana: 1-800-742-1200).

CBS VIDEO LIBRARY
1400 North Fruitridge Ave., Terre Haute, IN 47811
I Love Lucy™ is a trademark of CBS, Inc.

CBS VIDEO LIBRARY

Dept. AAT, P.O. Box 1111, Terre Haute, IN 47811

YES, I STILL LOVE LUCY! Enter my subscription to *I LOVE LUCY: THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION,* under the terms described in this ad. Send me "Lucy's Troubles Managing Money" (three episodes), at the low introductory price of $4.95, which I'm paying as indicated below (*fill in*). Please include FREE "The I Love Lucy Book." Also, send me future videocassettes (at $29.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling), on 10 days' approval, with no obligation to purchase.

Check one: ☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA** Check how paying:
☐ **CHECK ENCLOSED** for $4.95* (future cassettes billed with shipment). L17
☐ **CREDIT CARD.** Charge my series purchases, beginning with $4.95* for my first cassette, to: L18
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club

Account # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____ (please print)

(____) _____
Phone

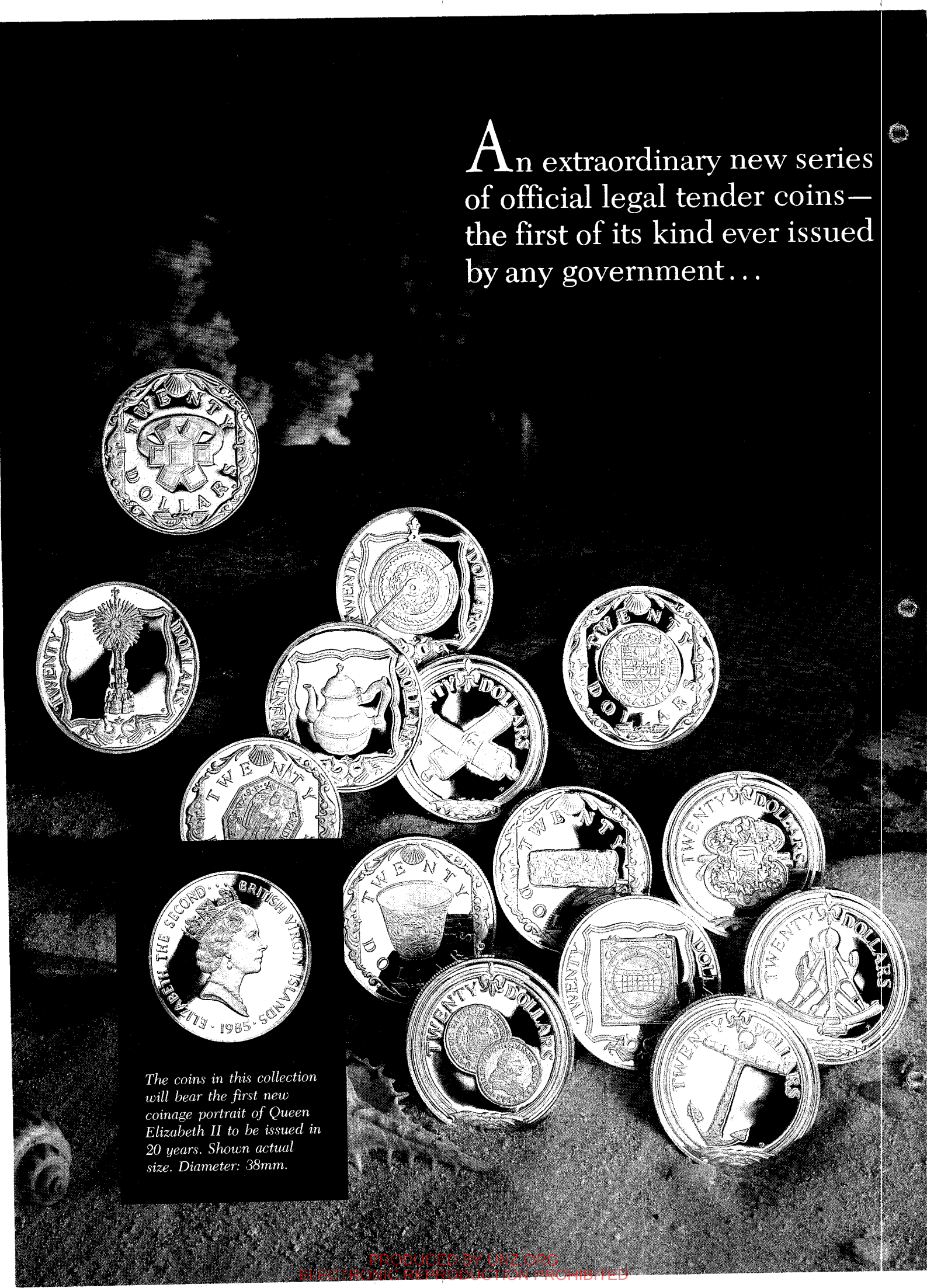
Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTE: All subscriptions subject to review. CBS Video Library reserves the right to reject or cancel any subscription. Offer limited to continental U.S. (excluding Alaska).
*Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An extraordinary new series of official legal tender coins—the first of its kind ever issued by any government...



The coins in this collection will bear the first new coinage portrait of Queen Elizabeth II to be issued in 20 years. Shown actual size. Diameter: 38mm.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Government of the British Virgin Islands announces

The TREASURE COINS *of the Caribbean*

IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

A collection of 25 silver Proof coins, portraying the most important sunken treasures of the Caribbean—recovered and unrecovered.

Available by subscription only.
Face value: $20 U.S. / Price for Collector's Proofs: $25 U.S.
Price guaranteed for subscriptions entered by June 30, 1986.

THE CARIBBEAN ... crossroads of empire and wealth. Where galleons, men-of-war and marauding privateers challenged the elements—and one another—in their quest for treasure. And where, today, adventurers explore for those ships that went down long ago—laden with riches beyond measure.

Now, for the very first time, you can acquire a collection of official coinage that embodies this seafaring heritage of the Caribbean. A collection of monetary coins unlike any other ever issued. Consisting of 25 sterling silver coins that recapture, in superb sculptured detail, the legendary treasures of the Spanish Main.

As legal tender of the British Virgin Islands, the coins will bear a face value of $20, equal to $20 in U.S. currency. The coins are large—the size of coveted pieces of eight. And *Proofs* will be struck only *in solid sterling silver.* The use of this precious metal is becoming a rarity in world coinage—especially in coins of this size and weight.

Portrayed on the coins will be the most significant treasures of the fabulous ships of fortune lost in the Caribbean. Each has been selected through a major initiative involving marine archaeologists, treasure-divers, and such noted repositories of maritime records as the British Museum, Lloyds of London, and the *Archivo General de las Indias* —the leading authority on Spanish colonial shipping.

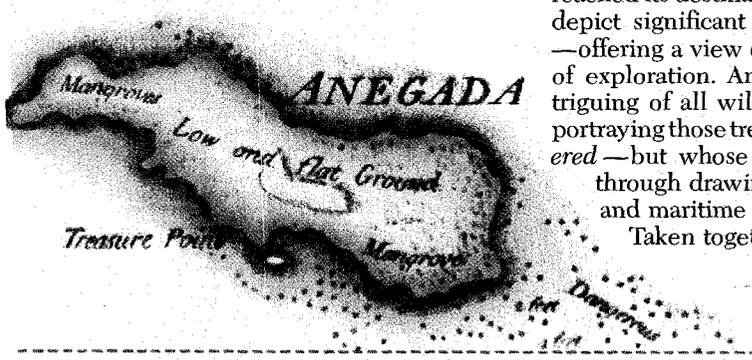
There will be coins showing the great riches of empire ... bejeweled rings, exquisite works of silver and gold, royal revenue and private wealth that never reached its destination. Other coins will depict significant archaeological finds —offering a view of life during the age of exploration. And perhaps most intriguing of all will be the silver coins portraying those treasures still *undiscovered* —but whose existence is known through drawings, ships' manifests, and maritime disaster reports.

Taken together, these 25 matching denomination coins will constitute the most comprehensive series ever issued on a unified theme. A collection unequaled in scope by the coinage of any nation in our time.

The collection is available by subscription only. The Government of the British Virgin Islands has authorized its official minter, The Franklin Mint, to accept and fulfill valid applications. Subscriptions entered by June 30, 1986, will be accepted at the guaranteed price of $25 for each sterling silver Proof. To make this guarantee possible, the minter will contract for sufficient silver, at current prices, to cover the entire series of coins for each subscriber.

Each Proof coin will be accompanied by a reference folder and location map, relating the intriguing story of the treasure portrayed. A special presentation case for the collection will be provided at no extra cost.

By entering your subscription now, you and your family can share a unique adventure in collecting—as you build a valuable treasure of solid silver coins. To acquire your collection at the guaranteed price, return the accompanying application by June 30, 1986.



OFFICIAL SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The TREASURE COINS *of the Caribbean*

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please mail by June 30, 1986.

Please enter my subscription for one Proof Set of "The Treasure Coins of the Caribbean," consisting of 25 coins of the British Virgin Islands with the face value of $20. each, to be minted in solid sterling silver and sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. I will be billed $25.* for each silver Proof, beginning when my first coin is ready to be sent. This price is guaranteed to me for the entire series. My presentation case will be sent to me at no additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. for shipping and handling*

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

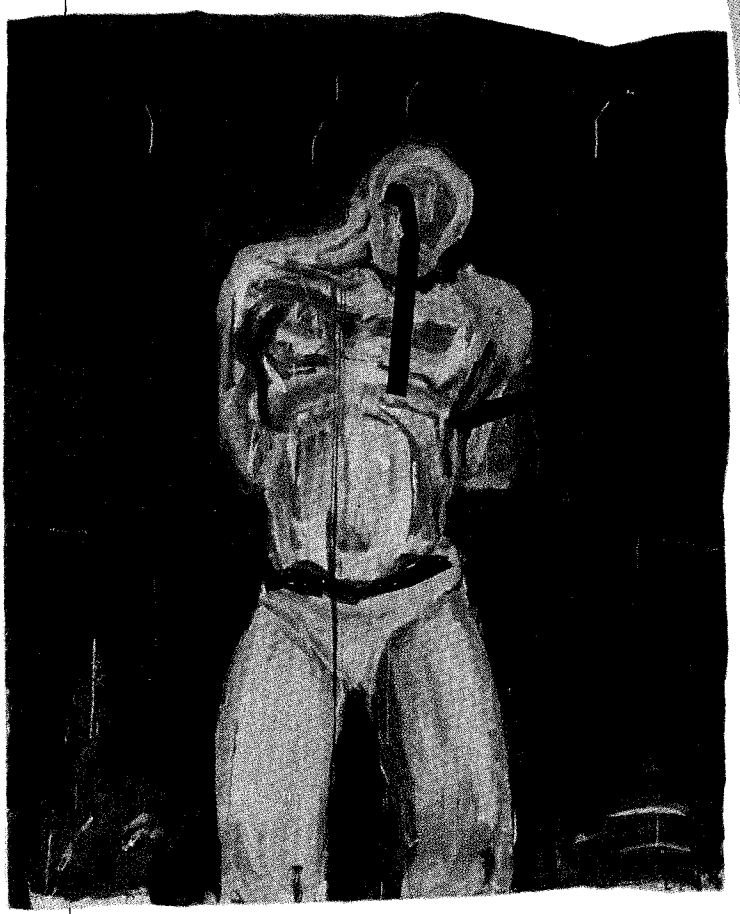
Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

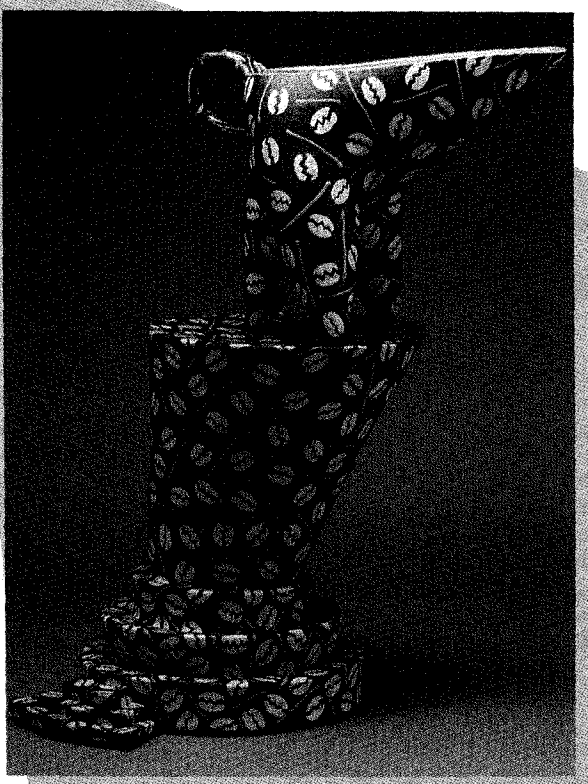
BRIEFINGS

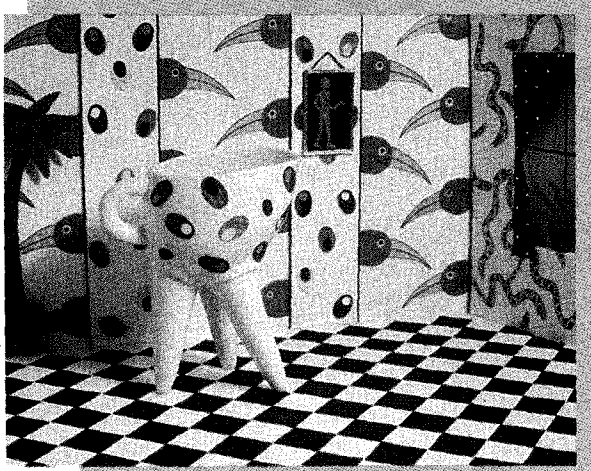


TEARS FOR FEARS

The work of East Village painter Stephen Lack will be shown at New York's Gracie Mansion Gallery from March 27 through April 20. Lack is noted for bare imagery that takes its inspiration from American trash culture. He had a small role in David Cronenberg's 1981 horror film *Scanners*. (Pictured: *The Informer*.)

Also on exhibit at Gracie Mansion, through March 23, are the photographs of Hope Sandrow. (Pictured: *One Thousand Nine Hundred Eighty Four*.)



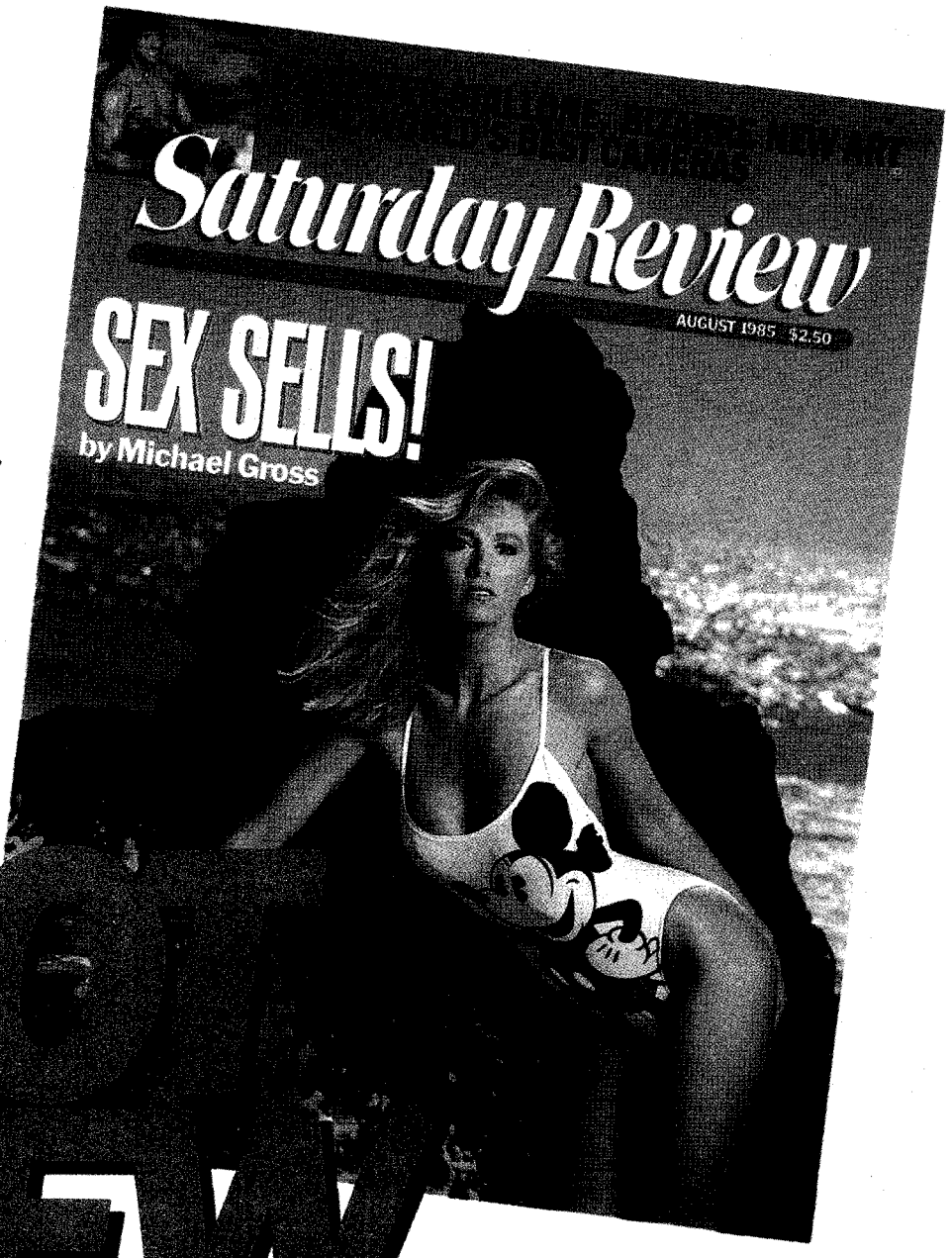


UNCOMMON CLAY

Sculptor Jeanee Redmond has been strongly influenced by prehistoric Chinese tripods since her graduation from the Rhode Island School of Design. Pictured (top) is a 1984 clay sculpture titled "When in Doubt, Project."

Redmond recently collaborated on a film, *Yours for the Taking*, with Boston filmmaker Karen Aqua. Pictured (above) is a scene from the film, which uses Redmond's sculptures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SATURDAY REVIEW, a 60-year-old newcomer is carving out its market: the cutting edge of entertainment, art, literature and lifestyles. We've taken the best of a distinguished past and added an up-to-date outlook and state-of-the-art graphics. You'll be surprised.

NOW!

SATURDAY REVIEW. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!

SAVE TIME—SUBSCRIBE BY PHONE. CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-247-5470.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A THOUSAND WORDS

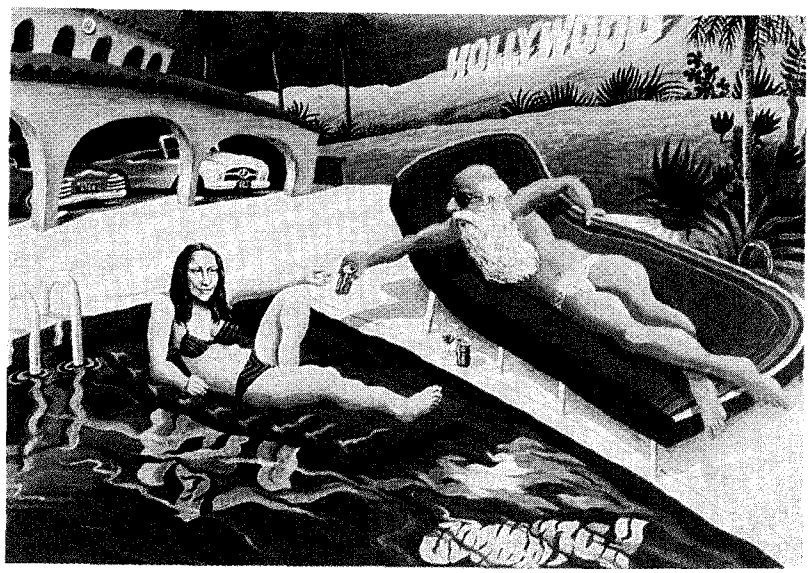
SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RECENT BOOKS

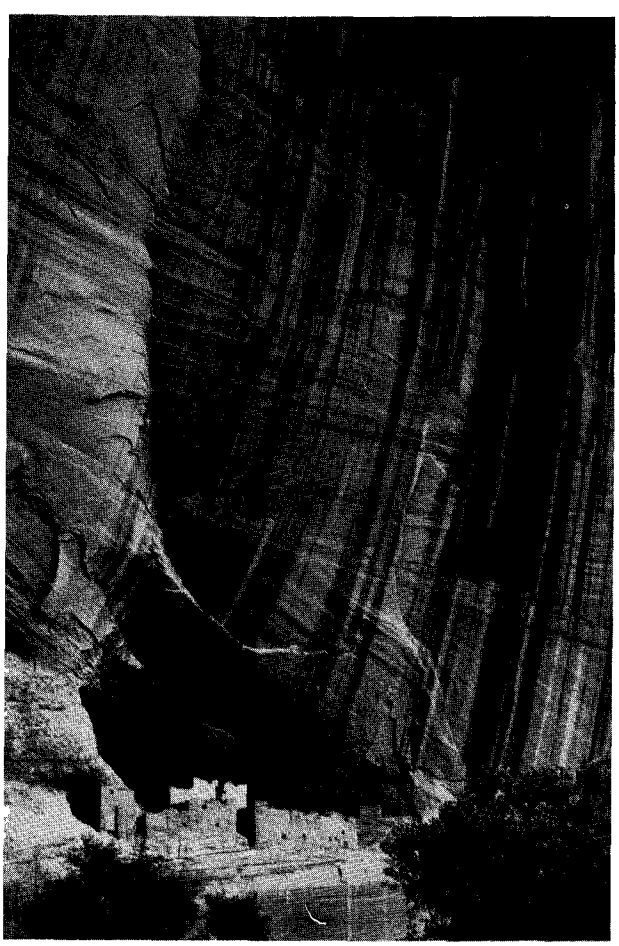
LEONARDO VISITS LOS ANGELES

BY GREG CONSTANTINE

"Lisa and Leo at Poolside"

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $8.95.





A. AUBREY BODINE: BALTIMORE PICTORIALIST, 1906-1970

BY KATHLEEN M.H. EWING

"Two Nuns"

The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, $29.95.

IMAGES: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETER GRASSER

INTRODUCTION BY HELMUT GERNSHEIM

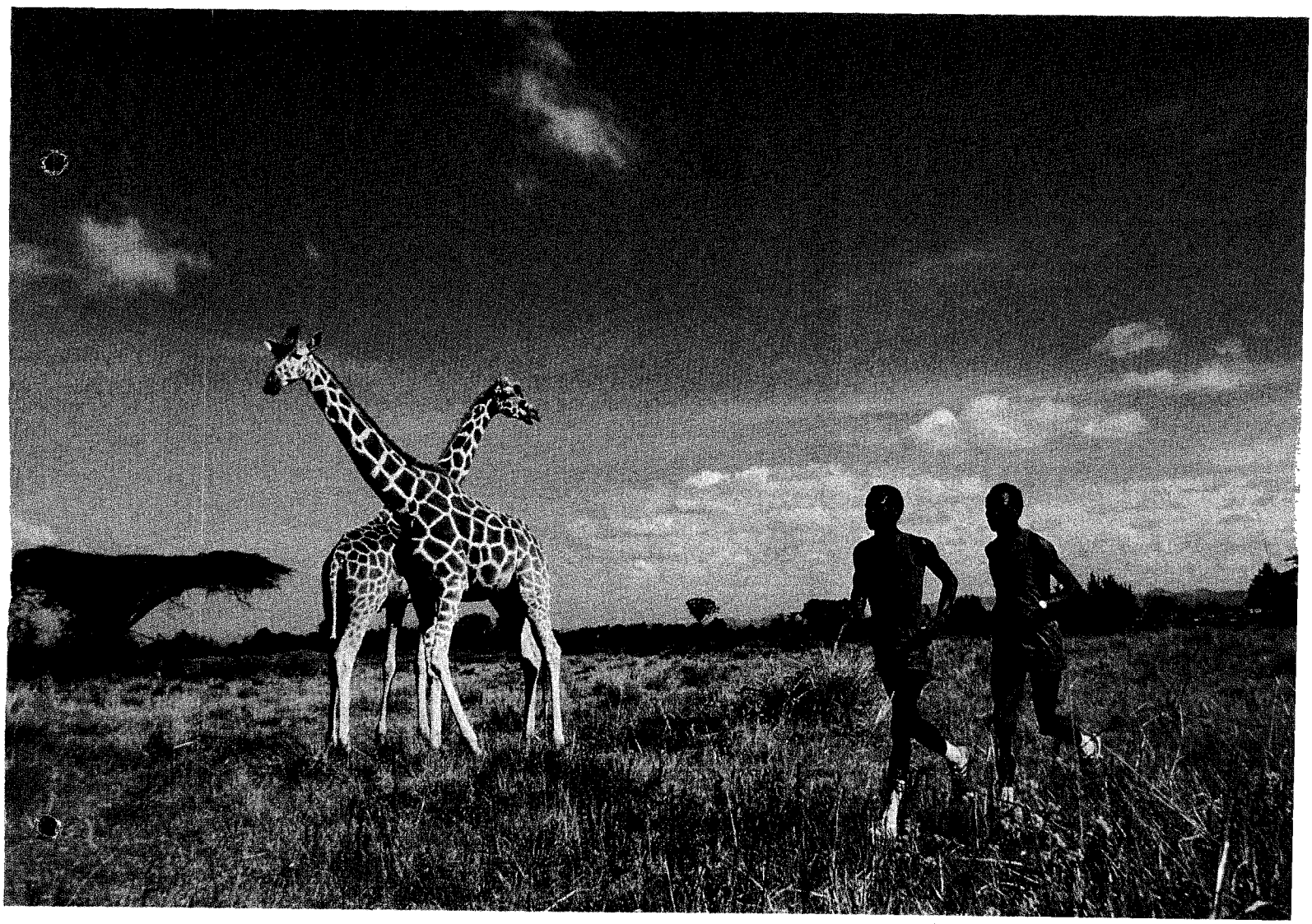
FOREWORD BY KASPAR M. FLEISCHMANN

"Canyon De Chelly, Arizona, 1979"

Aperture, New York, $60.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREHISTORIC MONSTERS
BY JEAN-PHILIPE VARIN
"Diplodocus"
Salem House, Salem, N.H., $12.95.



NEIL LIEFER'S SPORTS STARS
TEXT BY PETER BONVENTRE
"Kipkoech Cheruiyot and His Twin Brother Charlie on the Plains of Kenya"
Doubleday, New York, $35.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOP OF MY HEAD

BY ZAN THOMPSON

THE BOOKS OF LIFE

THERE ARE TWENTY OR THIRTY SUBjects that are guaranteed to start a brisk conversation, especially among men with leather patches on their jackets and ladies in ethnically-accurate hand-woven blouses. These are people who are comfortable with words like dichotomy and phrases like group dynamics. Theirs are usually comfortable conversations, as time-worn as a favorite wooden spoon with one side worn flat from daily use.

One such topic, worn with handling, is whether or not everyone has a book in him. The answer, of course, is no. Everyone's life will make a book, which is a quite different thing. What is needed is a writer to pull the story together, even when the protagonist seems as dull as a wet sock. But since writing is a lonely business, most of us don't like writing. We like the idea of having written. Some days the words run out like a torrent of rain down a window, but often they are stuck like a Christmas toy with dead batteries.

I have a jacuzzi, and once a week an Oriental gentleman comes and cleans it. His name is Won. He does this chore for me because he left a note in my mailbox saying he did pool work. I think he is Vietnamese, maybe a boat person. One time, I called him at home to tell him where the gate key would be. I discovered that his wife speaks a little English, and she relayed my message to him. I could hear children laughing in the background.

How did Won get here, this small, brown, smiling man who speaks no English? Who suggested to him that he distribute the flyers in the neighborhood mailboxes, and who wrote the copy? I would love to know his story, but each of us is so crippled by the lack of knowledge of the other's language that we cannot talk.

Seeing Won out the window, you might ask, "Who's that?" "Oh, that's just the pool man." That's all we say of a man who came halfway around the world who knows how. And yet, he sent me a Christmas card, an exquisitely delicate watercolor of a spray of carnations.

GWYN STRAMLER

Not everyone has a book in them, although everyone's life will make a book.

Not all of us have lives as interesting as Won's, a man from a far-away land. But his life is a book. So is everyone else's.

Did you know that Ms. Edna Hearne in computer analysis always wanted to ride a milk-white horse in the center ring at the circus while the calliope ground out hurry-up music and the air was filled with the scent of popcorn and hotdogs? Ms. Hearne never got to do it because her mother didn't want to be left alone. Besides, nice girls don't join the circus. But her life is a book, a sad, slow-moving, deliberate, self-sacrificing book with the scent of martyrdom, but still a book.

There can be no dispute about whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOP OF MY HEAD

or not everyone has a book in his or her life. We do. It's the telling that's sometimes impossible. Everyone can't write it down. That's all.

Maybe it's just as well. An article on the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris says that new material comes in at the rate of 5000 items per day, and at the rate it is being computerized, they are five years behind right now. Of course, that includes art works, sketches, lithographs, etchings and drawings, but it still includes an awful lot of books.

I write sitting in front of a large window with the east sun beating in the morning. In order to see the screen easily, I sometimes wear a large plantation hat of my husband's, left over from his gentleman farmer period. It's a hat with a floppy brim, suitable for keeping the sun out of

Since writing is a lonely business, most of us don't like it—we like having written.

my eyes. However, rather than the picturesque effect I'm after, I'm afraid the hat makes me look like one of Franz Hal's more dissolute cavaliers.

The other morning, I was whacking away at the computer and wearing a nice, fleecy robe. We were having a spell of unseasonably hot weather and I tossed the robe back over the chair, leaving me in the altogether except for the hat. Suddenly I felt that primitive prickle in the back of my neck that told me I was no longer alone. I peeked out from under the brim of my hat and saw Won, walking in with his pool strainer and vacuum hose. I sat as if encased in cement, totally without movement, until Won turned his back. Then I ran. I'm sure he saw me, and I'm sure he thought, "That crazy lady's life would make a book."

It probably would. And so would yours. And so would Edna Hearne's. But I don't think we all should write it down. I have a feeling we have written a few too many already. Just ask those poor people at the Bibliothèque Nationale. SR

IF WE DON'T HAVE IT IT MAY NOT BE MUSIC

A FEW SAMPLES FROM THE **FACE THE MUSIC** CATALOGUE
10,000 Titles • Records • Tapes • Videos

	LP	Cass	Price
LOU REED — Transformer w/David Bowie producer	☐	☐	$5.99
MITCH RYDER — Greatest Hits w/Devil w/Blue Dress	☐	☐	$5.99
DEAD KENNEDYS — Frankenchrist, their best yet	☐	☐	$7.99
TOMITA — Snowflakes Are Falling, Debussy by synth	☐	☐	$9.99
ERIC DOLPHY — Outward Bound, recent reissue	☐	☐	$5.99

SUB-TOTAL _____
SHIPPING/HANDLING (per order USA) $3.00
TOTAL _____

☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Charge Me Up, Buttercup

Card # _____ Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

FACE THE MUSIC, P.O. BOX 163142-S SACRAMENTO, CA 95816

Name _____

Address _____

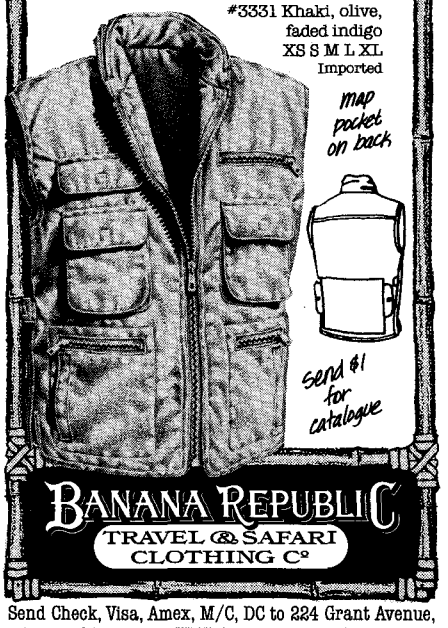
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

☐ Hey, I want to **FACE THE MUSIC,** all 10,000 or more titles worth. Here's a buck ($1.00) for your catalogue. It better be a goodie, two shoes.

100% Cotton
BUSHvest $39

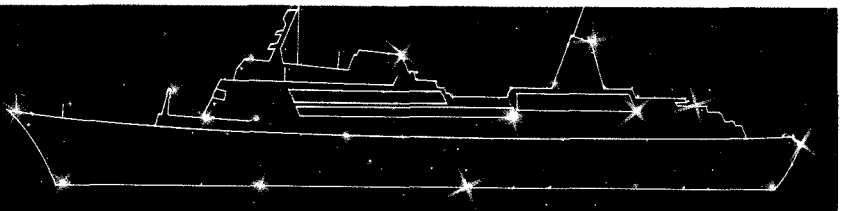
A walking desk with a drawer for everything. Our multi-pocketed Bush Vest is made of worldly-wise pre-washed 100% cotton, already broken in for comfort and the look of an old hand well-versed in the lore of the road.

#3331 Khaki, olive, faded indigo
XS S M L XL
Imported



BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI CLOTHING Co

Send Check, Visa, Amex, M/C, DC to 224 Grant Avenue, Dept. B24, P.O. Box 7347, San Francisco, CA. 94120. Add $2.00 for Shipping. Add CA, NY, TX Sales Tax.
Order Toll Free 1-800-527-5200



This December, an international star makes her debut in the Caribbean.

Expect elegance. An eye for the more exotic ports. And a flair for setting and service that is distinctly European.

This is the Sea Princess and her new 10- and 11-day Caribbean cruises are a beautifully different way to travel. The P&Only way.

Cruise fare includes free round-trip air transportation to Ft. Lauderdale from over 85 U.S. cities or a $400 per couple air credit. And any 2 full-fare guests have the option of sharing their cabin with a third person, free.*

Tempted? Please write: P&O CRUISES, 2029 Century Park East, Dept. CC1, Los Angeles, California 90067. Or call your travel agent.
*Airfare not included.

P&O CRUISES
BRITISH REGISTRY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADEWINDS

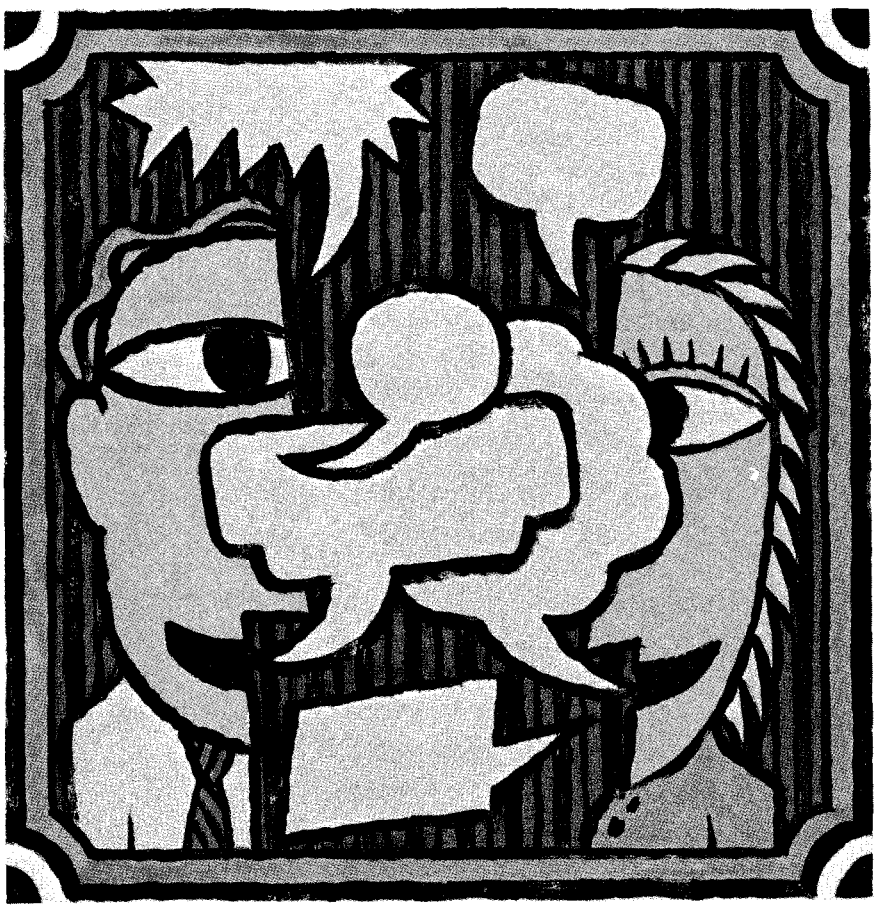
BY WILLIAM COLE

SEZ YOU

IT MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOK published in 1985, and it's incomplete. It's the *Dictionary of American Regional English*, chief editor Frederic G. Cassidy (the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, $60). This is the first volume of a projected five, and covers the letters A through C. It's a lot of book for the money, and represents some thirty years of scholarship and rivers of government and foundation money. Not exactly a dictionary of slang, it covers folk and regional usage, and that of particular social groups. You can dip into it, or really *get* into it and read the 150 pages of introductory material about the who, how and why of the project.

Sample a page here and there: in Rhode Island a "bogart" is the larva of an insect; elsewhere, in black communities, to "bogart" is to be bold and aggressive (from the movie actor). Maps throughout denote where certain words and expressions are used. To "have a crow to pick," meaning a dispute to settle, is used everywhere except New England and the Far West, where they presumably have bones to pick. Milk that is beginning to sour is "blinky" everywhere but in the East and South.

Now here's one I never knew, and in this instance I must touch on vulgarity: in the South and Middle South the word "cock" refers to the female genitalia. Yep. I quote: "In the North *cock* refers to the male genitalia, but in the South its use is restricted to the female genitalia. Missouri is a border state in which both meanings are used." In the South and Mississippi Valley to "get oneself a boss" is to get married. What I call my "funny bone" is called "crazy bone" elsewhere but the deep South, and while on the "bone" page, there's the poetic "bone in its teeth," which refers to the white water that splashes up around the bow of a fast-moving ship. To have a copy of this thousand-page book is to sit in a butter tub ("have good fortune") as they say in the Northeast.



DAVID REAU JOHNSON

The Dictionary of American Regional English *may be the most important book published in 1985.*

GLITZ WAS INDEED THE WORD FOR all the hoo-ha given to Elmore Leonard's breakthrough book, *Glitz*, when Arbor House published it last fall. But it was the one that preceded it, *Stick*, and its title character, Ernest Stickley, Jr., that made the big impression. Stick seemed like your normal man-on-the-street, but he was in reality a skilled car thief, extraordinary womanizer, and totally fearless. He was such a gripping character that Burt Reynolds wanted him, bought him for a huge amount, and not only played him in the movie of the same name, but directed it as well. To twist the cliché, he turned a silk purse into a sow's rear. There has seldom been worse miscasting or directing. Funny thing was, Reynolds was so hot for Stick as a character that the contract stipulated that Leonard not use Stick for three books subsequent to the movie. That's known as selling your birthright for a mess of footage. Anyhow, that stipulation has gone by the board, since the movie was such a stinker. All this rumination comes about from my just having read *Elmore Leonard's Dutch Treat* ("Dutch" is his nickname), a re-issue of three earlier novels, and noting that *Glitz* has come out in paper, along with another threesome of earlier novels titled *Elmore Leonard's Double Dutch Treat*.

LEONARD NATHAN IS A PRODUCING poet—nine books so far—and he has combed through them and added recent works for *Carrying On: New and Selected Poems* (University of Pittsburgh Press,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's your chance to achieve a small moral victory.

Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

What would you do if you saw a lost, frightened child?

You'd probably stop, pick him up, brush away his tears, and help him find his way. Without even thinking about it. And there's a reason.

You know what's right.

And right now, you can do just that. You can act on instinct... by reaching out to *one* desperately poor child, thousands of miles away.

Through Foster Parents Plan, you'll be helping a child who almost never has enough to eat. A decent place to sleep. Medical care. The chance to learn. Or hope.

It's your choice.

You can even choose the child you'd like to sponsor. A boy or girl. In a country where *you'd* like to help. You'll be helping that child within his own family. And more, helping that family to work with other families to make a better life for their children.

In return, you'll receive pictures of the child. Detailed progress reports. And letters written in the child's own words. You'll see for yourself just how much you're changing your Foster Child's life for the better. Forever. And for so little.

In fact, for just $22 a month, you'll make it possible for a child to have food, medical care, schooling—and hope. That's only 72¢ a day. Imagine. Your spare change could change a child's life.

Foster Parents Plan was founded in 1937 and this year will aid over 236,000 Foster Children and their families in more than 20 countries. We are non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political, and respect the culture and religion of the families we assist. Of course, your sponsorship is 100% tax-deductible, and a detailed annual report and financial statement are available on request.

Please don't wait.

If you saw a helpless child on the street, you wouldn't wait. You'd help that instant. Please don't wait now, either. Send in the coupon—or call toll-free 1-800-556-7918.

And achieve a small moral victory that can make a big difference to a needy child.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free:

1-800-556-7918

In R I call 401-738-5600

F451

Send to:
Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02887

I wish to become a Foster Parent to a: ☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either
Age: ☐ 6–8 ☐ 9–11 ☐ 12–14 ☐ Any age 6–14

☐ **Wherever the need is greatest,** or as indicated below:

☐ Africa	☐ Egypt	☐ Honduras	☐ The Philippines
☐ Bolivia	☐ El Salvador	☐ India	☐ Thailand
☐ Colombia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Indonesia	

☐ Enclosed is a check for $22 for my first month's support of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring. Within 15 days I will make my decision.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

Detach and mail or call toll-free today.

Foster Parents Plan.®
It's the right thing to do.

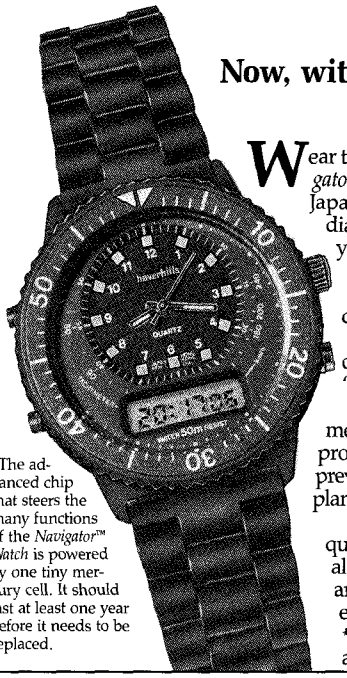
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new safety ratcheted bezel, and still only $49.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•The advanced chip that steers the many functions of the *Navigator™ Watch* is powered by one tiny mercury cell. It should last at least one year before it needs to be replaced.

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive. The *Navigator™ Watch* is powered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement. It has *both* a luminous analog dial *and* an LCD display. This is especially helpful when you are far away from home and want to have time in two zones. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The *Navigator™ Watch* is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just $49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for $120 or more, and that's *without* the exclusive safety bezel. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.*** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **#1015B018.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration date. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $5.95 for one *Navigator™ Watch*, $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

haverhills
since 1967
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Sail a tall ship to a small island.

Here's running with the wind to great ports o'call, secluded coves and keys in the exotic Caribbean.

There's something for both 'old salts' and 'landlubbers' in a world where leisure was invented.

Join an intimate group of fun-loving shipmates for 'barefoot' adventure under white sails.

6 days before the mast from $425.

Send for FREE color Great Adventure Booklet.

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, LTD.

Box 120, Dept. Miami Beach, FL 33119-0120
TOLL FREE 1-800-327-2600 1-800-432-3364 (in FL)

TRADEWINDS

cloth $17.95, paper $7.95). His poems are telegraphic, spare and precise, nothing wasted. I've checked the standard anthologies, and think he's been neglected in that area, although he's won all the awards that a sixty-year-old established poet deserves. Here's a poem, "Coup," which certainly applies to right now, although written in 1980:

That chair
isn't yours anymore.

Noon
when bells shed iron
on the dusty sleep of the poor
we took your chair.

The Republic
is now a wall
for you to die against
and (after a whitewash)
a background
for our smiles.

No hard feelings.

YOU CAN'T MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT of a sow's ear, but you can make a whole book of such sayings. It's been done: *The Dictionary of Clichés* by James Rogers (Facts on File, $18.95). I've always maintained that every cliché was originally a brilliant thought; a marvelous coining. I mean, whoever first said, "Busy as a cat on a hot tin roof" really gave us a picture. (It was John Ray in 1670 who described "to go like a cat on a hot bakestone.") "To buy a pig in a poke" goes back to 1580, when the scam was to put a cat in a small bag and try to sell it as a pig—don't open the bag or the pig will escape—which led to a further cliché about letting the cat out of the bag.

Rogers explains some recent clichés such as "bottom line" and "no-win situation," but some that he doesn't make me wince: "what's his face" and "gimme a break," for example. The clichés are alphabetically arranged, and under "put" there's the familiar "in mothballs" and "on" hold, airs, ice and back burner, but I've never come across "puts on his pants one leg at a time." I must try it. But enough of this; so long, don't take any wooden nickels, keep your pants on and have a nice day. SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WRITER'S DESK

ANNIE DILLARD

DURING THE SUMMER, ANNIE DILLARD writes in an "unadorned shack" on Cape Cod, returning in October to Wesleyan College in Middletown, Connecticut, where she has two offices at her disposal. "My offices are very, very plain," she says. "I don't even want to look out the window. . . . It's strictly business."

When decorating a workspace, says Dillard, "You're just concentrating on the image of yourself as a writer, but it's the composition of the book that interests me. . . . The gracious part of living for me takes place with my husband and my two-year-old in the other rooms."

Dillard prefers to write by hand. "I doodle—that's why I write by hand," she says, adding that so many writers start their careers trying to draw. "I can't paint worth a damn, but I do it anyway." (A self-portrait in oil is hanging behind the lamp on the left. The paintings over the desk are by Dillard and her stepdaughter.)

The thermos of coffee on the desk "is my collaborator," says Dillard (she drinks about two quarts of diluted coffee in the morning). The scissors and scotch tape are for editing. Dillard has covered the walls of her other office with fragments of her current project, a book titled *An American Childhood* (Harper and Row), so that she can see it while she edits it. "The book is like a really big mural," she says. "I've got a word processor now, but I can only see about two paragraphs at once and it drives me crazy."

Dillard says she has been writing *An American Childhood* "since the baby was born" and she guesses it will take two or three more years, working fulltime, to complete it. It's a non-fiction work set in Pittsburgh and, says Dillard, "I hope it will encompass the whole sweep of American history. Pittsburgh's the place for that." Dillard says she grew up "very comfortably" in Pittsburgh "with private schools, debutante parties, *et cetera.* That was my world . . . and books, books, books."

Dillard's writings include *Tickets for a Prayer Wheel* (1974), *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* (1974), *Holy the Firm* (1977), *Living by Fiction* (1982) and *Encounters with Chinese Writers* (1984). SR

PETER KRAMER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOING

Photo by Richie Williamson.
Raincoat available at Patricia Fields, NYC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THROUGH STAGES

In the seventies, we had the jiggle generation of TV stars. Now, in the eighties, the Farrahs and Lonis and Morgans and Suzannes are being replaced by a breed of seasoned theater-trained actresses who have years of experience, yet are only in their early twenties.

BY MICHAEL BLOOM

STANDING AT A MERE FIVE FEET, TWO inches, ninety-five pound Elizabeth Berridge is dwarfed by the Nautilus machine at a Greenwich Village health club. Only the intensity in the eyes, as she pumps iron with the ferocity of a linebacker, reveals her as the same ageless creature who played Mozart's bride in the film *Amadeus* and has since become one of the more sought-after actresses in the New York theater.

Elizabeth Berridge makes you want to stop where you are and start over again. At twenty-three, she's already had an eleven-year career in theater, film, soaps and commercials. She was one of three actors to merit single-frame billing in last year's most-honored movie; she is featured in the upcoming *Smooth Talk* with Treat Williams. In less than two years she has appeared in five Off Broadway plays.

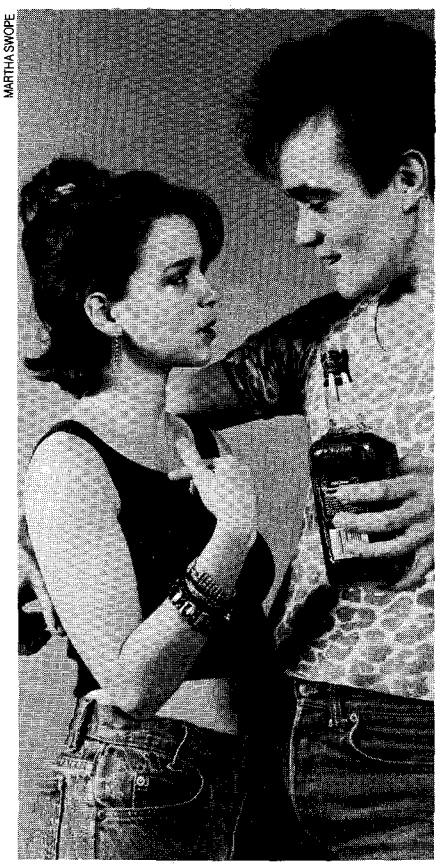
Berridge is one of a breed of extraordinarily accomplished actresses in their early to mid-twenties (see "In the Wings," page 27), but she might be the most original. Her work thrives on complex weirdos and freaks—"funny, little demented people," as she calls them. In just two years she's played the range of 1980's teenagers, from the obsessed to the spaced out. Asked to name her competition, she says she really can't. She's not being immodest. Once you've seen her onstage, you know there is really no one else like her. John Simon has described her as "perfection," and Frank Rich said she is "going places."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAROMIR KOMAREK

Elizabeth Berridge as Constanze Mozart in *Amadeus*.

MARTHA SWOPE



Berridge with Derek Smith in Kevin Wade's *Cruise Control*.

KEN HOWARD

As the punk groupie in *The Incredibly Famous Willy Rivers*.

The young character actress like Elizabeth Berridge is a rather recent phenomenon. In the theatrical past, a "character role" meant a non-romantic part, a somewhat peripheral character who was usually older, more eccentric and less conventionally attractive than the leading lady. Roles for the young female included ingenues, a few bad apples and little else.

But times have changed. In an age when children are often asked to understand and even mediate an event as complicated as the separation of parents, plays frequently exhibit young females who are at once nurturing and daring, juvenile and sagacious, obdurate and vulnerable. "Young character part" now often connotes a role more complex than an ingenue, which must be played by an actor who can handle a wide range—like Elizabeth Berridge.

BETH BERRIDGE SITS HIDDEN AWAY at a corner table at a Manhattan fern bar, enveloped in an oversized sweater that makes her nearly disappear. Now it is hard to believe that the anxious waif across the table from me is actually on the verge of theater and film stardom. Her tiny figure and mischievous smile are hardly those of an ingenue. Those minature features and short, raven-black hair make her look like a very cute, sexy, slightly daft porcelain doll. And when she hears the playback of her voice test, she sticks her fingers in her ears.

Berridge has the charm of a young girl thrilled by the first blush of notoriety. When there was a change of reporters on the story, she was sure it would be cancelled. Now she's afraid it will be killed because she has nothing to say. She's also worried that she may not prove photogenic enough for the cover. When she finds out that I'm a theater director as well as a writer, she relaxes and begins to talk, without inhibition, about herself and her work. As she talks, the vulnerable, girlish innocent metamorphoses into a sage with the wisdom of the ages. As acting teacher Warren Robertson once described her, Berridge is a "child/grandmother."

"I was about forty when I was twelve," she confides. "Now that I'm all of twenty-three, I'm really about six." Asked if she's feeling the pressure of a burgeoning career, she answers with startling commonsense: "It's actually much easier now. There's no hurry. Things have a way of happening when you're ready for them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And she knows just why she acts: "It defines my development as a person. It's where I feel thrilled. I tried other things for a while, like working in a bookstore, but I couldn't even make change."

Berridge knew she was different from age twelve. "Adolescence was hell," she says. "I was the black sheep of the family. Dad's a Wall Street lawyer and Mom's a social worker. They wanted to dress me like Brooke Shields. I *tried* to be conventional, but I just couldn't do it. I wanted to be Virginia Woolf."

She also wanted to be an actress, and those ambitions were nurtured not by formal education—she skipped college—but by acting teachers (see "Stage Coach," next page) and "the college of life." At sixteen she leaped into the adult program at the famed Actors' Studio. "They told me I wasn't ready for it, but I was a little too sure of what I wanted. They were right. It took the joy out of it."

After a half hour of conversation, I'm no longer surprised that even without college, Berridge has the wit and intellectual ambition of a Harvard undergrad. She's reading Woolf and Melville. "I'm also into Jung." She winks at me. "Just like Sting."

While most actors are notoriously myopic about their own work, Berridge is just the opposite: she's uncannily savvy and self-critical. In *Amadeus* she felt as if she "stuck out like a sore thumb. It was pretty overwhelming. I often wished I'd known more when I did it. It would have been exciting to have had a real rapport with Milos Foreman, the director. But," she confesses, "I wasn't up to it."

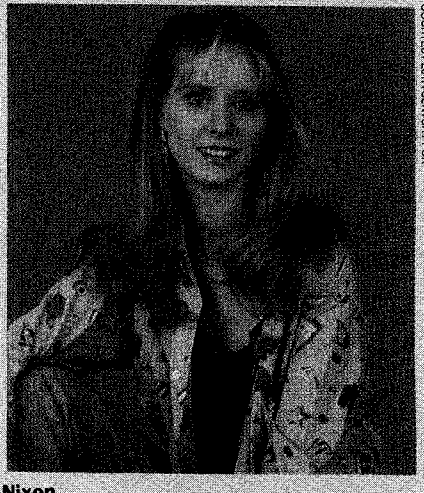
No wonder. Meg Tilly was cast originally, but broke her foot the day before shooting began. Berridge and another young actress competed for the role for a week, screen testing on location in Prague when Foreman could spare a break. "I was a wreck. I cried every night. Finally they brought us together for the verdict. 'One of you is too pretty,' Foreman told us." It sounded like the booby prize, but Beth Berridge had the part.

Though Berridge's account is ex-

COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

McGovern

Young



COURTESY 20TH CENTURY-FOX

Nixon

IN THE WINGS

DON'T CALL THEM THE "FEMALE BRAT pack."

Although the new wave of young Broadway actresses all have film credits, they trained for and succeeded on the stage. They specialize in characters far more complex than typical film juveniles. Still in their twenties, they've stolen the thunder from the previous generation of actresses.

With leading roles in *Ordinary People*, *Ragtime*, *Racing with the Moon* and two important recent plays, *Painting Churches* and *A Map of the World*, Elizabeth McGovern is the most visible of the breed. Still in her mid-twenties, she brings a refreshing girlishness to sophisticated roles that would normally be played by older actresses. Her tall, slightly masculine beauty seems perfectly suited to the feistier females of the eighties.

At twenty-six, Karen Young is quietly forging one of the more unique careers; she's worked with equal facility in film and avant-garde theater. Film audiences might remember her blonde, tomboy looks from *Birdy*. Adventurous theatergoers may have seen her at La Mama, Soho Rep or with the much-acclaimed Mabou Mines. She's currently playing a major role in Sam Shepard's Off Broadway play, *A Lie of the Mind*. Young has no doubts about the type of work she prefers. She loves doing movies, but chooses highly stylized plays over realistic ones. "Arthur Miller bores me."

The prodigy prize goes to Cynthia Nixon. She's played Broadway, Off Broadway and in films, including *Amadeus*, in which she was featured as the maid Salieri sends to spy on Mozart. She also has a leading role in the upcoming comedy *Manhattan Project*. That's not a bad track record for a nineteen-year-old Barnard College sophomore.

Although she is one of the more acclaimed actresses on the New York stage, Cynthia Nixon has never taken an acting class. Her training consisted of a steady diet of playwatching from age four, and the on-the-job know-how that began at age twelve. At seventeen, a high school project required that she find a temporary job. For her internship, Nixon was cast in Mike Nichols's production of *Hurlyburly*, seen both Off and on Broadway.

A sweet-faced blonde, Nixon often plays waifs with shockingly advanced predilections. You can easily forget that she is still a teenager when she describes a recent role, with absolute clarity, as a "nymphomaniacal dope addict. It was the first time I'd played someone aggressively bad," she adds. "I really enjoyed it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Molly McCarthy

STAGE COACH

TEACHING ACTING TO HIGH SCHOOL students at a church on Saturdays is not a vocation one normally associates with celebrity. Not unless the students include Matt Dillon, Michael O'Keefe and Elizabeth Berridge.

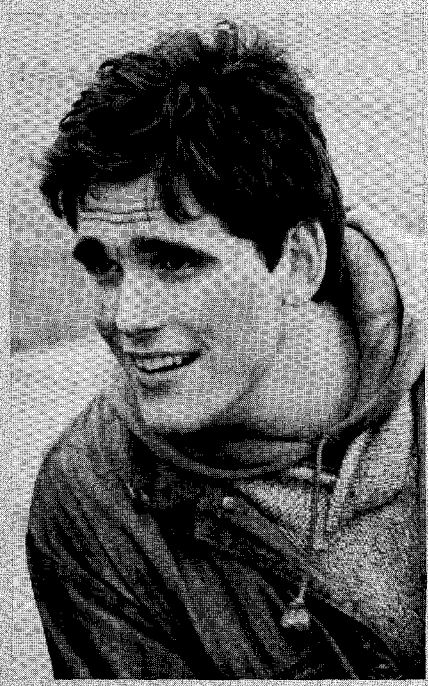
Twelve years ago Molly McCarthy started teaching teens in Westchester, New York. Word soon spread of this middle-aged woman who had an eye for talent and the Midas touch with kids, and she has since become trusted coach to celebrated charges. When Berridge has a problem with a role, she returns to her mentor to "hash things out." Matt Dillon made sure McCarthy was on the set as his "creative consultant" for his early movies.

Dillon returned the favor when he learned that his teacher was being considered for the part of his mother in *The Flamingo Kid*. He called McCarthy and offered his help: "Hey, Mo, you wanna rehearse?" They read their scenes to each other over the phone, and McCarthy got the best part of her modest film career.

She prepared for both careers by studying with Lee Strasberg at the Actors' Studio. She started teaching as a result of her first husband's need to find a quiet way of making a living. A director who had been blacklisted, he taught students privately to make ends meet. When he tired of teaching, she inherited his students.

Living across the street from the Berridges, Molly McCarthy was privvy to a budding talent from its beginnings. She saw young Elizabeth play Snoopy in fifth grade and later recommended her to an agent. He told her to come back when she was eighteen. But Berridge wasn't willing to wait. "I want to do it now," she told him. He called another agent who represented children, and twelve-year-old Beth went professional. McCarthy knew Berridge would make it. "She was always ferociously determined," she says.

Michael O'Keefe



Matt Dillon

COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES

tremely diplomatic, one can surmise that Foreman virtually dictated the performance. The director wanted a very colloquial American sound from Berridge, to convey the character's lower class origins. "When I would try to deal with the period aspects of the role, he would say, 'Play yourself,' " Berridge remembers. She questioned the interpretation. The veteran director might have been better off trusting the instincts of the young actress.

Right after the *Amadeus* test, Berridge's theatrical skills were put to an extreme test. In an Off Broadway satire of contemporary family life called *The Vampires*, she played a thirteen-year-old drug addict obsessed with the spirit of Screamin' Jay Hawkins. Plugged into her stereo, rocking rhythmically from one foot to another like a modern Frankenstein's monster, Berridge created a childish, sexy, demonically possessed punk/waif that was utterly shocking. The performance also had the originality and detailing one usually finds with only the most seasoned actresses. Seeing her for the first time, I thought I'd watched the greatest child actress in history. In fact, Berridge was twenty-one, and it was her professional stage debut.

In only a year and a half since that stage debut, Elizabeth Berridge has played a host of "young character" roles— a precocious early teen dreaming of country and western stardom (*Outside Waco*), a punk groupie stuck on limos and parties (*The Incredibly Famous Willy Rivers*), a sexy shopgirl with wanderlust (*Cruise Control*).

Now that contemporary playwriting is beginning to catch up to the young female, it isn't surprising that very young, multi-faceted actresses have suddenly burst onto the scene. But in the case of the most singular talents, theatrical influence can work the other way as well. After seeing her in an Off Broadway play, Kevin Wade (author of *Key Exchange*) wrote the role in his latest play, *Cruise Control*, expressly for Elizabeth Berridge. Of that performance, Clive Barnes of the *New York Post* wrote: "It was the sweet, bruised, indomitably pathetic and determined Miss Berridge who ran away with the play."

As long as playwrights will risk having their plays stolen by remarkable actresses, it seems likely they will continue to be inspired by prismatic muses like Elizabeth Berridge. SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raincoat designed and hand-painted by artist Suzan Pitt, available at Patricia Fields or by special order from Suzan Pitt, NYC. Shoes and stockings by Brass Boot, Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woody Allen has paid his dues—and his bills—making funny movies. But his thoughts about his future are no laughing matter.

BY DAVID REMNICK

Comedy isn't funny

IT WAS, IN ITS WAY, THE GREATEST Bar-Mitzvah Ever Held.

On such occasions a young "man" is compared to the most common gift he will receive: "Today you are a fountain pen." On this winter night, at the age of fifty, Woody Allen became a fountain pen. His reputation as a belletrist, a serious funnyman, was sealed. And instead of Mama and Bubba and Zaydee and Aunt Minna (with her rabbinic diction and annoying perfume), the guests in the pews of Broadway's Royale Theater were the lights of literary New York: Cynthia Ozick, Norman Mailer, a querelous little man with a bleached blond mohawk and an unpublished young woman wearing an exploded clock on her head. The usual crowd.

And clutching a copy of *Getting Even* as if it were the sacred haftora itself, a slight, bespectacled man climbed up on a box marked "Woody's Box" and peered out at the audience without terror. In the series of PEN Congress readings that began in the early autumn, he had been preceded by the literary seriousness of Bellow, Didion, Styron and Sontag. He knew his place as literary jester.

So Woody Allen opened with a joke.

"There's been so much wonderful literature read here that I thought I'd start with a few bad things."

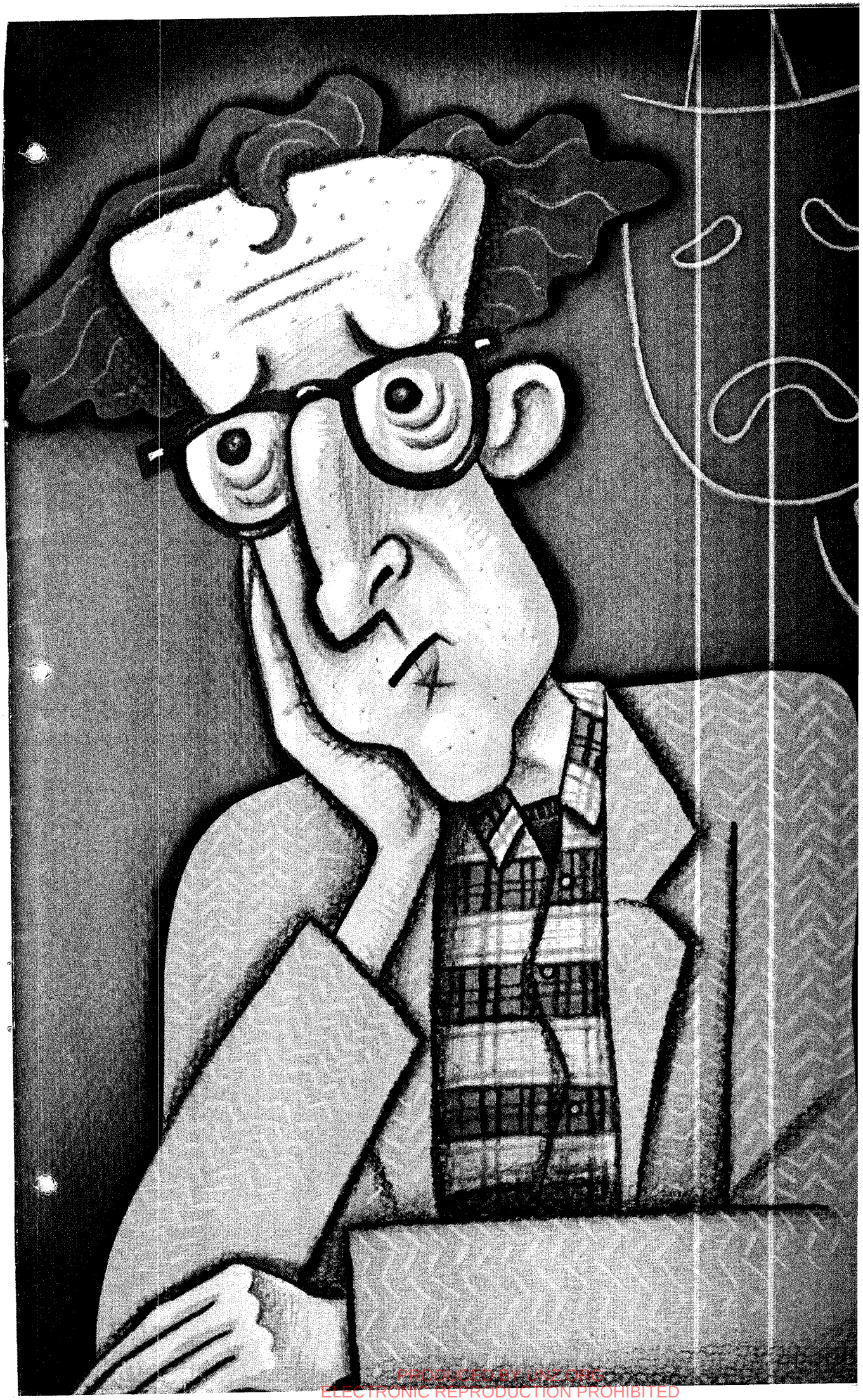
The laughter rolled in over him as it always has. At breakneck speed he read an unpublished story about a man whose "hostility" leaves his body and assaults the city of New York. Then he read "Mr. Big," the side-of-the-mouth saga of a gumshoe whose curvaceous Vassar-bred client hires him to search the rain-slick streets for God:

"That's right, God. The Creator, the Underlying Principle, the First Cause of Things, the All-Encompassing. I want you to find him for me."

Thousands laughed as this little man in the flannel shirt and brown corduroy pants made comedy of everything from Kafka's terror to Spillane's monosyllabic

DAVID COWLES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I couldn't care less if I never appeared in another picture again. I do it because the parts are good for me. Besides, no one will work as cheaply as I do."

cool. "The heart is not only a lonely hunter, it is also a deranged pursuer." The lady in the exploding clock broke out in obscene guffaws. There were tears of joy on her cheeks—something she did not muster for Mssrs. Updike, Mailer and Bellow.

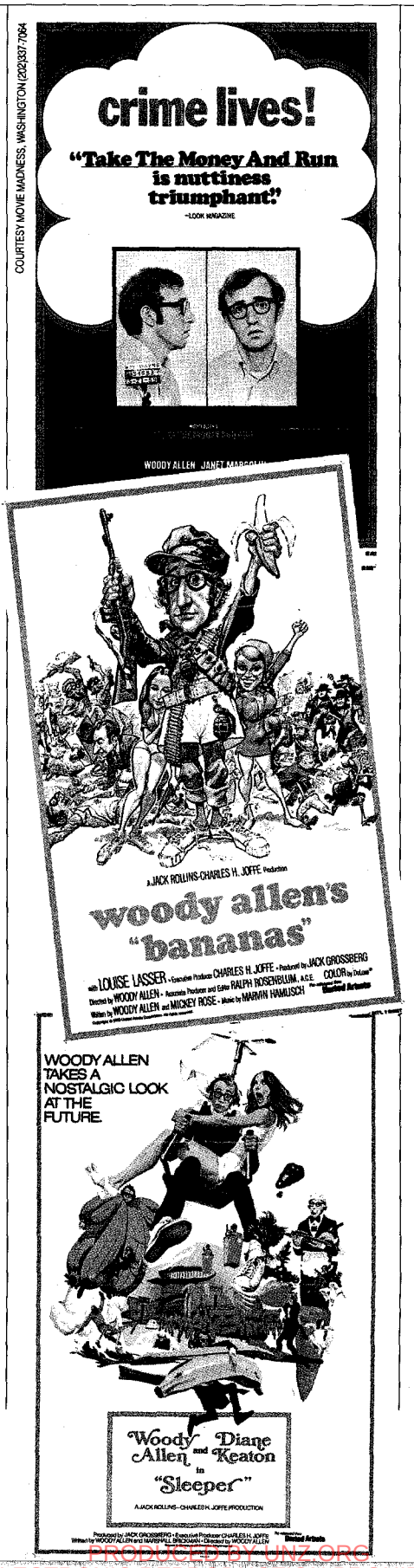
Yes, Allen knows why he has been allowed the cherished passage and he is tickled: "I've been very lucky," he says later. "I was not a good student in school. All my friends opted to become doctors and lawyers. I've been able to do things I always wanted to do by sheer luck. I've played jazz in New Orleans, Willie Mays flied out to me in a baseball game, I've dined at the White House, and it's only because I found out one day that I could write jokes. That saved my life."

Allen does few interviews, but he seems eminently comfortable talking in the screening room in Manhattan's Beekman Hotel, dressed in his customary horn-rimmed glasses, plaids and cords. His relaxed attitude may have something to do with the fact that I've told him that my mother was a classmate at Midwood High back when he was Allen Koninsberg and she was Barbara Seigel. Of course, there were twenty-two Barbara Seigels at Midwood in those days and Allen is trying to sort them all out.

"I have a pretty good memory of my old classmates," he says quite seriously. "I'll have to check my yearbook."

Allen has a new film out, the highly celebrated *Hannah and Her Sisters*. That he has a new movie is no novelty, really, for Allen has made at least one a year over the last decade. *Hannah and Her Sisters*, featuring Allen, Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, Michael Caine and Max von Sydow, is a remarkable ensemble story about three sisters and their romantic and psychic entanglements. Allen plays a television writer who is obsessed with his own health and mortality.

Hannah combines all the best elements of Allen's talents: a lover's attachment to New York, a great eye, an ability to get good performances from everybody on the screen, a unique wit and the sort of


COURTESY MOVIE MADNESS, WASHINGTON (202)337-7064
crime lives!
"Take The Money And Run is nuttiness triumphant."
-LOOK MAGAZINE
WOODY ALLEN
woody allen's "bananas"
WOODY ALLEN TAKES A NOSTALGIC LOOK AT THE FUTURE.
Woody Allen and Diane Keaton in "Sleeper"

unembarrassed, Dickensian sentimentality that made *Broadway Danny Rose* seem like a re-vamped *Christmas Carol*.

And, of course, Woody Allen is just about disgusted with the whole thing.

"Once I'm finished with the films, I never, ever, ever see them again. *Hannah* included. When I've finished the final correction, the sound mix, and I've okayed it, they start printing off the negative and it's over. I have a dim view of my movies. I don't say that out of any false modesty, either.

"It happens this way: I'll be sitting at home and I'll get this great idea. In your mind's eye, it's perfect. Then you cast it and find the locations and they're not quite so wonderful. By the time I shoot it, I think, 'This isn't what I wanted to do.' But it's too late to change, too expensive to make over again. And by the time it comes out it's so far off the mark of my original conception. And I'm so sick of it. I've never done a film—*Hannah* included—that's satisfied my original conception. I always see them much more beautiful and much more amusing.

"Actually," he says, "I got the idea for *Hannah* when I was re-reading *Anna Karenina* a summer ago. The whole idea of cutting from one story to another the way Tolstoi does is very cinematic. That book has gigantic scope and I could never match it. But the two modes of the novel interested me—the love relationships between men and women, and Levin's worry over his mortality."

In an age when making a film of an Alice Walker novel is considered a risk of unknowable proportions, Woody Allen is rummaging through the nineteenth-century Russian classics for inspiration. And finding it. Film by film, from the surrealistic comedies of the late sixties, to the narrative comedies of the seventies, to the more experimental works of the eighties such as *Zelig* and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, Woody Allen, the little freckle-faced schmendrick from Midwood, has become one of the most independent and important directors of our time. No kidding. In the most collaborative of the arts, his work bears the mark of individual

PRODUCED BY JINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I do think I want to write a novel. But I don't want to do it while I'm still virile.

personality. No baby moguls or mega-stars obliterate him.

"Spielberg, Coppola, Altman, Fosse, they're all artistically free and deserve to be," he says. "Some people achieve it by making gobs of money for the studio. I've been lucky. I've had that freedom from my very first picture when I had no track record at all. I made *Take the Money and Run* for Palomar. It just happened that they were nice, enlightened men and they treated me the way an artist wants to be treated. They just said, go ahead and make the film you want to make. After I got a track record I was able to put that freedom into my contract."

Spielberg waited until he had made untold millions before he even attempted something as middle-brow as *The Color Purple.* As both a comic writer and a serious one, Allen has been rotating his crops for years, alternating commercial projects with riskier ones.

"The kinds of films I've always liked, right from the start, were serious movies," he says. "People will always tell me that comedy can be serious, too, but my list of favorite movies would have only a few comedies—*The White Sheik, Amarcord, City of Light*—and those are not even knock-down drag-out comedies. I'm not a tremendous Keaton fan—I find him cold—and I don't really go for Laurel and Hardy. The rest of the list would have *The Bicycle Thief, Grand Illusion, The Seventh Seal, Persona,* those kinds of films. It took a lot of convincing to get the studio to let me make *Interiors.* But it came right after *Annie Hall,* so they were flush with some success. Then I did it and it didn't make any money at all. I knew I wanted to do more serious films but I had to space them out judiciously. So I had to make *Manhattan,* that kind of film, to satisfy the studio.

"Look," he says, "I know comedy has been my meal ticket right from the start. It's how I've set my table.

"When I started out it was as a very conventional comedian. I did jokes about being weak, about being bullied, about my wife, about striking out on dates, it was nothing different from what Henny

BRIAN HAMILL

Woody Allen the director at work during the filming of *Interiors* (above); Woody Allen the actor at work with Diane Keaton in *Annie Hall* (below).

BRIAN HAMILL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Once I'm finished with the films, I never, ever, ever see them again. *Hannah* included. I have a dim view of my movies. I don't say that out of any false modesty, either."

BRIAN HAMILL

Allen with *Hannah* co-star Mia Farrow. Allen acts in his films "because the parts are good for me. Besides, no one will work as cheaply as I do."

Youngman or Bob Hope did. The phrasing was slightly different but it was the same thing. My early comedies were also in the tradition of American comedy—a character that's put upon. Nothing very different in substance from what you see in Jerry Lewis or Hope. But over the years I evolved it's been because I've gotten more confident in letting the foreign films I like influence me more."

Because he appears in most of his movies playing a character that has at least some relation to the "real" Woody Allen, he has also become an evolving film character. Just as Chaplin's Tramp kept changing until he settled on the sort of sweet intelligence we remember today in *Modern Times* and *The Gold Rush*, "Woody Allen" has grown more human, more thoughtful with his progenitor. In *Hannah*, he goes through manic periods, but ends up as the happiest fellow.

"The films have evolved and so you can't sustain the same character," Allen says. "The early films I made were very broad, jokey comedies. And so the character there would be falling down manholes, getting blown up and that sort of nonsense. As the films got less broad and more serious, the characters would have to become more believable and human.

"In *Manhattan* I had two or three great jokes that I just couldn't use. I remember we shot a scene where I take my kid to Central Park after I've bought him this boat at FAO Schwartz. But then there's this man at the water in the park who has a U-Boat that blows my kid's boat up! It was a wonderful joke and it looked great. But in the picture it stood out like a sore thumb. It was too broad.

"I've always thought of myself primarily as a writer and director and I'm only incidentally in the films," Allen says. "I couldn't care less if I never appeared in another picture again. I do it because the parts are good for me. Besides, no one will work as cheaply as I do."

Within the limits of studio filmmaking, Allen is continually taking chances. And he is always working ahead of himself. With *Hannah* just out, he is in the middle of shooting a period picture "with hundreds of extras and lots of music" and writing the screenplay for yet another film. He also plans "as a lark" to go to Paris with Placido Domingo to do a film of *La Boheme*. The routine of moviemaking, however, is a lot harder than writing gags for Sid Caesar or working standup at the Gaslight ever was, and it may eventually wear him down.

"Film is the hardest thing for me," Allen says. "It's physically demanding. If I'd been writing this morning, I'd get up, make myself some breakfast and I'd be at home. It would be a pleasure for me, working in the back room on my own. I can take a walk after a couple of hours, maybe practice my clarinet.

"Film isn't like that. A driver picks me up at 7:00 and I've got to go to some freezing street corner and stand out there all day long. There are maybe 200 extras and you've got to stop traffic all around and you've got to get performances out of those people when they're shivering from the cold. Then, because the whole thing is so expensive, you go shoot inside after you've lost the light. Then you go back and look at what's already been shot. It's a relentless cycle that never stops because it's costing about $90,000 a day.

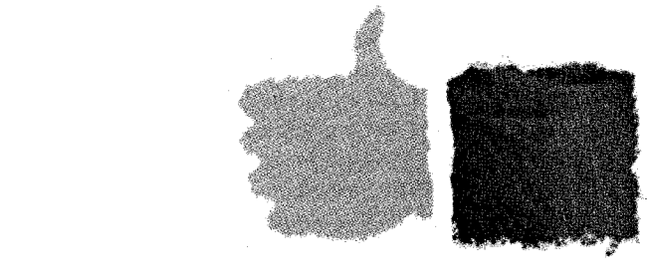
"I used to write for the *New Yorker* fairly regularly but I stopped because I just decided that I didn't want to write what they call 'casuals' anymore. I felt guys like S.J. Perelman and Robert Benchley, guys who I idolize, ended up with endless volumes of 'casuals' and it was a dead end. Three books is enough for me. I do think I want to write a novel. But I don't want to do it while I'm still virile. Right now I have enough stamina to get out there and make films. But there will be a day when I'll get up in the morning and I'll know it's just too much work."

For the moment he is making more and better movies than any other American director, comedies with wit and elegance. He says he'll know when he's out of gas.

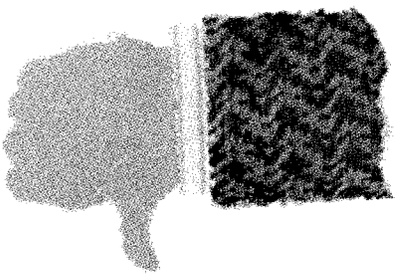
"It's like the story Groucho told me years ago," Allen says. "When the Marx Brothers were filming *A Night in Casablanca*, he and Harpo had to run, run, run, run and grab onto the wing of a plane while it was taking off. They were exhausted. Groucho turned to Harpo while they were hanging on and said, 'Well, have you had enough?' Harpo said 'yes' and it was the last film they ever made."

SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Underrated and Overrated

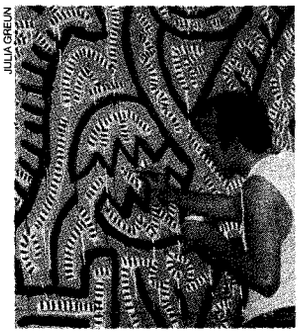


THE HIGH-GEAR, ALL-STOPS-OUT, AMERICAN STAR-MAKING MACHINERY CAN RIDICULOUSLY INFLATE OR SADLY UNDERVALUE THE TALENTS OR CHARMS OF PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS. THE OVERRATED CAN'T POSSIBLY DELIVER WHAT WE'RE LED TO EXPECT OF THEM . . . AND THE UNDERRATED DON'T GET ENOUGH CHANCES TO SHOW ALL THEY CAN DO. IN AN EVENHANDED SPIRIT OF CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, *SATURDAY REVIEW* STATES SOME HOME TRUTHS FOR 1986.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Underrated

JULIA GREUN



Graffiti artist **KEITH HARING**: Genius is simplicity, but simplicity isn't simple.

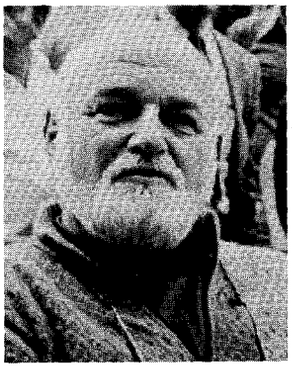
TERRY O'NEILL

Pop singer **ELTON JOHN**: When the glitter fades, the talent still shines through.

NORA SCARLETT

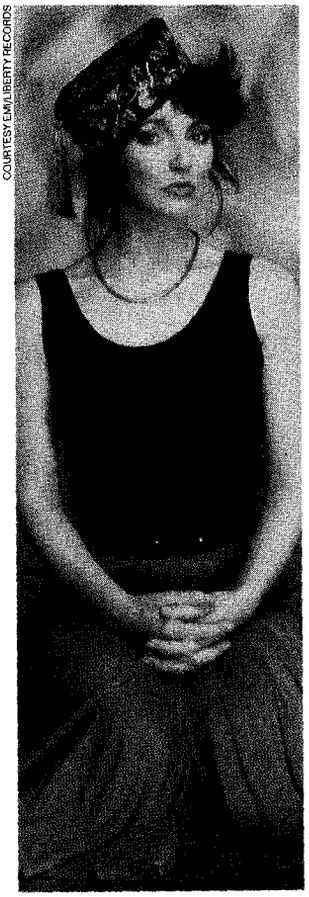
The **GAP** stores: Proof that "inexpensive" doesn't have to be synonymous with "tacky."

DAVE FRIEDMAN



Director **JOHN SCHLESINGER** (*Midnight Cowboy, Day of the Locust, The Falcon and the Snowman*): Talented, bloody talented.

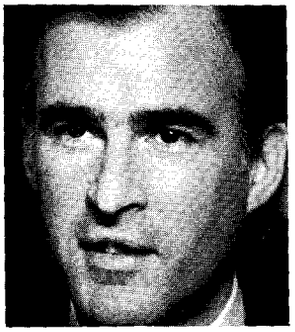
COURTESY EMI/LIBERTY RECORDS



British singer/composer **KATE BUSH**: The one singer on two continents who most deserves a wider audience.

AL LEVINE

Today show host **BRYANT GUMBEL**: The most intelligent presence on morning TV, and since that isn't saying much, one of the most underestimated people in TV news.



Former California governor **JERRY BROWN**: Although still a prophet without honor, a prophet nonetheless, mark our words.

TRIAD ARTISTS, INC.

Rolling Stone ex-wife and New York society figure **BIANCA JAGGER**: An intelligent and compassionate woman who still suffers from her party girl image.

GREATER TAMPA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

TAMPA: The most dynamic city by a bay in the USA.

USA TODAY: The perfect reflection of the way we live now: the future of newspapers and the most influential force in American journalism today.

USA TODAY
Whites more liberal on race, not on laws
NEWSLINE
Walter Cronkite in space? Reportermauts on deadline
Libya buzzes USA jet; fleet buildup today

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDERRATED

JUDY HUDSON

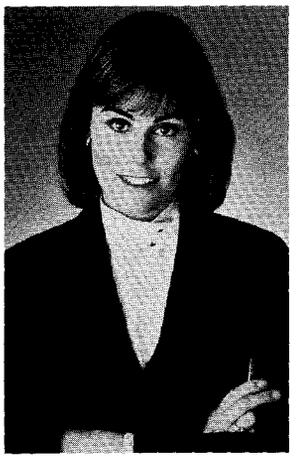
Novelist **RICHARD PRICE** (*Bloodbrothers, Ladies' Man*): His talent expands with each book and he's still a young man.

MARK WEISS

Rock musician **TODD RUNDGREN** (*A Cappella*): As his latest album proves, a man with unique voices.

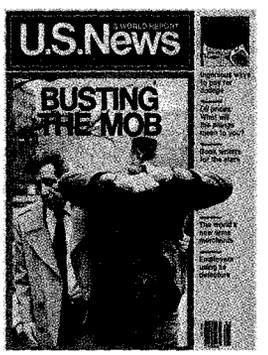
KEN BROWN

Sending **POSTCARDS**: Still an amusing way to make a statement, but soon a major means of communication.

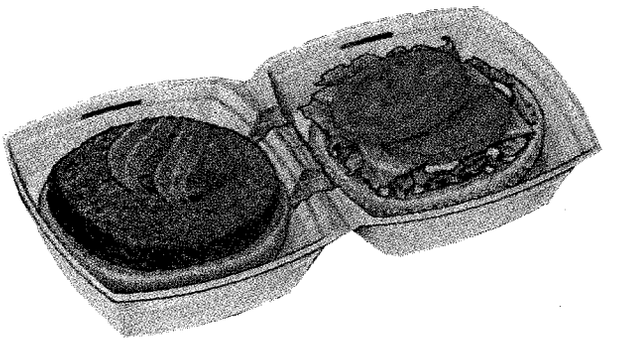


COURTESY ABC, INC.

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN: She has honed her skills and her craft in the pre-dawn patrol and the weekend anchor slot. Now ABC should move her into the prominence of prime time.



US NEWS AND WORLD REPORT: The most successful redesign of the three newsmagazines.



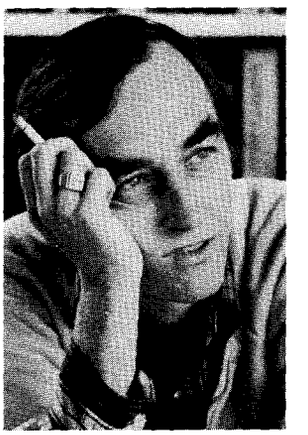
McDLTs: The new state of the art.

ALEN MACWEENEY

Singer/composer **TOM WAITS**: No longer shooting from the hipster, he's the most interesting and, dare we say it, profound creative talent on the music scene today.

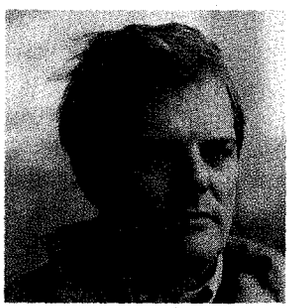
COURTESY ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT

Entertainment Tonight Senior Correspondent **RONA BARRETT**: After all these years, still the best entertainment journalist going.



DIANE GORODNITZKI

Playwright **LANFORD WILSON** (*Fifth of July, Talley's Folly*): The best living American playwright—not to be confused with Sam Shepard, the best-living American playwright.

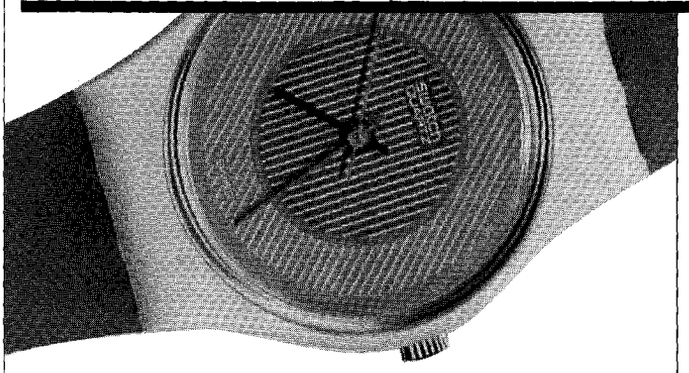


JOE GALLAGHER

Director **PAUL MORRISSEY** (*Mixed Blood*): Who else could take the drug trade, gang wars and initiation by cigarette burns and turn it into the best comedy of '85?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

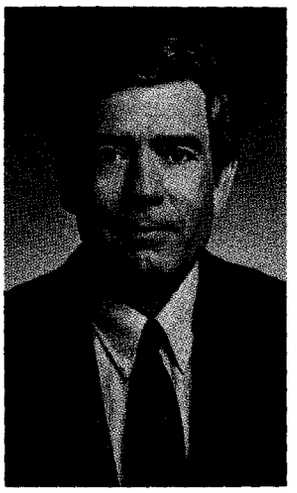
Overrated



SWATCH watches: Too much of a little thing.

COURTESY WARNER BROS., INC.

Actress **DIANE KEATON**: Half a dozen late-sixties irritating mannerisms have been carefully parcelled into a career. La-di-yuuch.

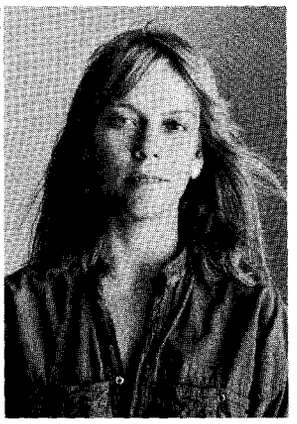


COURTESY CBS EVENING NEWS

CBS anchor **DAN RATHER**: Walter never needed sweaters to be believable.

COURTESY NBC

THE COSBY SHOW: Mawkish and manipulative: sentiment over substance and style.

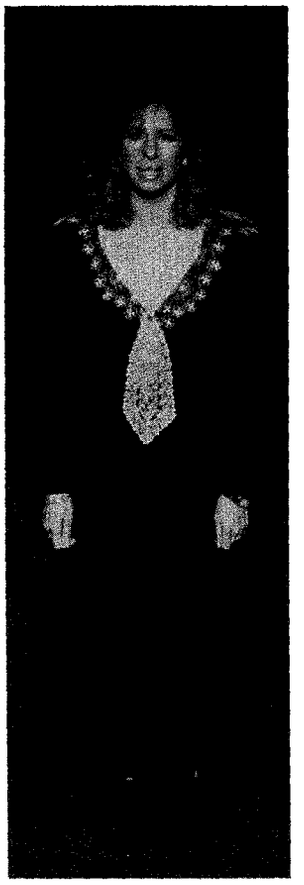


ETHAN RUSSELL

Singer/composer **RICKIE LEE JONES**: It isn't a sin to wash your hair. The poor man's Tom Waits.

STEVE SCHAPIRO

Actor/director **SYLVESTER STALLONE**: He's gotta do what he's gotta do, but we don't gotta sit here and take it.



RICHARD CORMAN

Singer/actress/mogul **BARBRA STREISAND**: The only woman who can sing Rodgers and Hammerstein and call it a daring leap.

COURTESY THE LADD COMPANY

WILLIAM HURT: Not everything needs to be emoted into cinders: sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

COURTESY THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN CO.

Model/actress **LAUREN HUTTON**: The gap between promise and performance grows apace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED HAYMEN

LANDSCAPE
1985

LINDSAY McCRUM . . . TWENTY-EIGHT-year-old Scorpio, born on the same day in November as Monet ("I'd rather it was Manet, but Monet is okay.") . . . grew up in Connecticut, second in a family of four girls and two boys . . . started drawing in grade school . . . attended Yale and graduated magna cum laude . . . retreated to the farm of an eighty-seven-year-old woman friend to continue work on her painting . . . arrived in New York three years ago. . . .

Asked to describe her style in twenty-five well-chosen words without any high falutin art babble, she replies: "An editing of past and present myths, taking formal and classical elements and juxtaposing them with more abstract and contemporary images."

Her best vacation ever was the summer of her eighteenth year, spent painting in Provence. If she had to live in any other place and time, she would choose the Italy of the Renaissance. The strongest artistic influences on her work are Giotto, Piero della Francesca and Fra Angelico.

Her "desert island choices" (excluding the Bible and the works of Shakespeare) take little time for choosing:

Book: "Please can I have two? *The Odyssey* and *Moby Dick*."
Painting: "Piero's *Flagellation of Christ*. It's so splendid, so beautiful. It transcends painting. There isn't one extraneous line. It's perfect."
Movie: "One of the old cornballs. Or else Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*."

Record: (Kim Carnes's *Mistaken Identity* is on her cassette player when this question is asked.) "I've never owned a stereo. I like almost everything. Whatever is playing on the radio. Chopin I like. And June Christy."

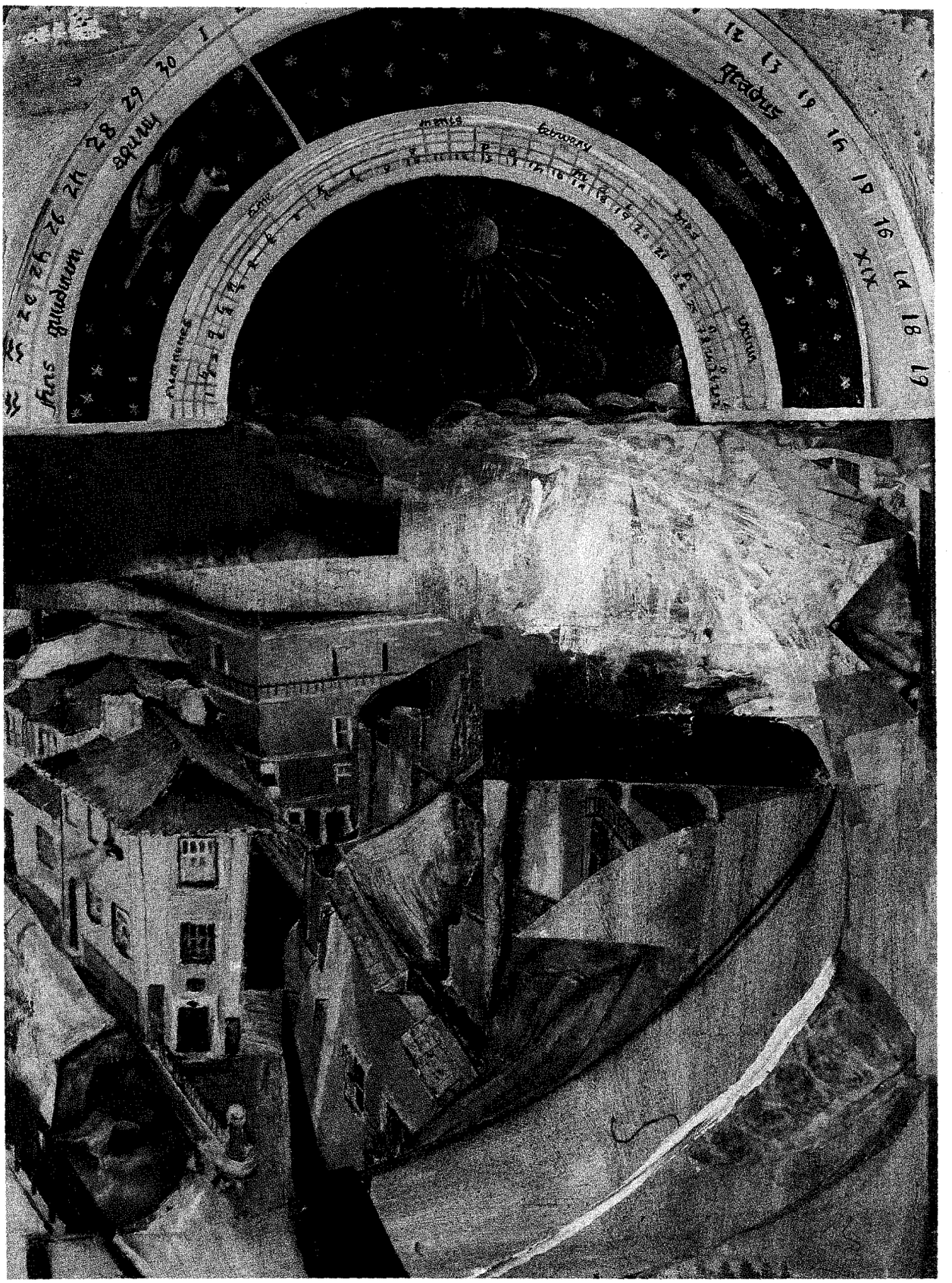
Asked to name a book she has reread, she replies, without hesitation, "*The Good Soldier*. By Ford Madox Ford. Everything is going on. The life. The style."

She loves finding or thinking up titles for her paintings, which range in size from miniatures to wall-fillers.

Her first one-person show will be held at the Ericson Gallery, 23 East 74 Street in New York, through March 29. There will be an exhibition of her drawings and works on paper in the gallery of Books and Company, 939 Madison Avenue, from April 3 through 28.

ROBERT KIRK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

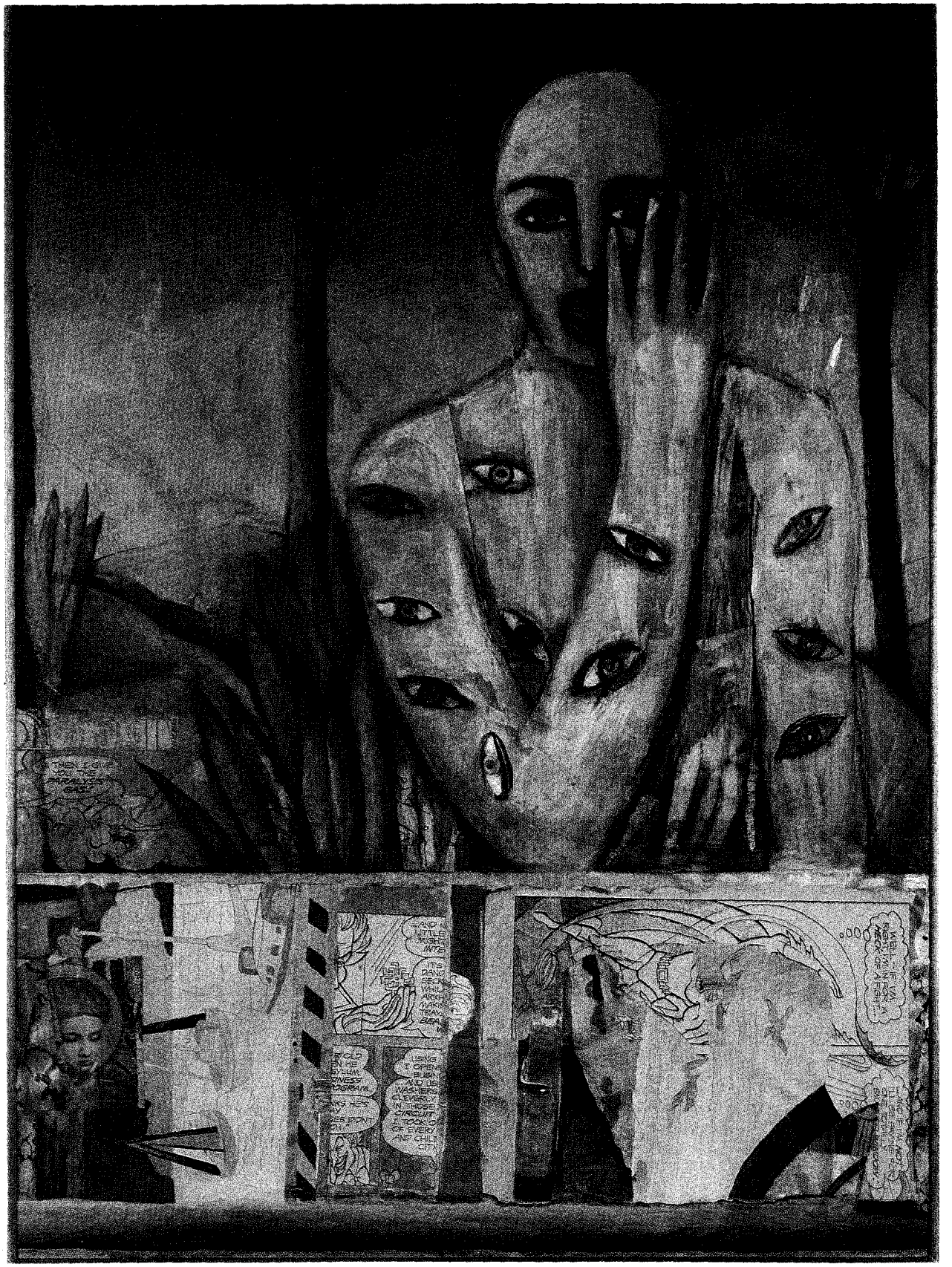


WINTER SOLSTICE

1984

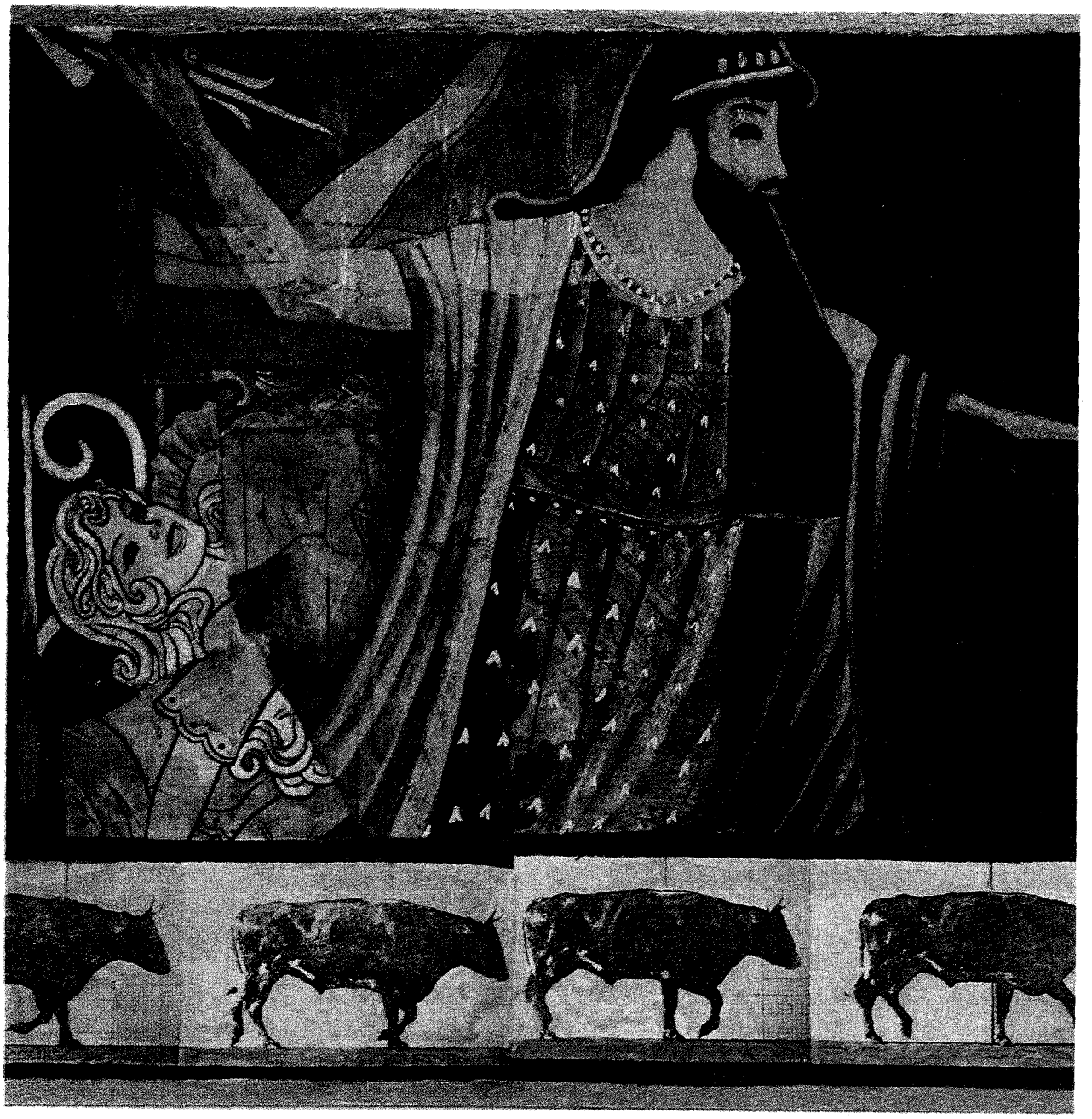
From the collection of Fred Haymen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



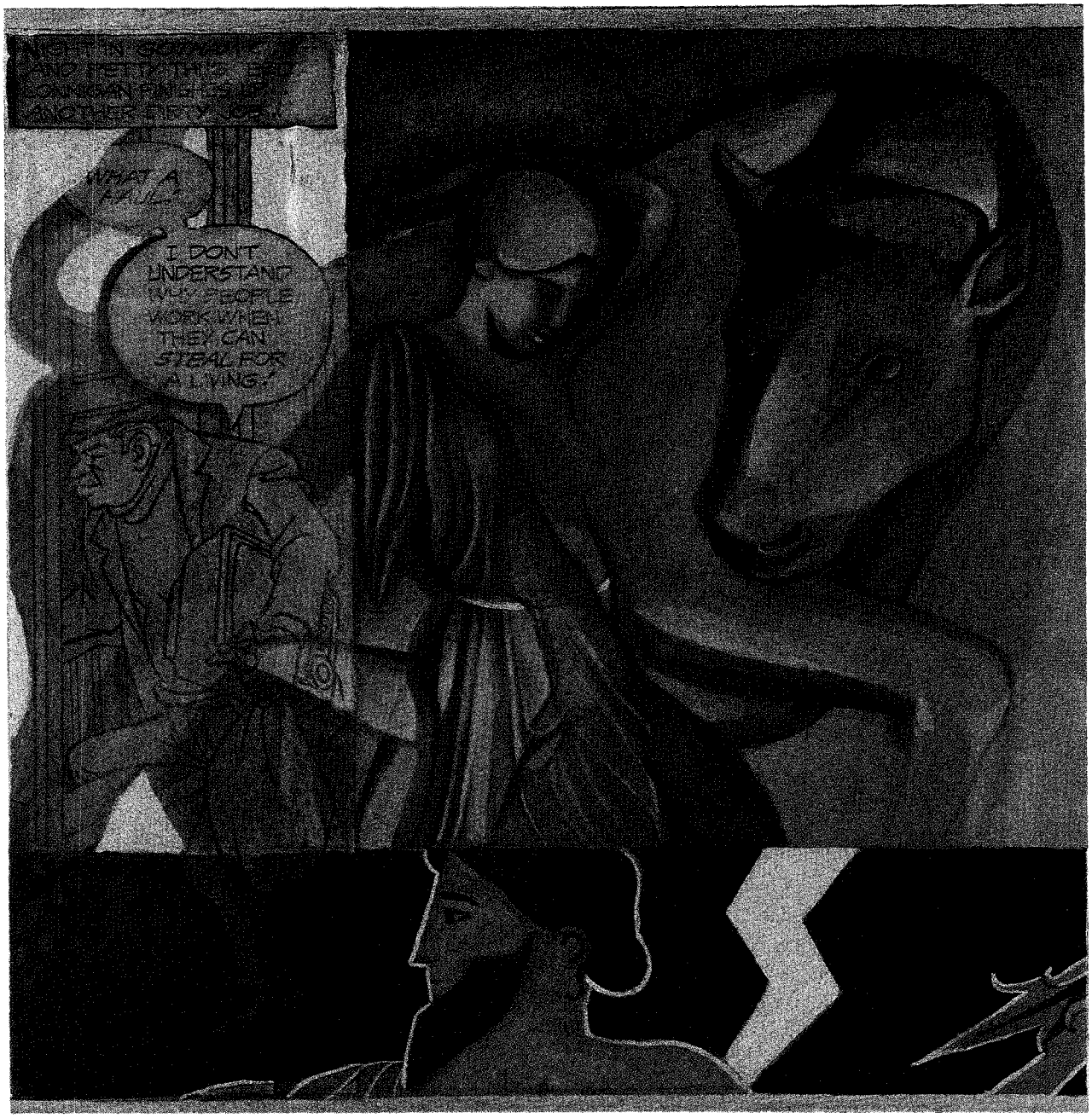
BATMAN AND ARGOS
1985

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BARBIE ON HER BACK
1985

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EUROPA IN GOTHAM CITY
1985

SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN KENNEDY TOOLE WON THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR HIS SECOND NOVEL—TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH. WILL HIS FIRST NOVEL EVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY?

BY VALERIE MARTIN

Publish the Perished

NO ONE IS BURIED UNDERGROUND IN New Orleans. We are below sea level and water fills any hole one might care to dig in less time than it takes to hold a funeral. Instead of pastoral graveyards New Orleans has cities of concrete and marble, grey houses where the dead are stacked five and six deep. When the vaults, or "ovens," are full, the coffins are removed and the remains packed into smaller containers. When a grave slate is full, new names are engraved on steps, on urns, on metal plates set into the walls.

One warm afternoon last December, two women, Rhoda Faust and Chris Wiltz, drove out to Greenwood Cemetery to find the tomb of John Kennedy Toole, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *A Confederacy of Dunces.*

Faust examined the perpetual care medallion set into the cracked sidewalk at her feet.

"Should we ask him?" Wiltz suggested.

Faust looked up, frowned at the name slate and said, "Ken. Do you want *Neon Bible* published or not?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FEW DAYS LATER, ON DECEMBER 11, Rhoda Faust took the witness stand in the State Court building downtown. It was cold, but not because the weather had changed. For reasons probably unknown to the lawmakers themselves, justice in New Orleans is dispensed in air that is refrigerated to something under fifty degrees. Faust's lawyer, Brian Bégué, gave her a pre-arranged signal to relax, and she crossed her legs and threw one arm over the back of the chair. The judge, Gerald Fedoroff, looked down on her with an expression of amiable interest. The trial Faust had been anticipating for over a year had finally begun.

At stake was John Kennedy Toole's first novel, *Neon Bible*, a manuscript he completed when he was sixteen years old, just after he entered Tulane University. Faust wants to publish this manuscript and maintains that Thelma Toole, the author's mother, promised her she could. The Toole estate, in the person of Dr. Kenneth Holditch, says she can't.

The fate of *Neon Bible* is intricately tied to the peculiar history of Ken Toole's second novel, *A Confederacy of Dunces*, which he wrote while serving in the military in Puerto Rico between 1963 and '64. Before he returned to civilian life in New Orleans, he submitted the manuscript to a New York publishing house. According to his mother, the ensuing two-year epistolary flirtation with an editor who would neither abandon him nor take him on drove him to despair. In January of 1969 he quit his job as an English instructor at Dominican University and abruptly left New Orleans for California. He was gone for two months. On his return he drove to Flannery O'Connor's house in Georgia, then stopped in Biloxi, Mississippi, apparently heading home. But outside Biloxi he parked his old Chevrolet in a wooded area near the Gulf of Mexico, attached a length of garden hose to the exhaust pipe and secured the other end in a window of the car. Then he got inside, started the engine and waited.

Unaware that he possessed anything of value, Toole left no will. On the car seat

COURTESY OF KENNETH HOLDITCH

Thelma Toole with Dr. Kenneth Holditch

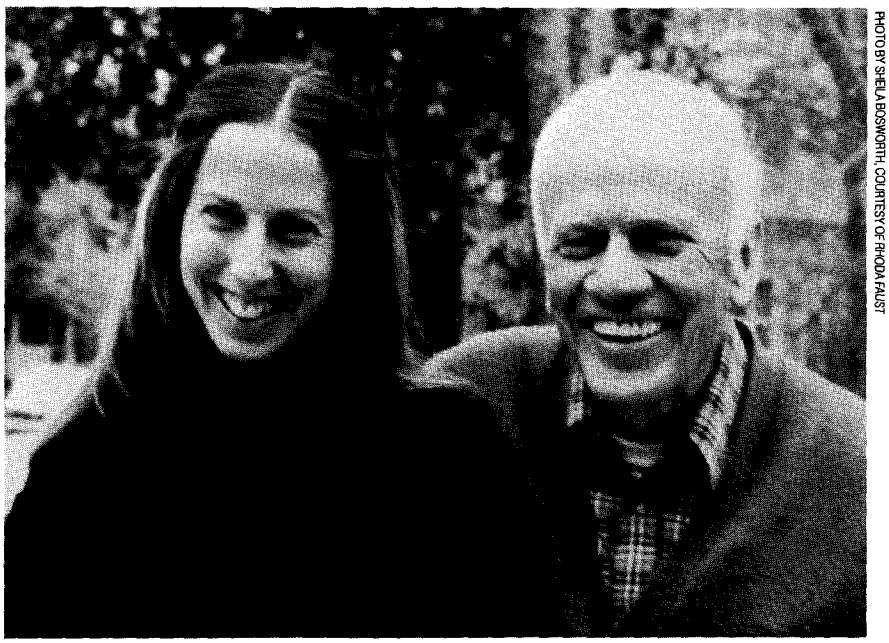


PHOTO BY SHEILA BOSWORTH, COURTESY OF RHODA FAUST

Walker Percy and Rhoda Faust. Of Thelma Toole and the *Neon Bible* controversy, Percy told the *Times-Picayune*, "I would hope that she would not deprive readers of the pleasure of something written by her son."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EXCERPT

Neon Bible

I GOT TO THE TOP AND STARTED down the hall, but I stumbled over something that felt hard against my shoe. I stopped and tried to see what it was, but I couldn't make out anything in the dark, so I felt my way over to the light bulb we had on the wall. When I pulled the cord and looked around, I saw something that I didn't think was real. Mother was laying out in the hall with blood coming out her mouth. It had flowed over to the steps because that was the way the floor leaned, and that was what I had felt in my hand. I looked at my hand. Blood was stuck in the cracks in my fingers and was starting to get dry where it was thin. I wiped my hands on my pants and went over to where she was. Just looking at her made me scared. I thought she was dead, but when I got down and touched her arm it was still warm and I could hear her breathing loud. The blood was getting all stuck in her hair and was making a little shallow pool around her. I put my hand over her mouth to try to stop more from pouring out, but when I took my hand away after a while, all that I had been holding in poured out all at once and made a little wave down the side of her face and neck and made the border of the pool on the floor get wider.

My mind couldn't seem to tell me what to do. I thought I felt my chin start to go in like it did when I was little, but I knew I was too old to cry. What I had to do was to try to think what I was supposed to do with her like that. I had heard you shouldn't move people who were like that, but I couldn't let her stay on the floor because it was getting cold. I bent down near her face and began saying Mother, Mother, but she didn't move, so I put my hands under her, one by her back and one by her legs, and I carried her into the room where she slept. Mother was so skinny and her skin was so stretched looking, but she was heavy, and I was worried once I was going to drop her. All the way into the room blood dripped from her dress and kept pouring from her mouth. Her hair was hanging down and it was all white near her head, but it was red where it was in the pool on the floor, and blood dripped off the ends of it, too.

I put her on the bed and put an old blanket over her mouth so it would soak up any more blood that poured out. After I did this, I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at her. Her arm was right next to me so I ran my hand along it and took her hand and held it. I wondered what was wrong. This was the first time I thought about it long enough to wonder. Blood kept coming out of her mouth. I rocked the bed a little bit and called her name, but she didn't answer. The wind just kept blowing around the house and the front door slammed hard again and sounded far off.

As I wiped around her mouth, I looked at her. This wasn't Mother, all brown and dried out and covered with sticky blood.

Now I was afraid, and I didn't know what to do. Where could I get a doctor and what would I pay him with? We needed the money I had in the house to eat. Doctors cost a lot, especially for something like this that looked like it would cost a lot. We never did have a doctor up at the house, and I didn't know where to get one. I thought maybe if I kep Mother quiet, she would be better in the morning. The blood had stopped flowing, so that looked better, but it was all over the bed now, and it was starting to get sticky on the sheet. I went and got a wet rag and wiped her face and neck and got all the blood off that wasn't too stuck.

As I wiped around her mouth, I looked at her. This wasn't Mother, all brown and dried out and covered with sticky blood. I ran my hand on her forehead like I used to when it was white and soft, but it was dry and hard and dark. She was breathing hard, and sometimes it sounded like a sigh, a sort of choking sigh. The bed looked too big for her, so small and dry in the light that came from the door from the hall, the dim yellow light that made her look even worse.

Then I was crying, and I didn't want to. I had to think of what I was going to do with her here and Aunt Mae gone. My mother was dying. I knew it, and I couldn't do anything about it. The wind blew cold and strong against the window in the room. It was the only other thing besides me and Mother up there on the hill. I held my hands up to my eyes like I was afraid somebody would see me and think I was too old to do it, and I cried like I never cried in my life, even when I was little. I couldn't stop, and I tried to catch my breath, but all of the things that had gone wrong came into my mind, and I put my arms up against Mother on the bed and held her in my arms and cried on her hard chest like I did when it was full and round.

I felt her tremble. Something made me look up at her face, and her lips were moving. I tried to understand what she was saying, but they just moved for a while without making any sound, dry and cracked and with blood caked on them. The wind began blowing stronger and louder, so I got up closer to her face to hear, and she said, "Frank" and the breathing stopped, and she layed still in my arms.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next to his body, the police found a sealed letter addressed "To my parents."

Thelma Toole destroyed that letter before anyone else saw it, but she determined that she would prove the suicide of her only child was unjustified, that the New York editors were wrong about *A Confederacy of Dunces.*

She was successful.

It took her ten years, a decade spent sending the manuscript to editor after editor. "Every time it came back, I died a little," she told Dr. Holditch. "My husband was dying. I didn't want to live." Then she brought a copy to novelist Walker Percy, begging him to use his influence to help her. Percy was impressed with the novel and agreed to search for a publisher.

RHODA FAUST IS A NEW ORLEANS bookseller who owns a small chain of independent stores. In 1979 she decided to realize a dream: she would create a publishing company based in New Orleans. After consulting with lawyers and local investors, she asked her friend Walker Percy if he had anything "lying about" that she might publish.

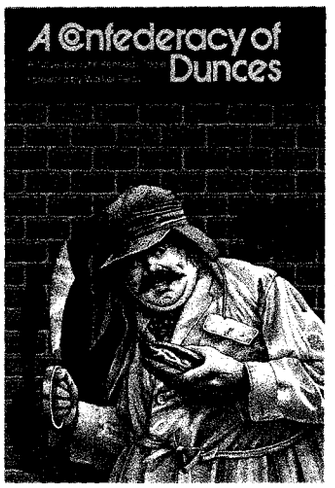
"He said he would re-read his horrible first novel," she remembers, and he suggested that she take a look at an excerpt from the yet-unpublished *Confederacy* that Percy and Thelma Toole had convinced the editor of the *New Orleans Review* to publish. Faust picked up the quarterly that night. "Then I called him back and said, 'Well, this is just out of this world, what's her number?' So he gave me Thelma's number, and I called her and said, 'I just read the excerpt, I'm wild about it, may I come and talk to you?' "

During the trial Faust described the long relationship with Mrs. Toole that followed this initial call. She visited her every week for years to come. She also continued to contact local investors. But when LSU Press came forward with an offer to publish *Confederacy,* Faust encouraged Thelma Toole to accept it. The visits went on and eventually included a friend of Faust's, novelist Chris Wiltz.

Wiltz remembers that Thelma Toole and Rhoda Faust reached an agreement for *Neon Bible.* Faust would publish it, and the terms would be those of the LSU contract for *Confederacy.*

When *Confederacy* was published, Faust threw a party for Thelma Toole at one of her book stores. Walker Percy made an appearance. Thelma Toole played the piano and sang songs dedicated to her "genius" son. She sat at a long table and signed copy after copy of the book: "Thelma Toole," as if she had written it herself.

A Confederacy of Dunces made Thelma Toole a small fortune. It also made her a local celebrity, a role she undertook with the same dogged energy that had carried her through ten years of rejections. She gave readings and interviews and appeared at private parties all over town where she sang and played the piano, dedicating her music to her son. She was a curious phenomenon, drawing admirers



When Confederacy was published, Thelma Toole signed copy after copy, as if she had written it herself.

at first, then rejecting them in vituperative letters when they crossed her. Many people who knew her claim that Thelma Toole's voice was identical to the voice of *Confederacy*'s Ignatius Reilly, that she was, as he is, flamboyant, pompous, self-righteous, yet curiously charming. In a film interview she made for the University of New Orleans, Thelma Toole presented for posterity a very polished version of what may have been her most imaginative creation: herself. Though the film is titled *I Walk in the World for my Son,* Thelma Toole spends most of it talking about her own childhood. Her voice is well-trained, a stage voice, and she draws certain words out pleasurably, as if she likes the taste of them.

"As a child," she says sonorously, "I was intense, sensitive and warmly emotional." She sits at a piano, dedicating a song to Walker Percy, "the guiding light of my son's success." When the song is over she turns expertly to the camera and says softly, intimately, "I'm going to tell you a little secret."

The secret is about Dr. Percy. "When I first met him, he was a personable man, the first writer I ever met and. . . ." She pauses for effect, "I had a crush on him."

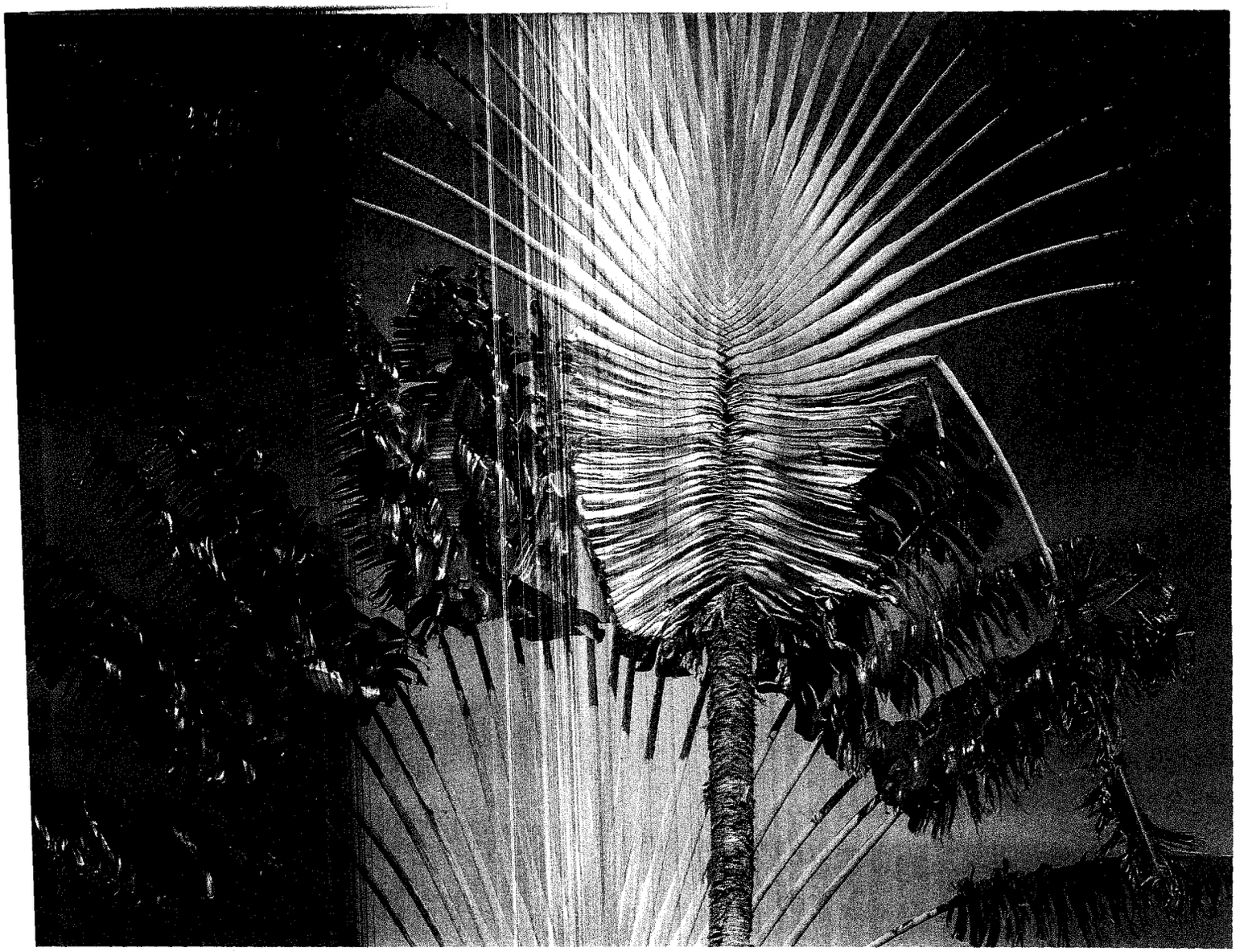
Then, with a smile that is both playful and infinitely crafty, she turns back to the piano, plays a chord and calls out to the audience she imagines is hanging on her every word. "But don't reveal it."

Some found the spectacle of this literary mother hard to stomach, but many fell under the mesmerizing spell she could cast. Her reputation can still spark luncheon arguments. One local writer, when asked to comment upon her, exclaimed, "She was evil. She was the most evil person I ever knew." Another friend, who was angered by her demands for attention, said more directly, "Her ego could not be satisfied."

Mrs. Toole denied ever making an agreement with Rhoda Faust for the publication of *Neon Bible.* She hired an attorney, who sent Rhoda Faust letter after letter requesting the return of the manu-

Continued on page 87

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARTINIQUE
PLACE IN THE SUN

MARTINIQUE IS MAGIC. WHITE MAGIC. AND BLACK MAGIC—including That Old Black Magic. A unique island in the middle of the unique sea, it's actually a région of France. The French have poured in enough francs to build superb roads and keep them in excellent repair; to create a market for a few very good French restaurants; and to assure sufficient security for the topless bathing they prefer and the natives find literally and figuratively unsuitable.

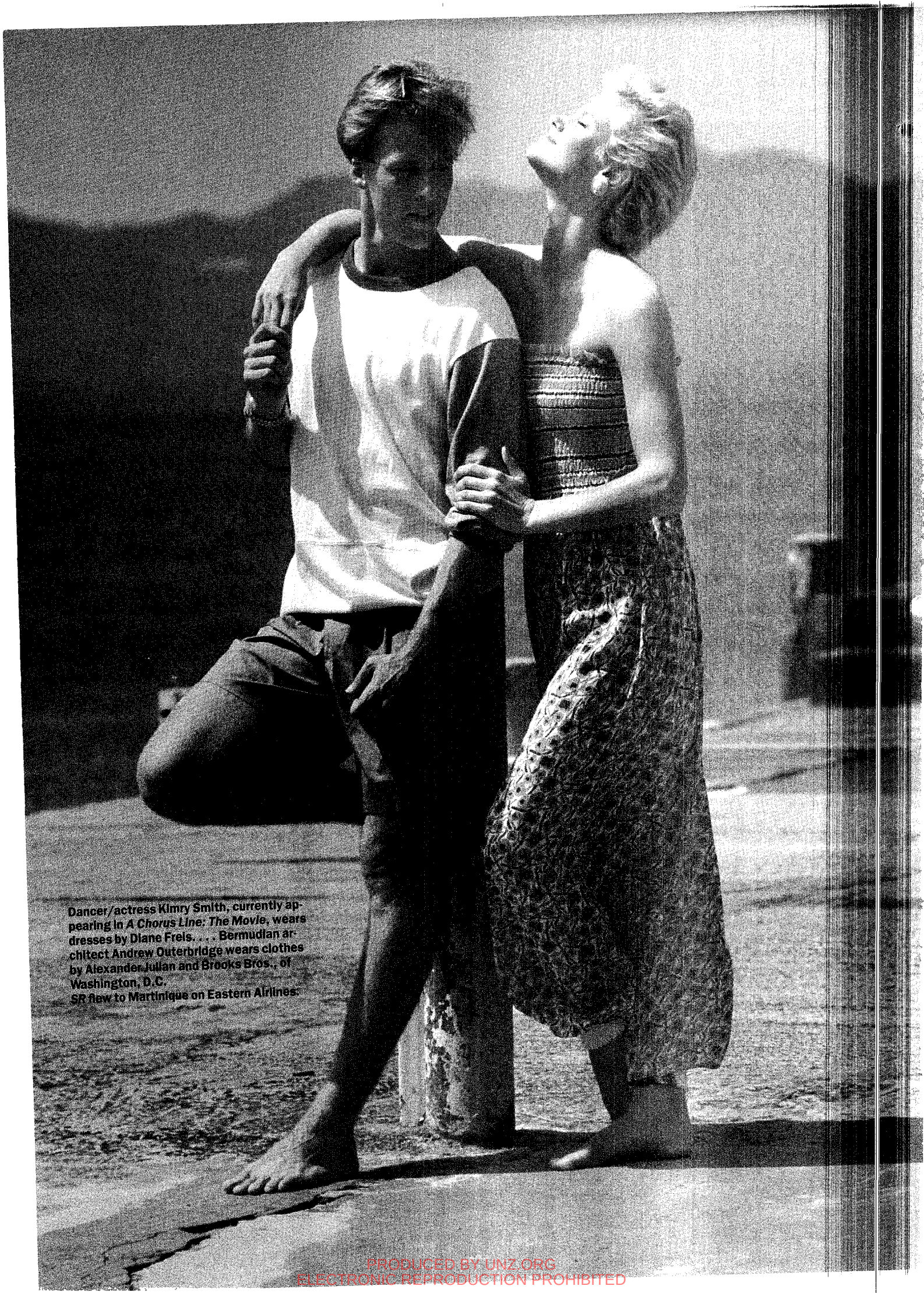
The capital, Fort de France, has lively shopping in an open-air market or pricey boutiques with the latest resort wear from Paris.

There's history. Napoleon's empress Josephine de Beauharnais was born here. So was Aimée Dubocq de Rivery, her even more intriguing blonde cousin who was captured by Barbary pirates and ended up the Sultana of the Ottoman Empire.

Martinique offers gruesome proof that life imitates art. At the height of the fancy dress ball in 1902, the resident volcano, Mont Pelée, erupted and killed 30,000 people, including all the fancy dressers. The sole survivor was a convict in solitary confinement in the local jail. He shouted for three days before rescuers heard him. He was pardoned and died an old man on another island. You can stand today in his overgrown underground cell and then go buy an ice-cold orange soda or some fresh vanilla yogurt from a nearby roadside shop. The unsuperstitious traveler can pack a copy of Patrick Leigh Fermor's recently republished *The Violins of Saint-Jacques*, a fictional account of the tragedy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAEME OUTERBRIDGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dancer/actress Kimry Smith, currently appearing in *A Chorus Line: The Movie*, wears dresses by Diane Freis. . . . Bermudian architect Andrew Outerbridge wears clothes by Alexander Julian and Brooks Bros., of Washington, D.C.
SR flew to Martinique on Eastern Airlines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Or you could bring a copy of Truman Capote's story "Music for Chameleons." In economical paragraphs Capote conveys some of Martinique's extravagances of color. Color predominates. Sea blue and cafe au lait. Moon white and lizard green. Sun gold and hibiscus red.

Capote stayed at Le Latitude—a civilized collection of conical huts on stilts on a hillside leading down to a perfect bay. Across the island, higher in the hills, is Plantation Leyritz, where Presidents Ford and Giscard d'Estaing stayed during their economic summit. Now there's a spa plan to address inflation of another variety. Unfortunately, the undertow on this side of the island makes the gorgeous beachline safer for looking than using.

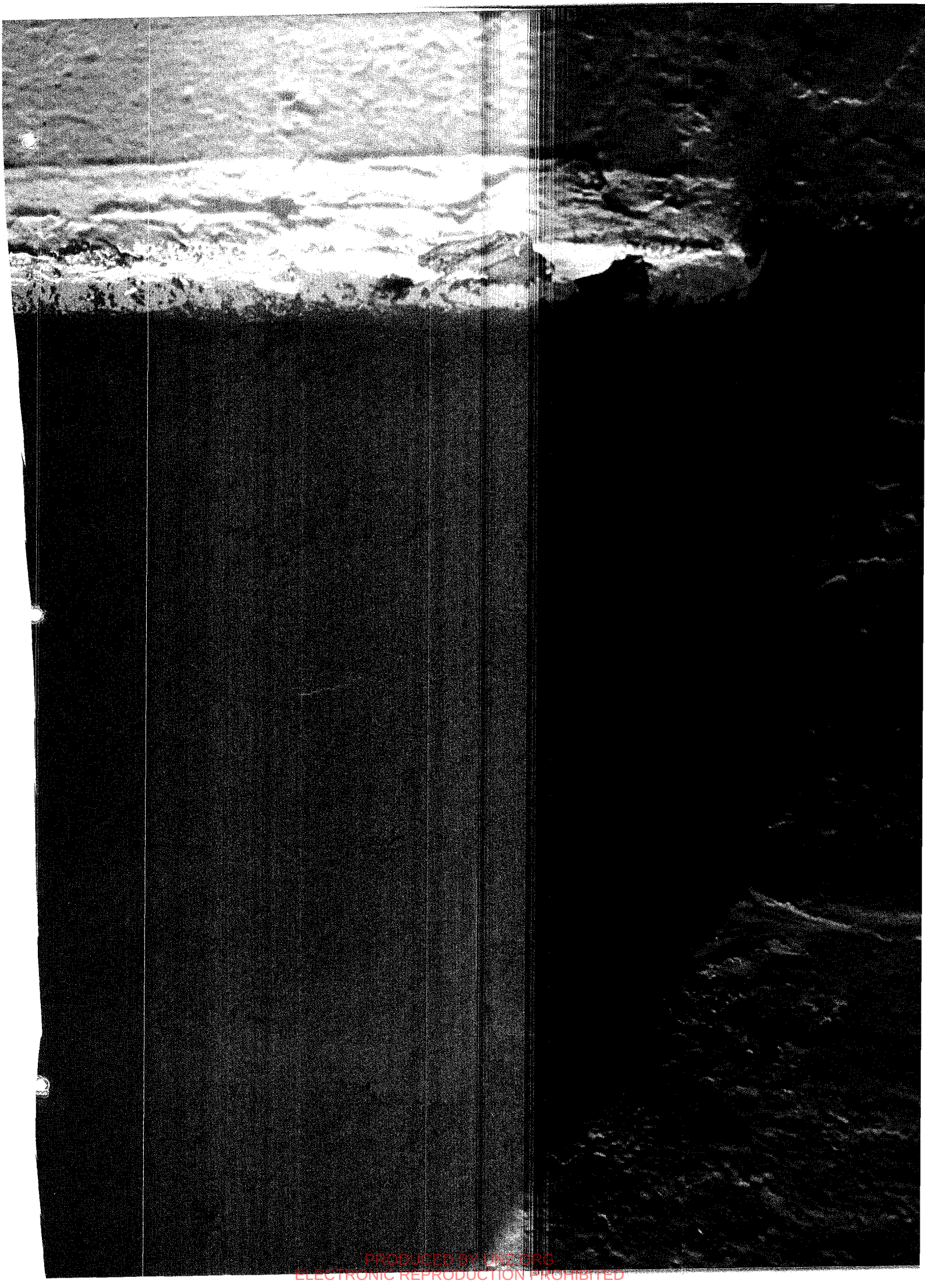
All over the island there are *petits auberges* and grand hotels. And a Club Med.

You can visit a flower plantation, a Buddhist shrine, and the distillery where they make St. James Rum; Ernest Hemingway extolled it as "the perfect antidote to a rainy day." You can spend an hour in the Gauguin Museum near the unchanged watersite of one of his best and most beautiful Martinique paintings. You can watch the fishermen in their bright, multi-colored boats, each with its carefully stenciled name: *Arc en ciel, Jolie jeune fille, Esprit de dieu.* You can pull over your rented Peugeot and bathe under a roadside waterfall.

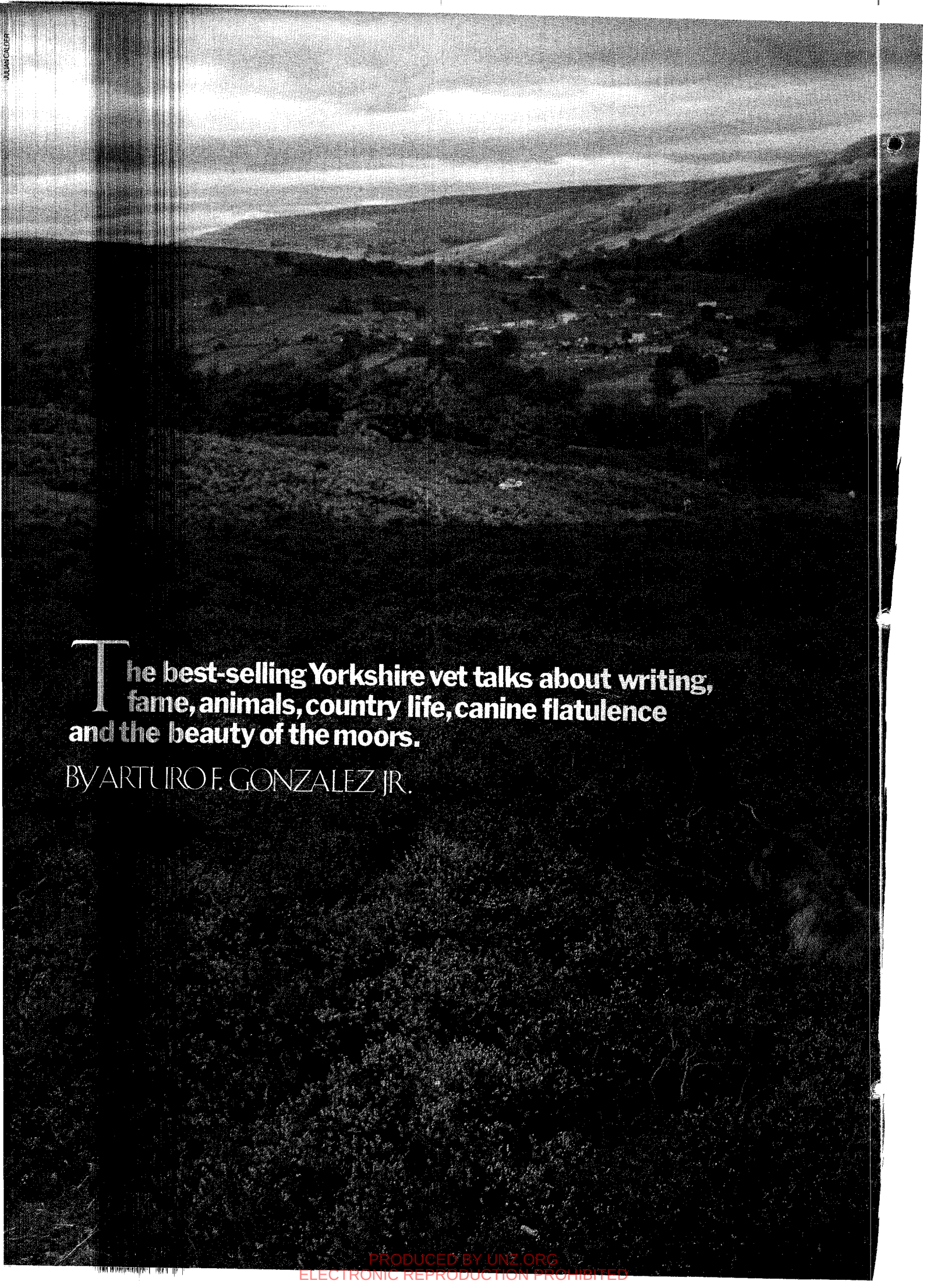
You can wake up to a big bowl of strong French coffee with thick slices of hot fresh bread or fine thin crêpes filled with strawberry confiture. You can stop at a village pharmacy and stock up on the same products you would find at a drugstore on the Boulevard de la Tour Maubourg—wonderful French soaps and potions and tanning lotions and toothpastes.

As a parting gift, the airport duty free shop must be one of the most enticing in the Caribbean, full of wines and champagnes and cheeses and patés. SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

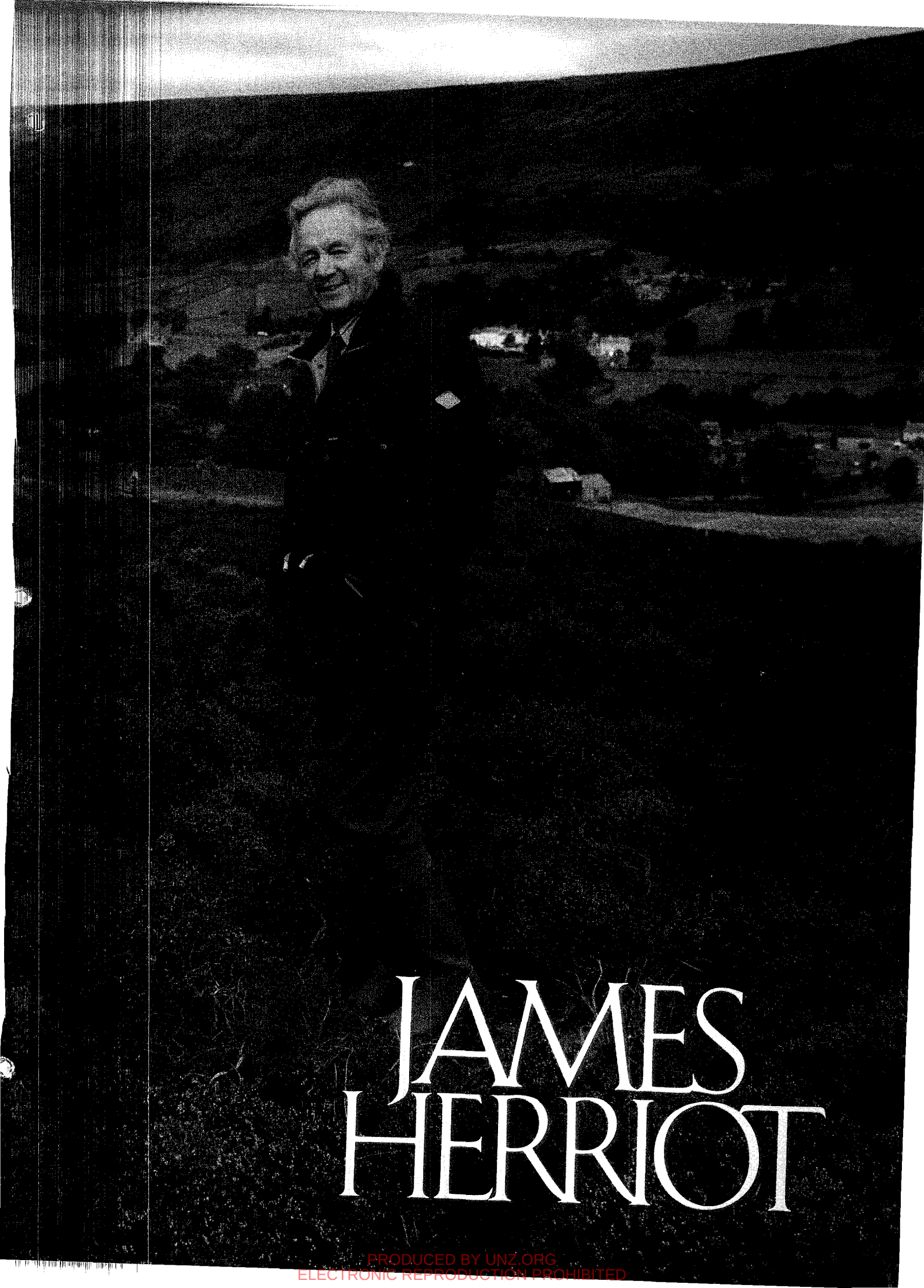


JULIAN CALDER

The best-selling Yorkshire vet talks about writing, fame, animals, country life, canine flatulence and the beauty of the moors.

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ JR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JAMES HERRIOT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIRSK, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND—IT'S THE END OF another long, hard day for Alf Wight, the sixty-nine-year-old Glasgow-born veterinarian who calls himself James Herriot. As he strides purposefully along a lane, his dog gallops ahead, sniffing out a fresh rabbit scent and taking a quick look back now and again to see that his master is not far away.

A farmer bicycling by provides a friendly, "Hi, Alf"; another raised gesture of hello comes from the cab of a truck loaded with cattle going off to the slaughterhouse. As the blood-red sun sets over the dales, Wight will stroll back to his simple cottage out in the fields and sit down to a hearty Yorkshire dinner prepared by Joan, his wife.

After supper, unless he's called out to doctor a colicky horse, pull a calf out of a groaning cow or ram a prolapsed uterus back into a squealing sow, he'll sit down to a quiet evening of TV. But on his lap may well be a tiny, battered portable typewriter. And as BBC's sit-coms, news broadcasts and sports shows blare away, he'll peck out another page or two of his hilarious reminiscences of nearly fifty years as a country veterinarian.

This hunt-and-peck in front of the TV set has made Wight one of today's best-selling authors. His eight books have sold millions of copies, and more of his Yorkshire memories are still to come. Portrayals of his life in rural Yorkshire have made the transformation to motion pictures, and a multi-segment video series is a frequent rerun on world TV. Unperturbed by the fame, and wealth, of becoming a best-selling author well after the age of fifty, Wight continues as before: vetting and then writing about the farmers, the animals and the beautiful Yorkshire moors that have been his life for so many, many, blessed years.

* * *

Q *James Herriot isn't your real name. Why the pseudonym?*

A It's against the ethics of the veterinary profession to advertise and when I first started writing my books, I was afraid some of my peers might think it unprofessional of me to write under my own name. So, I was sitting in front of the TV tapping out one of my stories and there was this fellow James Herriot playing such a good game of soccer for Birmingham that I just took his name.

JULIAN CALDER

"I'm forever grateful for the clean, green land where I live and work. As I look back over the years, I know I never could have found a better way of life than I have lived here."

All the names in my books are fictitious. The name of the village is fictitious. I didn't want to write anything that I thought might hurt anyone's feelings. That's why I keep my writing about thirty or forty years behind the actual events. Nearly everyone I've been writing about is now dead.

Q *Can you explain your huge success in America?*

A My stories are not just funny animal tales. They're about tough pioneering days and hardbitten old farmers. Because they come from pioneering stock themselves, the Americans saw that at once.

Q *This is Brontë country that we're in. And all your writing conveys a love of it. A transplanted Scot, you seem to have fallen madly for Yorkshire.*

A It can be a dazzling place. Especially early in the morning when the fog hangs low on the ground and you can drive right up through the silvery mist into a brilliant sun and see the long, green line of the fells rising in front of you. The colors here are fantastic: the bronze of the dead bracken mixing with the grassy flanks of the hills, the dark green trees and the gray farmhouses.

I'm forever grateful for the clean, green land where I live and work. There are country lanes everywhere, wandering down by the rivers' edges, climbing the hillsides and curling through the heather up at the top. Like the little road to Arkengarth dale that they used to open the TV shows. I often wonder where city dwellers walk their dogs; we have so many places here from which to choose.

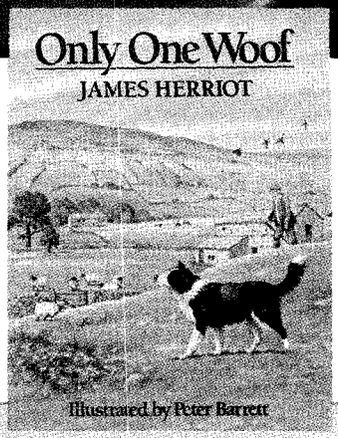
But it's more than just the beauty of Yorkshire, it's the Yorkshire lifestyle. As I look back over the years, I know I never could have found a better way of life than I have lived here.

Q *What comes through in your writing is a great affection for the people of Yorkshire as well.*

A I want to tell readers about Yorkshire, the beauties of the area, and most important, about the Yorkshire people, about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COURTESY BBC/PS



Real-life Alf Wight was turned into reel-life James Herriot for the popular PBS series *All Creatures Great and Small* (above).(Left) Wight/Herriot's latest work is the best-selling children's book *Only One Woof*.

the hardy farmers and what a tough breed they are. I see them every day, hunched figures in shapeless, old greatcoats, cycling out to the farms, head down against the wind and the rain, accepting the facts of a very tough life.

My very first impression as a young vet coming into country practice from the city was that farming was the hardest way of all of making a living. And it hasn't changed much. Nevertheless, the people are, to use a cliché, the salt of the earth. The Yorkshire farmer doesn't rush out and kiss you hello, but his careful friendliness and politeness are attributes on which I place the very highest value.

Q *You've had only one partner since you started up your practice.*

A Yes, I began with Donald Sinclair—"Siegfried" in my books—a half-century ago and we're still in business. Our third partner is my son, Jim. Donald's younger brother—"Tristan"—has retired and has had a run of bad health.

Donald and I get along very well because we're exact opposites. He's always energetically trying to change things, while I resist change. A lot of people here think he's brilliant, but not even my best friends would say that of me. His mind relentlessly churns out all kinds of ideas—some excellent and others doubtful. I rarely have an idea of any kind. He likes hunting, fishing and shooting; I'm hooked on soccer, tennis and cricket.

I could go on and on—we are even opposite physical types—yet we have always gotten along very well and I hope will continue to do so.

Q *Has your new career as a best-selling author exempted you from being on-call as a vet twenty-four hours a day?*

A No, when animals are ailing I still have to pack up and go. I can't remember when I haven't had to do some work on Christmas Day. The animals up here never seem to recognize it as a holiday. As the years have gone by, however, the vague resentment I used to feel has been replaced by what I guess is a philosophical acceptance. I've come to believe that as I tramp around the hillside barns in the frosty air, I'm working up a bigger and bigger appetite for my Christmas turkey than all the millions of more fortunate souls who are still lying in bed or slumped by the fire or watching the holiday TV.

Perhaps this more philosophical attitude is stimulated somewhat by the innumerable libations which I regularly receive from the hospitable farmers who are somewhat apologetic for having to call me out on a holiday.

Q *Could you put up with that kind of a 365-day-a-year schedule if you didn't receive enormous satisfaction from treating ill and injured animals?*

A I sometimes wonder about the "satisfaction." Especially after I've spent a night with the rain pouring down on my chest and back as I'm rolling around on the barnyard floor among bricks and tins, trying to pull a calf from its mother, ending up frozen-faced, my skin chafing under my clothes and aching as though a group of strong men had been kicking me enthusiastically from head to foot for most of the evening. But out of it comes an odd feeling, a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction that emerges from the triumph of life over death.

Sometimes after one of my animals has recovered I wonder how much credit is mine. Maybe it would have gotten better without treatment. It sometimes happens. It's difficult to be sure. But there is a satisfaction which lingers, flowing like balm over the discomforts and frustrations of veterinary practice and making everything right when you know that, without a shadow of doubt, you've pulled an animal back from the brink of death into the living, breathing world.

Treating the seeing-eye dogs that the blind use has always been, to me, one of a vet's most rewarding tasks. To be able to care for one of these magnificent animals is a privilege, not because they are highly trained and valuable, but because they represent, in the ultimate way, something which has always lain near to the center of my life—the mutually depending, trusting and loving association which I feel exists between man and animal.

Q *Has veterinary medicine changed a great deal since you first started practice?*

A That's why I began to write. I had a compulsion to put down on paper a very

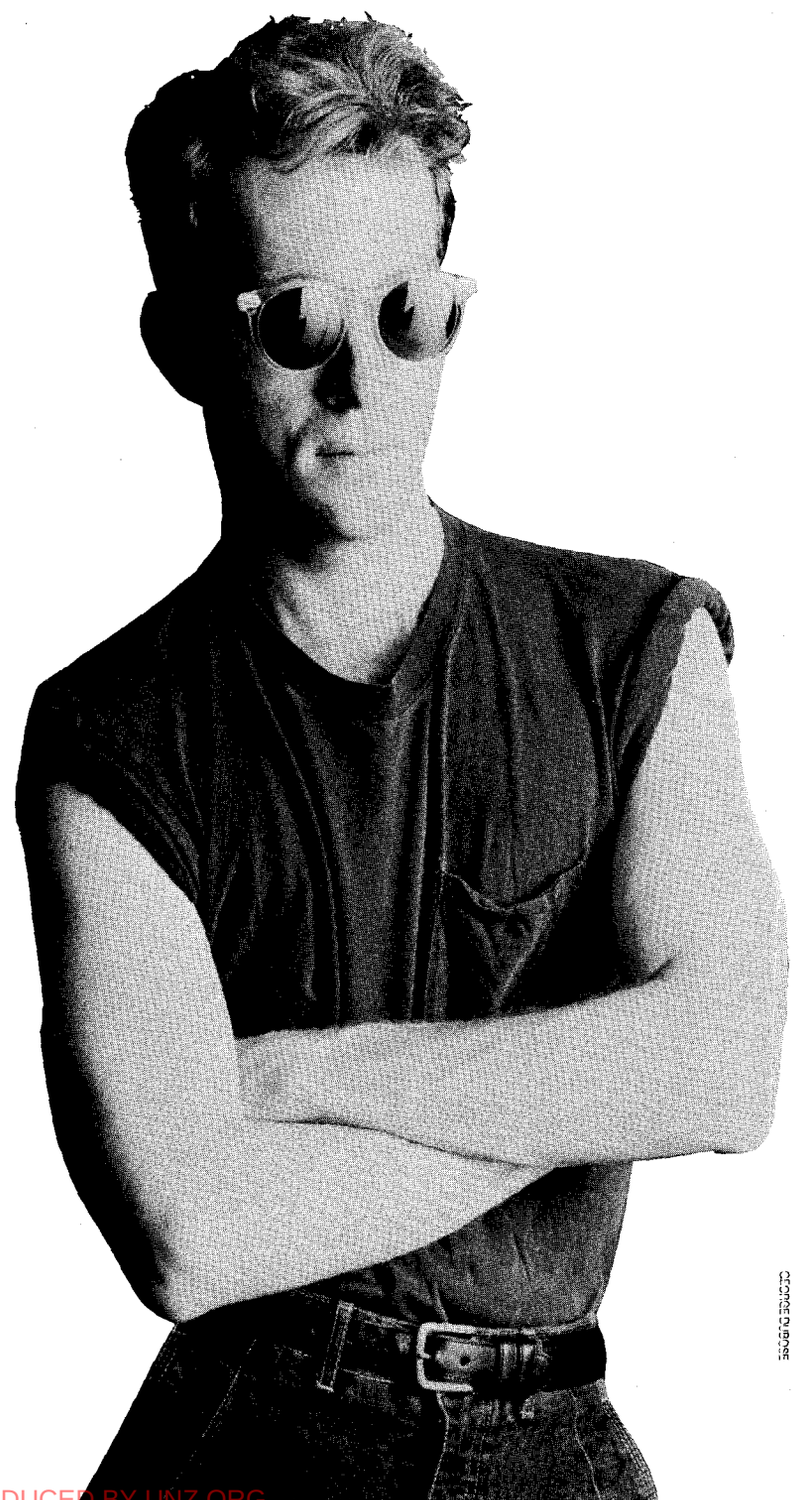
Continued on page 88

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poet Out of Bounds

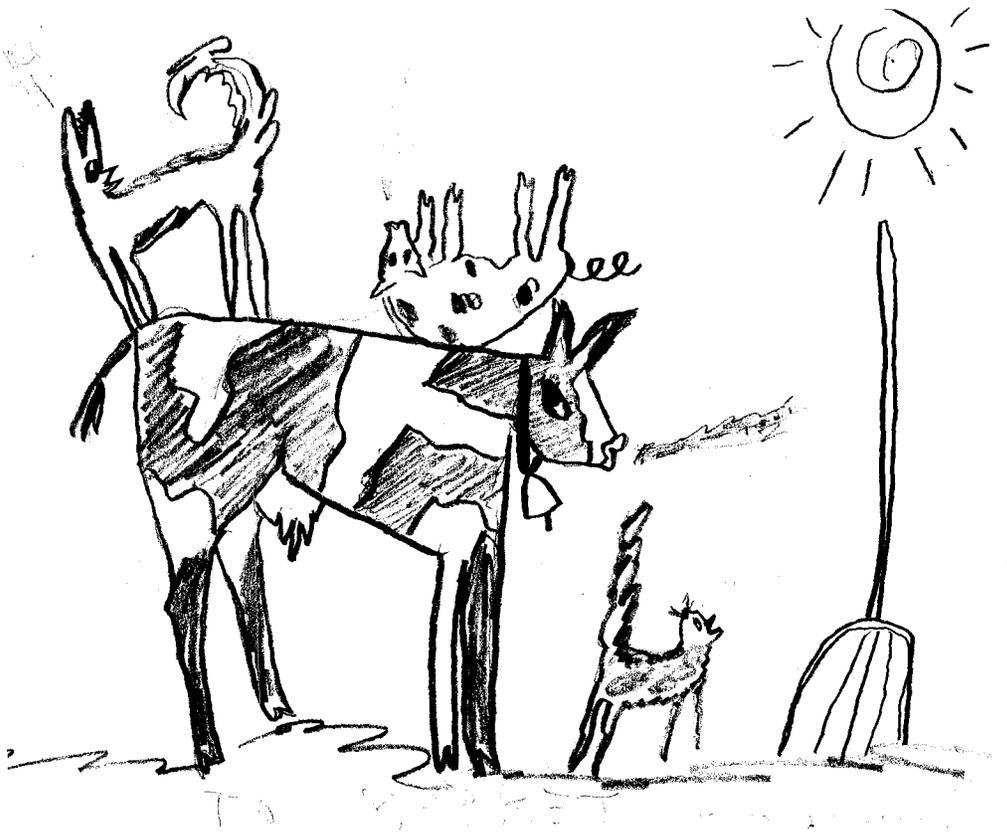
BY FRED SCHNEIDER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUDY ELGART

ALTHOUGH HE CLAIMS TO HAVE been "born a million years ago on Neptune," Fred Schneider is in fact much younger. Fred is best known for his work as a lyricist, vocalist and walkie-talkie player for the B-52's, on songs and albums like "Rock Lobster," "Party Out of Bounds," *Wild Planet* and *Whammy!*, among others. In 1984 he released a solo album, *The Shake Society*. He is very serious about his writing being serious even though he is not a very serious person at all. Fred has just finished the next B-52's album (scheduled for a summer release), and his first screenplay, a sci-fi comedy called *Beach Blanket Creature*. His future plans include a children's book, a short novel and a new solo album.



GEORGE DUBOSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE COWS BARKED

The cows barked
The ducks oinked
The goats meowed
The pigs clucked
Farmer Brown lost his mind
Mrs. Brown said, "Hmmm, I could market this."

Moral: Resourcefulness in the face of adversity.

COWS

In the pastures,
the tears of cattle crying:
milksoft tears on cow- and bluebells
(ears detecting this, we turn our heads).
For it is said the maids have shut the windows:
Ne'er again may the cows peer in
and watch the ladies bathe,
nor rest their heads upon the sills
on yellow autumn days.

WEATHER

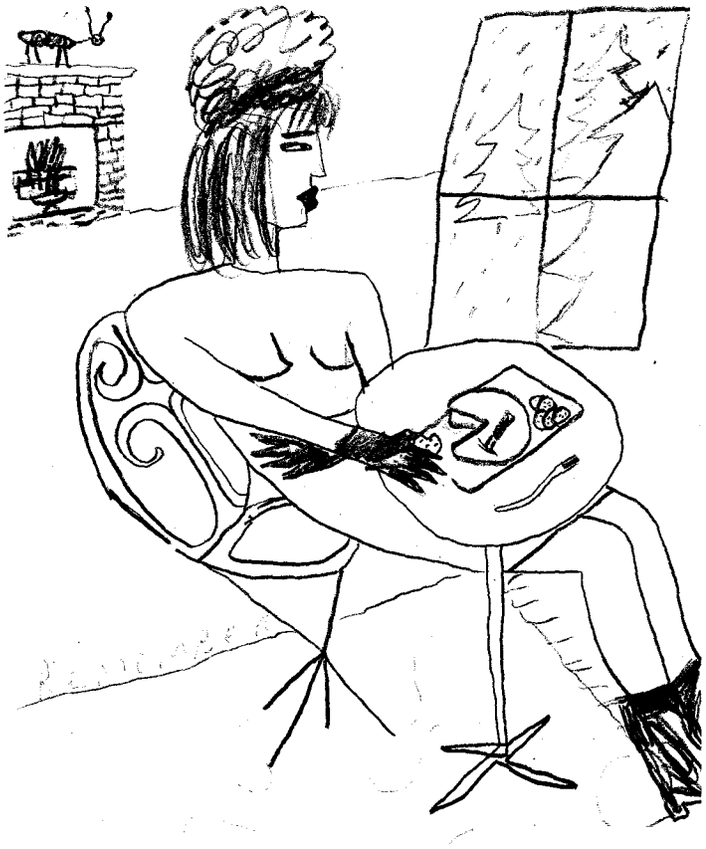
Weather in green or in blue nothing
so crimson as my heartpump
Octopus and squid fried
fruits de la mer
In Japan they yell "Tsunami!" when it's bad
the weather.

Clutching her breast, she heaves sighs;
day lilies her path,
fig stings her lips
His lifestain's long and bleak/black,
worrying with his beads
Their chaste parts,
exposing salt
from sea weather.

UNDERSEA INDIFFERENCE

A scrod visiting the Adriatic watches in horror
as a stuffed turbot passes overhead,
spinning dizzily in empty space.
A blowfish eats a shark's liver rich in vitamin A.
What about the shark's lover?
A starfish in a Stingray doesn't even wave back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DIANE IN DECEMBER

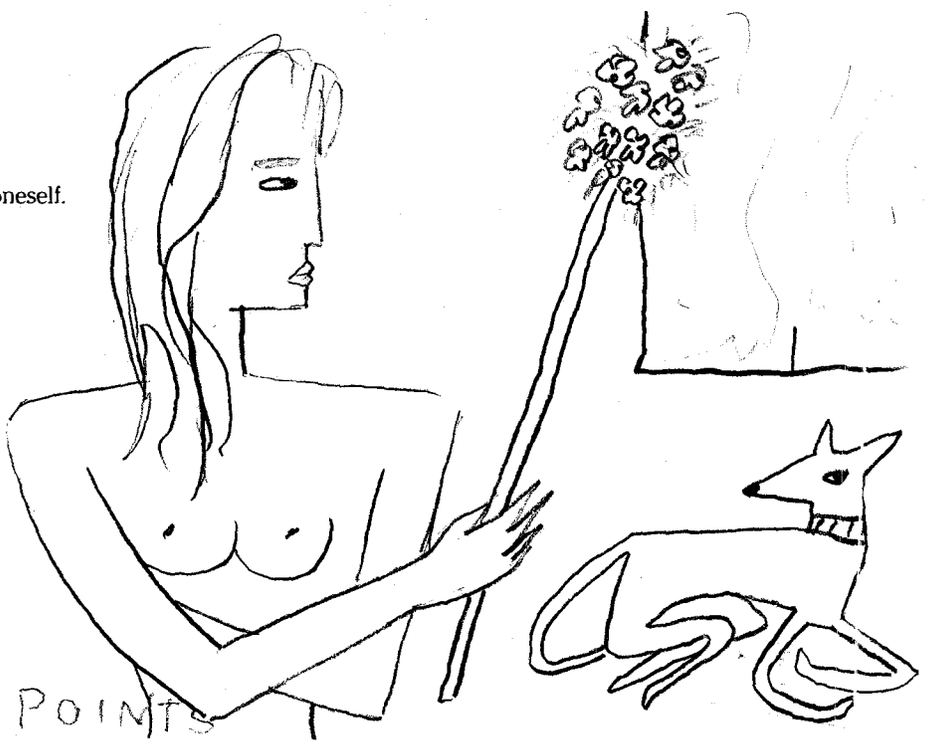
Ants in amber
Diane in December
and the chamber lit by an ember,
remember?
No,
but did you see
the rancid Brie
spreading fetid near the tree
with Diane and crackers at table beneath it?

LOVE POEM 1

I want to make love to you in an expensive apartment
with an air conditioner.
I want to see you on the beach all tanned and bikini
brief and sand.
Then we'll drive all over the town in a big air conditioned
Cadillac car and shop on Fifth Avenue and eat a fifty
dollar meal at an air conditioned restaurant.
We'll go home and watch the sun set all orange and pink
sipping frozen daquiris,
sitting together on the air conditioner.
And on a white bed, under cool satin sheets,
we'll love and love,
and the only sound to reach our ears
besides our tender sighs
will be the hum of the air conditioner.

POINTS

Should you disappear while talking
our walking in your sleep
and forget your point of departure
what is best is to remember.
If you start flying (for no apparent reason)
and wind up crying,
remember: Thoughts have wings
and there are better things with which to concern oneself.
Access to grace and/or a large bird
would aid in descent
if your intentions are good,
or get a parachute
and land upon ground considered safe
due to its finer points
and points of interest.



CINDY GOES TO MARS

ACT 1

JOHN: Hi Cindy, where're you going?
CINDY: Mars.

ACT 2

CINDY: Boy, this place is dead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

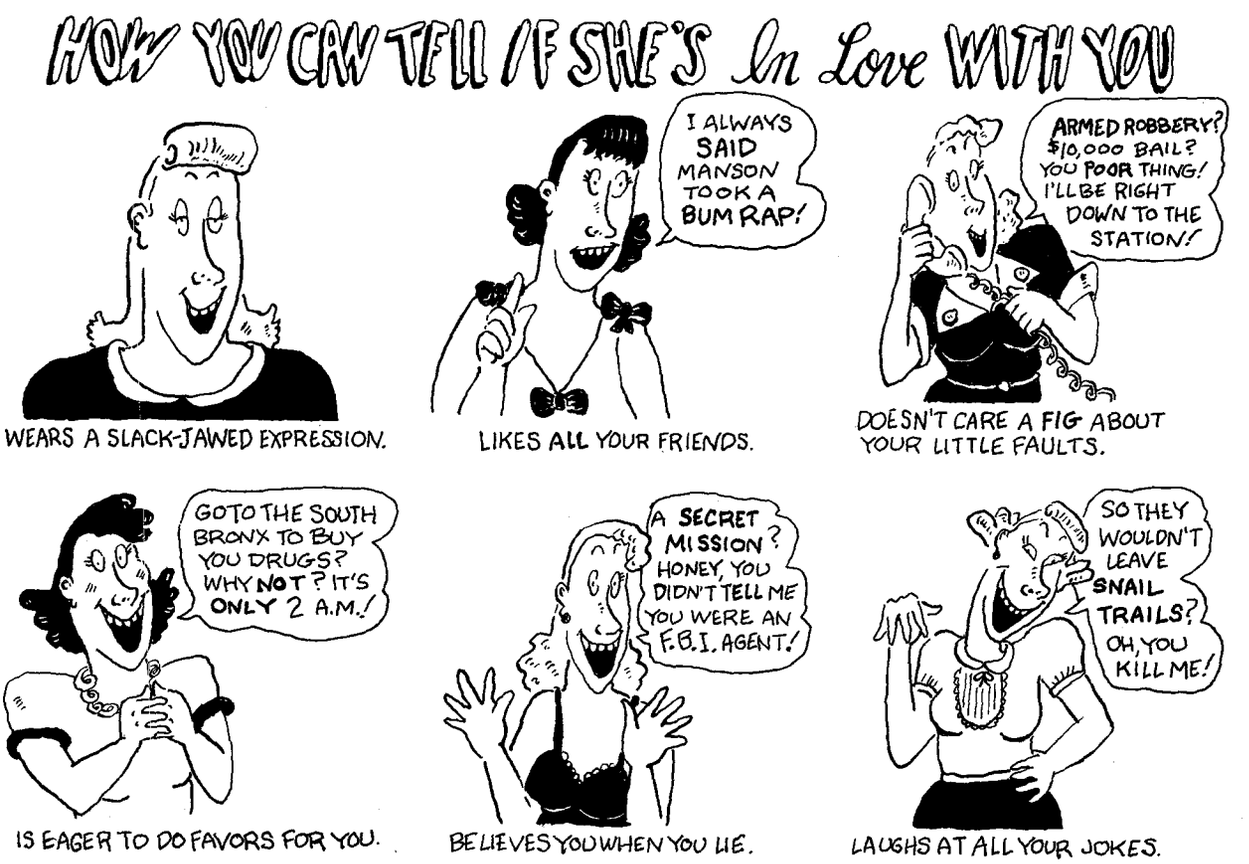
DRAWING BOARD

Mimi Pond

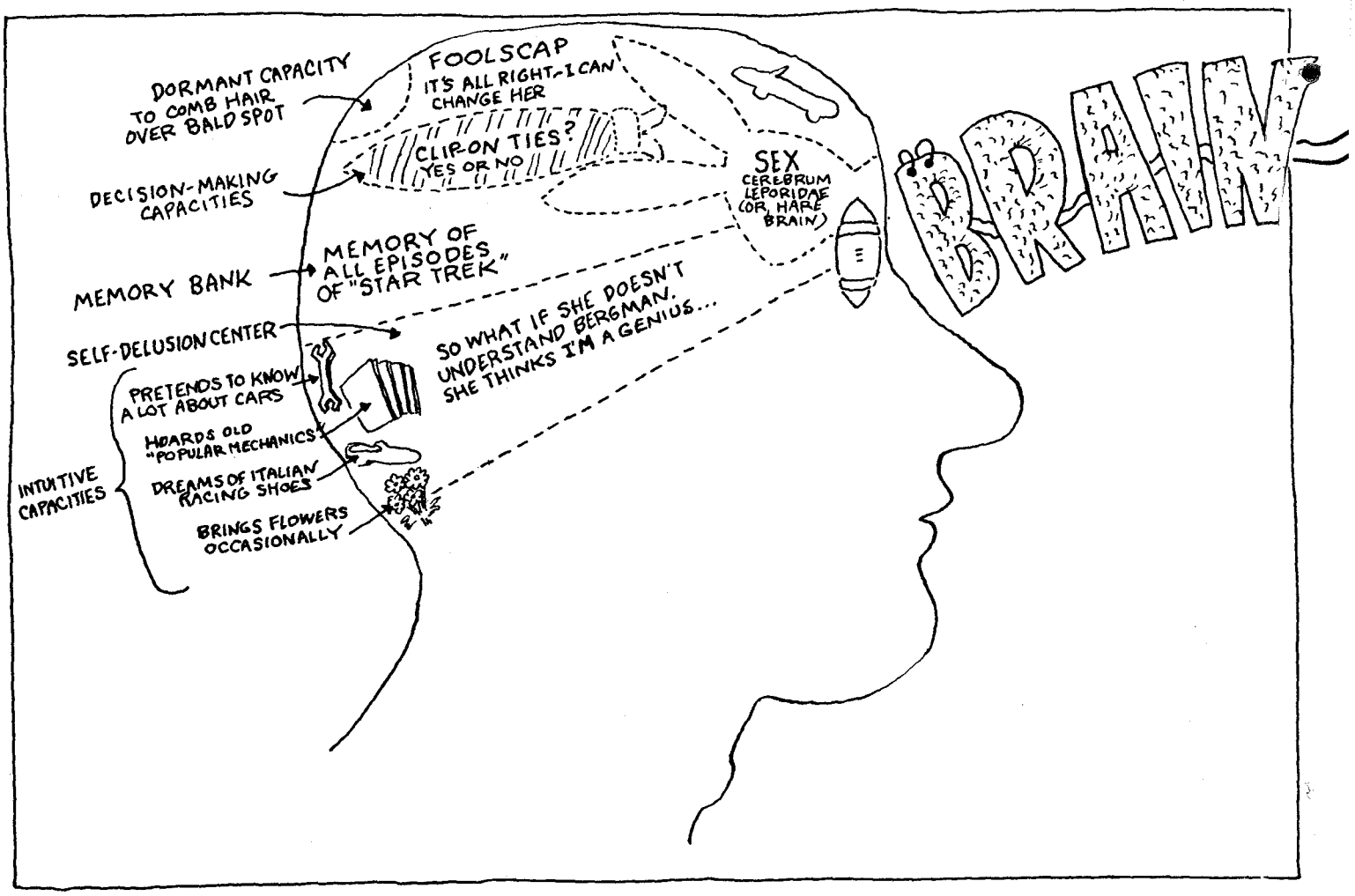
THE TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CARTOONIST and author Mimi Pond grew up in San Diego and attended college in Oakland. She is now a resident of New York. Her previous books include *The Valley Girl's Guide to Life* and *Secrets of the Powder Room*. She has just begun a new strip, "Jungle Women," for the *L.A. Weekly*.

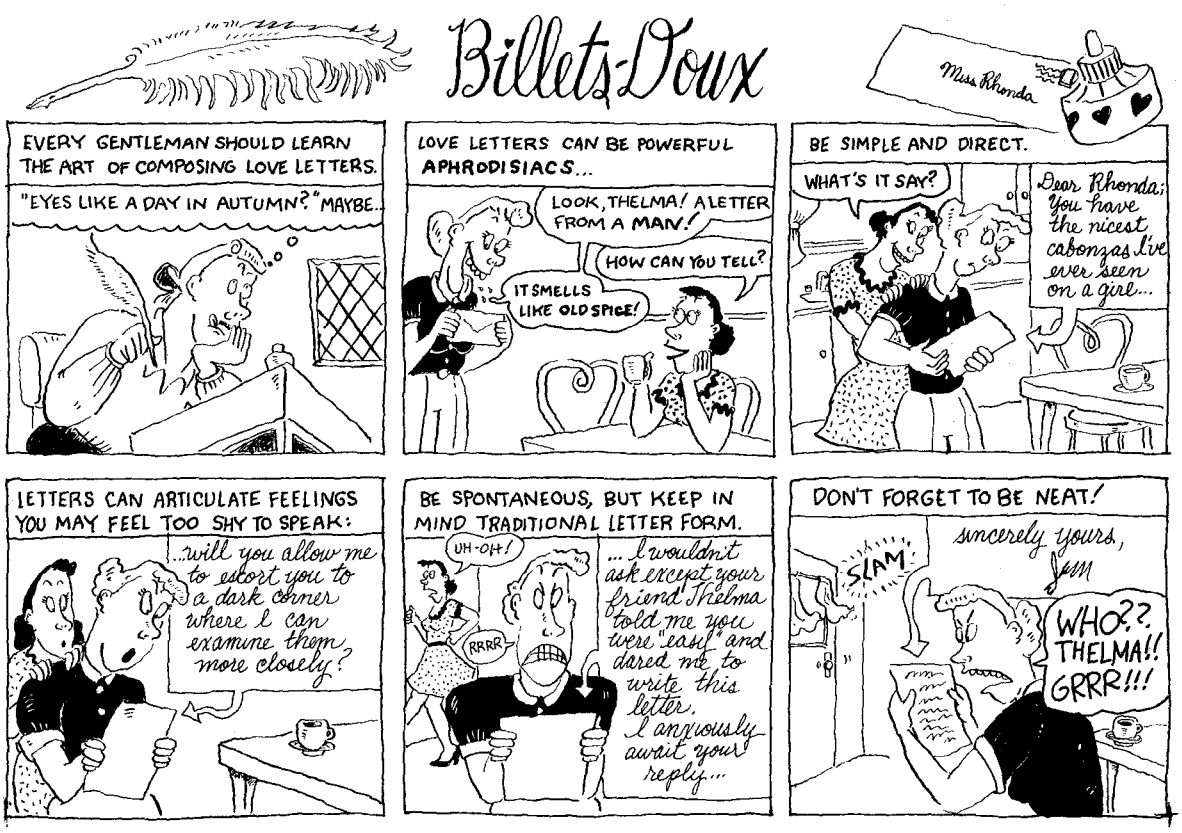
Shoes Never Lie is published by Berkley Books.

COURTESY BERKLEY BOOKS

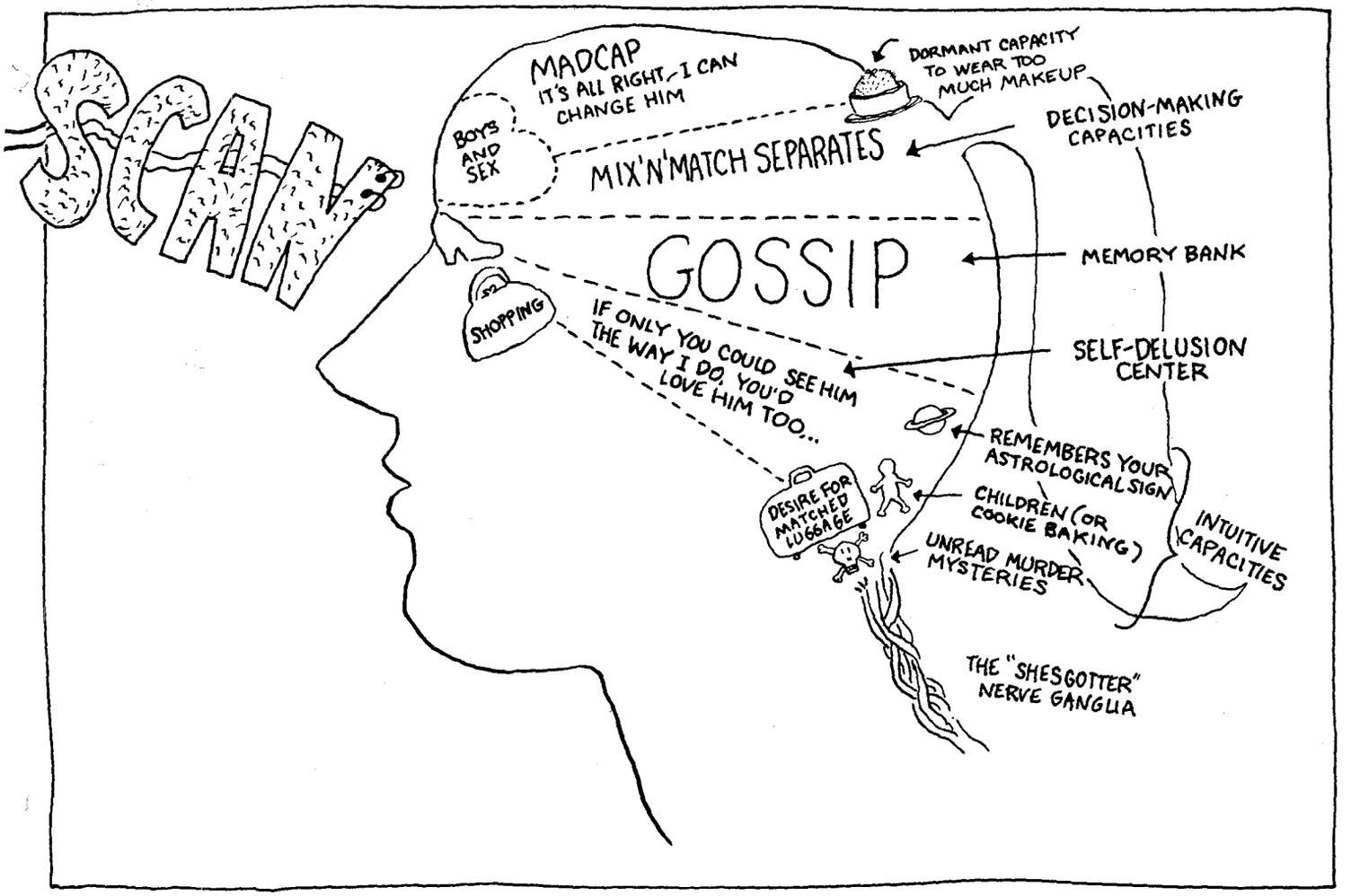

HOW YOU CAN TELL IF SHE'S In Love WITH YOU
WEARS A SLACK-JAWED EXPRESSION.
I ALWAYS SAID MANSON TOOK A BUM RAP!
LIKES ALL YOUR FRIENDS.
ARMED ROBBERY? $10,000 BAIL? YOU POOR THING! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN TO THE STATION!
DOESN'T CARE A FIG ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FAULTS.
GO TO THE SOUTH BRONX TO BUY YOU DRUGS? WHY NOT? IT'S ONLY 2 A.M.!
IS EAGER TO DO FAVORS FOR YOU.
A SECRET MISSION? HONEY, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE AN F.B.I. AGENT!
BELIEVES YOU WHEN YOU LIE.
SO THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE SNAIL TRAILS? OH, YOU KILL ME!
LAUGHS AT ALL YOUR JOKES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


DORMANT CAPACITY TO COMB HAIR OVER BALD SPOT
FOOLSCAP
IT'S ALL RIGHT-I CAN CHANGE HER
CLIP-ON TIES? YES OR NO
DECISION-MAKING CAPACITIES
SEX
CEREBRUM LEPORIDAE (OR, HARE BRAIN)
BRAIN
MEMORY BANK
MEMORY OF ALL EPISODES OF "STAR TREK"
SELF-DELUSION CENTER
SO WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND BERGMAN. SHE THINKS I'M A GENIUS...
INTUITIVE CAPACITIES
PRETENDS TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT CARS
HOARDS OLD "POPULAR MECHANICS"
DREAMS OF ITALIAN RACING SHOES
BRINGS FLOWERS OCCASIONALLY


Billets-Doux
EVERY GENTLEMAN SHOULD LEARN THE ART OF COMPOSING LOVE LETTERS.
"EYES LIKE A DAY IN AUTUMN?" "MAYBE...
LOVE LETTERS CAN BE POWERFUL APHRODISIACS...
LOOK, THELMA! A LETTER FROM A MAN!
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
IT SMELLS LIKE OLD SPICE!
Miss Rhonda
BE SIMPLE AND DIRECT.
WHAT'S IT SAY?
Dear Rhonda; You have the nicest cabonzas I've ever seen on a girl...
LETTERS CAN ARTICULATE FEELINGS YOU MAY FEEL TOO SHY TO SPEAK:
...will you allow me to escort you to a dark corner where I can examine them more closely?
BE SPONTANEOUS, BUT KEEP IN MIND TRADITIONAL LETTER FORM.
UH-OH!
RRRR
...I wouldn't ask except your friend Thelma told me you were "easy" and dared me to write this letter. I anxiously await your reply...
DON'T FORGET TO BE NEAT!
SLAM
sincerely yours, Jan
WHO?? THELMA!! GRRR!!!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Shoes Never Lie

ACCORDING TO MIMI POND, SHOES are what women really want from and in Life. "They are candy for the eyes, poetry for the feet, icing for the soul. They stand for everything you've ever wanted: glamour, success, a rapier-like wit, a date with the Sex God of your choice, Barbie's wedding dress. Shoes hint that attaining these things is just as easy as slipping them on your feet. . . .

"Women who love shoes know this. They also know that a life without the right shoes is a dull, shoddy expanse of gray days without end and fitful, sleepless nights. They know that the right shoes give them the strength to go out and do what needs to be done, whether it's a corporate takeover, or just taking out the trash. They know that shoes, and not men, are God's gift to women."

The charts at right are from *Shoes Never Lie*.

SHOES AND SEX—WHICH IS BETTER?	SEX	SHOES
Requires right logistics	*	
Requires another person to participate	*	
Must consider contraception	*	
Always enjoy		*
Requires active fantasy life	*	
Asks if you came	*	
Keeps you awake	*	
Acts strange the next morning	*	
May not call again	*	
Can buy different ones to match every outfit		*
Can dye to match		*
Status symbol		*
Personal statement		*

SHOES VERSUS DRUGS	COCAINE	SHOES
1. Lasts more than one night		*
2. Must purchase from sleazy guys	*	*
3. Physically debilitating	*	
4. Psychologically addictive	*	*
5. Repeated use causes psychosis	*	
6. Felony offense for possession	*	
7. Socially acceptable		*
8. Makes your legs look great		*
9. Fun to sniff	*	*
10. You know who your real friends are		*
11. Subject of many bad TV movies	*	

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY IN NEW YORK

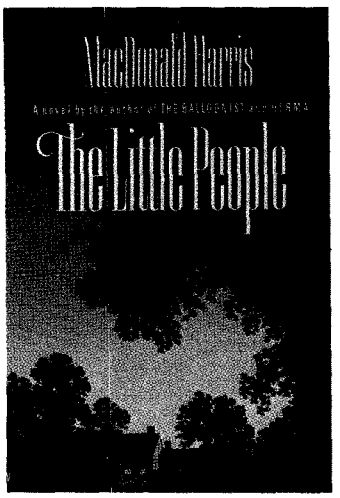
A SORT-OF TRUE STORY THAT KIND-OF ACTUALLY HAPPENED

by Mimi Pond

I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH YOUR CAT. HE'S SUFFERING FROM STRESS. PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU.
STRESS?
TRICIA ECTOMORPH D.V.M.
SKYKENNEL
YOUR CAT NEEDS HELP, MISS POND.
Cynthia Meanswell
CAT THERAPIST
BEHAVIORAL/EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS
CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT
HOUSECALLS
NEW YORK CITY
212-555-7931
FOURTY-FIVE DOLLARS? WELL... OK. YOU'LL BE BY TOMORROW AT 11? GREAT.
THE NEXT MORNING...
UH-OH. THIS PLACE IS A MESS. I'D BETTER CLEAN UP BEFORE THE CAT THERAPIST GETS HERE, OR SHE MIGHT THINK I'M A BAD MOM...
JAM
WHAT AM I THINKING?
SLAMM
HELLO. AND WHERE'S GEORGE?
OH. HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
I'VE BROUGHT GEORGE A LITTLE TOY. AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU. A COOKIE.
OH. BOY.
SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT GEORGE'S CHILDHOOD.
CHILDHOOD? OH. HE WAS A STRAY.
WHY DOES THIS COOKIE TASTE LIKE TENDER VITTLES?
REALLY? HOW INTERESTING!!
I'VE ONLY HAD HIM FOR SIX MONTHS. HE CRIES ALL THE TIME... HE NEVER STOPS EATING. HE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
I SEE. I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH GEORGE FOR A WHILE, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
UH...SURE.
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
CHRIST, DOC, LIVING WITH HER IS NO DAY AT THE BEACH. SHE REMINDS ME OF MY MOTHER... MY MOTHER—WHAT A RAT—RAN OFF WITH SOME TOM WHEN I WAS SIX WEEKS OLD—ABANDONED ME—IT'S NO WONDER I'M A WRECK...
MM-HM ...MMMM... MMM... REALLY...
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
MM-MM... I SEE... REALLY... MM... MM...
OH, YOU DON'T KNOW—THIS ONE'S RUINED MY SEX LIFE—TALK ABOUT A CASTRATING BITCH—GEEEZ—SHE NEVER FEEDS ME... GOD KNOWS I HAVE NEEDS, I HAVE WANTS—I'D LIKE A CAREER LIKE OTHER PEOPLE... IS IT SO MUCH TO ASK?
A LITTLE LATER...
...SO YOU SEE, GEORGE IS A VERY SICK CAT. HE SUFFERS FROM ABANDONMENT COMPLEX. HE'S AFRAID TO OPEN UP EMOTIONALLY, AND HE HAS VERY LOW SELF-ESTEEM. HE'S ALSO ORAL COMPULSIVE.
...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SEE HIM THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT EIGHTEEN MONTHS... I HOPE WE'LL HAVE YOUR CO-OPERATION ON THIS, MISS POND.
UH...WELL... I MEAN... OF COURSE...
$45 × 3 = $135
$135 × 4 = $540
$540 ÷ 18 = ?
PING YOUR TURN
WOULD YOU MIND RUNNING OUT TO FILL THIS VALIUM PRESCRIPTION FOR ME?
Rx

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS



The Little People
by MACDONALD HARRIS

William Morrow & Co., 364 pp., $16.95

IN *TENTH*, MACDONALD HARRIS'S eleventh novel, a hapless American pedestrian neglects the most fundamental distinction between the U.K. and the U.S.—the side of the road on which we drive. Crossing a London street, he looks to his left and is crushed by a bus from his right. *The Little People*, Harris's twelfth novel, is likewise a story of cultural collision—between England and America, but also between the imagination and the ordinary.

James Boswin, a retired Philadelphia newspaper magnate, buys himself the life of an English country gentleman. He marries a descendant of the aristocratic but now insolvent Cromlechs and proceeds to devote his upstart fortune to maintaining Byrd Mill, the family's majestic estate in Waldshire. Among the accoutrements James acquires in his patrician role is a rather rum American scholar of medieval literature. Professor Bonner Foley (whose name suggests the necessary correlation of madness and joy) is oddly attracted to both of James's daughters, boyish, celibate Sylvie and voluptuous Stasha. Bonner has been institutionalized for his unaccountable aversion to iron, and his dramatic arrival at Byrd Mill begins Harris's epistemological fable.

During solitary nocturnal rambles in the forest beyond the house, Bonner encounters a tribe of tiny, playful folk with names like Elof, Norn, Trig, Gondal and Bork. They are an ancient race, and they share Bonner's ferrophobia and his squeamishness about sex. Bonner is most content in the company of "these happy and insubstantial, melodiously singing figures," but he is not entirely certain they are not just figments of his own fragile mind. He even kidnaps a British Rail engineer named William in a futile attempt to have him verify the objective existence of the little people.

The mischief here is the handiwork of MacDonald—not Joel Chandler—Harris, an enormously sophisticated author whose enormously enjoyable narratives can never enjoy the presumption of innocence. *The Little People* makes very palatable puree of the old solipsistic chestnut: does the external world exist, or is it simply Bonner's queer idea of a good time? Schopenhauer examined the world as will and idea, and, in constructing his own world, James, the rich American in love with technology, certainly has a will and almost gets his way.

James is surely meant to summon up the spirit of Henry James, if not his elder brother William, the connoisseur of varieties of mystical experience. Like *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Little People* turns on a deft balance between ghost story and psychopathology. Its Jamesian characters confront Old World charm, and it proves baffling sorcery. Motivations and degrees of awareness are never fully revealed. Harris slyly places shotguns on the Byrd Mill wall and has Bonner remark: "Chekhov says that if there's a gun on the wall it will be used before the end of the play."

The book has the qualities of a play, particularly those Shakespearean comedies like *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* that explore the power and limits of art. No small accomplishment, *The Little People* is the work of a novelist whose tone is fey but whose achievement is substantial.

—*Steven G. Kellman*

One Is a Wanderer: Selected Stories
by FRANCIS KING

Little, Brown & Co., 315 pp., $16.95

FRANCIS KING, LIKE J.R. ACKERLEY, OLIVIA Manning and Anita Brookner, is a superb and subtle English writer who deserves to be better known in America. He seizes our attention by the variety of his characters and locales (France, Italy, Greece and Japan), the originality of his voice and the ingenuity of his design.

King's work is distinguished by fastidious taste, sophisticated style and penetrating intelligence. He has a preternaturally acute eye for physical and moral imperfections, for hatred seething beneath a composed facade and for aging, anxious people desperately attempting to maintain appearances and illusions. His

stories substantiate Matthew Arnold's belief that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

The four masterpieces in this volume cover an extraordinary range of themes. In "Hard Feelings" (a sexual pun), a young man returns to and then rejects his homosexual lover who still distrusts him after he has made restitution for theft. In "Loss," a Japanese scholar suffers the bitter disappearance and disillusioning re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possession of his precious manuscript. In "A Scent of Mimosa," a prizewinning story writer identifies with Katherine Mansfield and is drawn to a New Zealand boy she imagines is Katherine's dead brother. And in "The Unmaking" (possibly inspired by Bernard Berenson), a Jewish-Italian princess, after surrendering her exquisite villa, is unmasked and arrested by the Nazis.

—Jeffrey Meyers

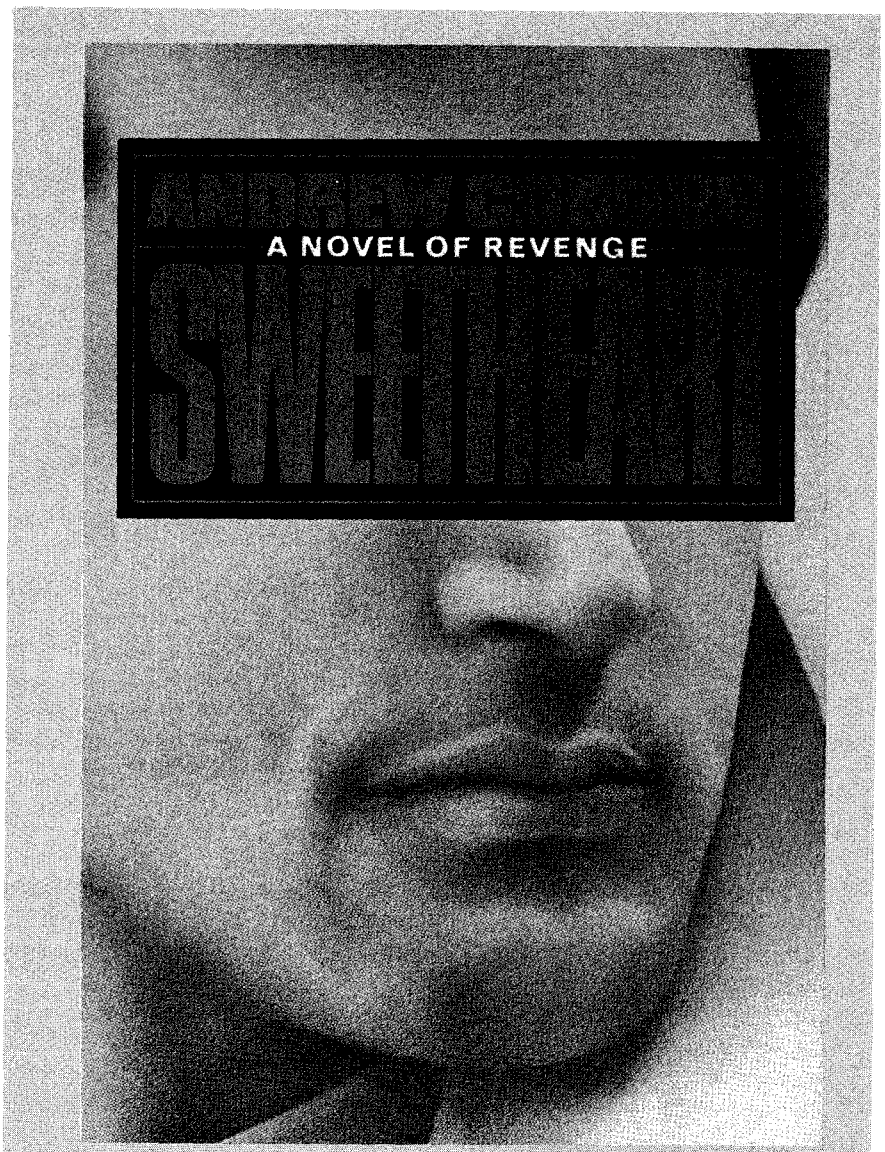
The Holocaust: A History of the Jews of Europe During the Second World War

by MARTIN GILBERT

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 951 pp., $24.95

IT REMAINS FOR THE GENERATIONS coming of age after World War II to try to make sense of the Nazis' systematic annihilation of European Jewry. The need to give meaning to this cardinal moral event becomes more acute as its survivors and perpetrators grow old and die. With the publication of *The Holocaust: A History of the Jews of Europe During the Second World War*, historian Martin Gilbert has made a landmark contribution to this quest for understanding.

Gilbert meticulously recreates the gradual descent of the Jews of Europe into the hellish grip of the final solution. Beginning with the rise of anti-Semitism in Germany in the 1920s and '30s, he chronicles



JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER

HONI WERNER'S DESIGN FOR ANDREW Coburn's *Sweetheart* is *Saturday Review*'s choice as the best recent book cover.

Werner, whose studio is in Brooklyn's Cobble Hill, has been creating book jackets for fifteen years. She studied at Harpur College, the University of Bridgeport and the School of Visual Arts. A trademark of Werner's covers is her use of a specially created, often hand-lettered typeface over her illustration.

The *Sweetheart* jacket was done in colored pencil on gouache, a combination chosen over oils for richness of texture. The masked eyes, which hide expression, suggest the predicament of the book's main character, an undercover cop deceived by his superior.

Werner's designs have appeared on books ranging from scholarly works to mass market books.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the escalating orgy of murder. Day by day, town by town, Gilbert tracks the round-ups, the trains moving inexorably eastward, the selections and killings of the death camps. Reconstructing from victims' letters, diaries and furtive histories, Gilbert focuses upon particular individuals, following to their deaths the scholars and artists who so enriched European culture.

The effect of Gilbert's relentless microhistory is to breathe emotional meaning into the grim statistical record of destruction. The cumulative impact of so many names and towns and trains and killings is shattering.

A Jewish child in England during the war, Gilbert is particularly haunted by the Nazis' destruction of over a million and a half Jewish children. Among the innumerable tragedies, he relates one incident that occurred at Treblinka Station, but was repeated thousands of times throughout occupied Europe. A mother threw a

Saturday Review Recommends

Our choice of the most interesting or significant recent books.

FICTION

I am Vidocq, by Vincent McConnor (Dodd, Mead, $16.95).

A historical murder mystery starring the real-life ex-convict who was chosen to create the French secret police (*Surété*), whose friends and accomplices include Balzac and Dumas *fils*. Stylish, suspenseful, unusual and steeped with Parisian atmosphere.

Handling Sin, by Michael Malone (Little, Brown, $17.95).

Malone is a superbly stylish author whose previous books (*Dingley Falls, Uncivil Seasons*) deserve the widest audiences. His new novel is a picaresque change of pace: a sprawling, Quixotic ramble through the South in search of buried gold, an Aged Parent, and a little peace and quiet. It is very, very funny.

Rat Man of Paris, by Paul West (Doubleday, $15.95).

The Rat Man accosts tourists on the grand boulevards and opens his coat to reveal an enormous rat. They pay him to go away. He is marginally a survivor of a town set on fire by the Nazis. His damaged mind and life become focused on the arrest of a war criminal in Peru. Mr. West opens his store of poetical prose to reveal an enormously complex compelling character.

The El Cholo Feeling Passes, by Fredrick Barton (Peachtree, $14.95).

It's been called a kind of *Fear of Flying* for men . . . but don't let that put you off. The first novel by a thirty-seven-year-old English professor about a twenty-eight-year old's pre-midlife crisis is more like a *Big Chill* without the posing and contrivance. In fact, it's not like anything except itself: it feels right, it rings true.

NON-FICTION

The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfuss, by Jean-Denis Bredin (George Braziller, Inc., $30.00).

A long, demanding, fascinating book about the arrest for treason, trial, conviction, internment on Devil's Island, retrial and vindication of Capt. Alfred Dreyfuss. The Dreyfuss Affair split France at least until the present day. Mr. Bredin, a lawyer, has mastered his material. The dedicated reader will end up knowing everything about The Affair and a lot about France and Europe.

T'ung Shu: The Ancient Chinese Almanac, edited by Martin Palmer (Shambhala Publications, $7.95).

The *Farmer's Almanac* of China dispenses folk wisdom, astrology, herbal medicine, divination, palmistry, astronomy, farming, methods of choosing auspicious and inauspicious days and even the recipes for medicinal soups. A best-seller for 1200 years (Marco Polo read it), this is its first English translation. Owning a copy is still widely believed to confer good fortune. Like its Chinese counterpart, this charming edition has the traditional red cloth loop so it can be hung by the door of your house.

The Courage of Conviction, edited with an introduction by Phillip L. Berman (Dodd Mead, $17.95).

Any book that opens by admitting it grew "from a personal quest for meaning" is already treading on thin ice. But this collection of original essays on personal philosophy by such a diverse and interesting group of people—including Joan Baez, Rita Mae Brown, Norman Cousins, Mario Cuomo, the Dalai Lama, Jane Goodall, Sidney Hook, Petra Kelly, Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, Edward Teller, Lech Walesa, Colin Wilson and Michael York—avoids the Scylla of pretention and the Charybdis of self-righteousness. Some essays are better than others, of course, but the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. An impressive book.

The Loves of Franz Kafka, by Nahum N. Glatzer (Schocken Books, $12.95).

Kafka was not exactly what you'd call a fun date. Late in his life, he made the sad confession that he had never known the words "I love you" but "only the expectant stillness that should have been broken by my 'I love you'— that is all that I have known, nothing more." In this short but compelling book, Mr. Glatzer dissects Kafka's few relationships with women using the writer's own words as his scapel. A sad and fascinating trip to another world, another time.

Mannerhouse and **Thomas Wolfe Interviewed, 1929-1938** (Louisiana State University Press, $17.50, $16.95).

Thomas Wolfe wrote two plays, and LSU Press now brings the second into print. A Civil War Gothic cross between *Gone with the Wind* and *Absalom! Absalom!*, it is at the least an interesting literary curiosity, and at the most a fascinating precursor of the style and substance of *Look Homeward, Angel*.

Wolfe was a good subject for journalists: expansive, excessive, quotable. Beginning with the first printed interview ten days after the publication of *Angel*, and concluding with the posthumous account of a long conversation, these pieces from the pre-electronic age tell a lot about his writer and his times.

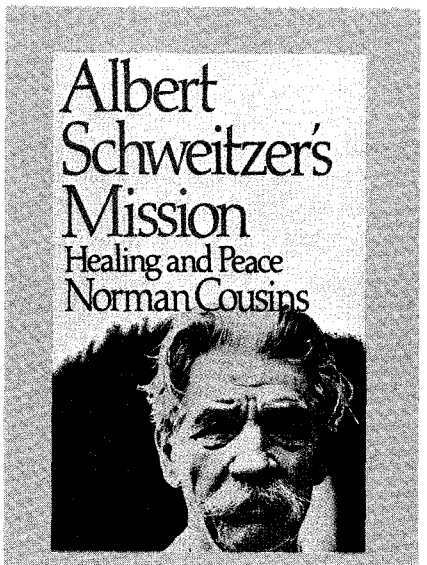
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small child wrapped up in a blanket from the train, shouting, "Take it. That's some money to look after it." In no time an SS man ran up, unwrapped the blanket, seized the child by its feet and smashed its head against a wheel of the wagon. This took place in full view of the mother, who was howling with anguish. As Gilbert concludes, "We, who did not see their suffering, [cannot] understand it in all its pain and cruelty."

By presenting the Holocaust as an aggregation of individual histories, Gilbert also shatters the shibboleth of Jewish passivity in the face of annihilation. Gilbert depicts instead a complicated and diverse Jewish response to Nazi savagery. There were countless acts of Jewish resistance, both organized uprisings and vain individual attacks on Nazi captors. There were, in addition, numerous escapes from the trains and camps, almost always into areas of Eastern Europe whose Jew-hating inhabitants were eager to aid the Germans. Other Jews made conscious choices not to leave their families or to risk the vicious reprisals that inevitably followed Jewish resistance. Still others were disbelieving, for the Germans fed upon hope with a pattern of lies and duplicity. Gilbert's narrative is an account not of passivity, but of the will to survive, of family bonds, of the bearing of witness and the affirmation of faith.

The doomed Jewish diarists and historians whose work forms the core of *The Holocaust* most feared that the world would never learn of the Nazis' crimes. Gilbert has given voice to their suffering.

—Eric Lewis



Cousins and Schweitzer

NORMAN COUSINS, THE EDITOR OF *Saturday Review* until 1977, and now on the faculty of the UCLA Medical School, is the author of *Albert Schweitzer's Mission: Healing and Peace* (W.W. Norton and Company, $16.95). Part of the new book is an edited version of *Dr. Schweitzer of Lambarene*, the 1960 account of a visit to Schweitzer at his hospital in French Equatorial Africa. The rest is a collection of letters—between Cousins and Schweitzer, and to Schweitzer from world figures such as John Kennedy, Nikita Khrushchev and Dwight Eisenhower—discussing Schweitzer's concerns about the arms race and world relations.

FIRST NOVEL

Available Light

by ELLEN CURRIE

Summit, 275 pp., $16.95

FROM THE MOMENT I LEARNED THE MALE lead in this book is named Rambo, I wanted to toss the thing aside. After the very first page explained that Rambo spells his name Rambeau, wears long red hair spilling down his shoulders and delights in ironing ruffled women's clothing, I was ready to write off Ellen Currie as a lazy jokester on men.

But it turns out that Currie is anything but lazy, anything but derivative and—although she can be painfully funny—anything but a jokester. Currie is a powerful writer who has managed, in her first novel, not only to create people who are vital and original, but also to shake them by the ears and let us hear the brainstems rattle. This is a relentless book, one that takes the ancient stuff of family love—mothers and sons, fathers and daughters—and rubs its edges raw.

Both Kitty and Rambeau have, in a way, killed their fathers, and each of them brings a crippling dose of unspoken grief to their relationship. Rambeau leaves Kitty but hovers nearby; he has, in fact, left his orphan dog with her. Rambeau takes up with Dorinda, a fat teenage trollop who becomes the unlikely link among the book's cast of eccentric family and strangers. Dorinda may be a spoiled Twinkie-eater with a ring in her nose, but she is brimming with the nearly mystical life-force of a true breeder. In the midst of her affair with Rambeau she also pairs off with Gordon, the husband of Kitty's sister, and Mr. Conrad, an aged neighbor in love with Kitty. Dorinda becomes pregnant—by whom, anyone can guess—and the furious scramble for the baby begins.

Although the events of the book have the random feeling of life itself, they are connected by a vision that seems reconciled with its difficulty. Currie's people do not work through conflicts to resolutions; they thrash along, directed by forces they don't understand, battering the ones they love along the way. They live in a difficult world where opposites are not opposite, but adjacent. Hate rages right along with love, and usually in direct proportion; sterility nuzzles fertility; death circles near birth, demonic dogs sniff around angelic babies. Love between parent and offspring multiplies and twists, leading either to sex or to death; sex between lovers diminishes, and will not bring along new life.

Throughout *Available Light*, Currie combines the urgency of somebody telling a story for the first time with the certain mind of one who has been telling stories all her life. And better still, by the time the book ends, Currie has earned complete forgiveness: "Rambo" turns out to be a variety of green apple—old-fashioned, strange to look at, but good to eat.

—Craig Stoltz

Astaire Dancing: The Musical Films

by JOHN MUELLER

Alfred A. Knopf, 440 pp., $45.00

FRED ASTAIRE DISLIKES REPEATING himself. Never one given to feelings of nostalgia, he would re-run his old dance movies only so he could avoid re-using ideas that he had developed previously. Appearing on *The Dick Cavett Show* in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1971, Astaire was shown film clips from *You Were Never Lovelier* (1942) and *Funny Face* (1957), each of which showed him performing a solo dance. In both numbers he used a similar bit of business: a cane or an umbrella was flung through the air to land perfectly in a waiting receptacle.

In author John Mueller's words, "Astaire was a bit flustered and almost apologetic to discover that he had repeated this three-scond stunt," even though they were from two films made fifteen years apart." In *Astaire Dancing*, Mueller finds other similarities worth comparing in Astaire's work, but his purpose is not to complain. Quite the contrary: his text succeeds in establishing the proposition that Astaire is "one of the greatest dancers and choreographers who ever lived" as well as "one of the master artists of the century."

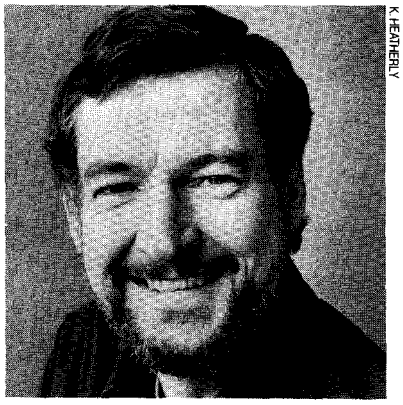
That's a tall order, but Mueller has painstakingly researched and analyzed Astaire's thirty-one musicals. Each chapter of *Astaire Dancing* takes a film and begins with an introductory essay giving the background of the production. For Astaire fans who are more film buffs than dance experts, these notes alone are worth the price of admission.

From 1933 to 1968, Astaire appeared in over 200 musical numbers, at least seventy-five of which Mueller places "at or near the masterpiece level." Mueller's detailed breakdowns of nearly every dance Astaire performed on film are supported by over 2300 photographs, many of them frame enlargements from the movies themselves.

Aside from the choreography itself, Astaire was also concerned with how his dances would be presented on film. "Either the camera will dance or I will," he is quoted as saying. Until his final musical (1968's *Finian's Rainbow*) the camera danced to his tune. He fought to end the reaction shots of the audience or the close-ups of tapping feet that would break the rhythm of the filmed dance. Whenever possible, Astaire like to create dances that needed as little editing as possible, although Mueller puts to rest the myth that Astaire's numbers were usually presented in one shot, with no editing.

Astaire Dancing is a fitting tribute. It is both scholarly and entertaining, and is a book that no Astaire fan, film buff or dancer, will want to relegate to the coffee table.

—Daniel M. Kimmel



K. HEATHERLY

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

JOHN MUELLER

JOHN MUELLER, THE AUTHOR OF *Astaire Dancing*, is Professor of Film Studies at the University of Rochester, though his chief responsibilities are as a member of Rochester's political science faculty. "I was teaching political science and I had always been interested in the arts, particularly music," he says. "I discovered dance after I had been here a couple of years, mostly by seeing [George] Balanchine's ballets with the New York City Ballet in Saratoga one summer. I kept waiting for the interest to go away, but it got worse."

In 1971 Mueller began teaching a course in dance history and appreciation. "There were no courses taught on dance," he remembers. "We had plenty of courses on how to appreciate Shakespeare and Rembrandt and opera and so forth, but there was nothing comparable on dance.

"My interest in film comes from dance," says Mueller, explaining how ballet led him to *Astaire Dancing*. "It started out as a book on the dances. The original title was *The Dances of Fred Astaire*. Then I got more interested in the films and the music."

Once Mueller found he would be granted access to the production records for Astaire's films at RKO and MGM, he felt it was too good an opportunity to pass up. He also got to interview Astaire, choreographer and collaborator Hermes Pan and RKO producer Pandro S. Berman, among others. It was Berman who told Mueller that the famous story about the reaction to Astaire's screen test ("Can't sing. Can't act. Balding. Can dance a little.") didn't start making the rounds until much later in Astaire's career.

Now that he's completed his book on Astaire, what's next for John Mueller? Though he is toying with adapting his Astaire book to videocassette, his next work is on the Cold War and nuclear policy. "I've been teaching this subject since 1965," he says. "It's something I've been working on all along."

—Daniel M. Kimmel

On the Town

SR'S FILM CRITIC AND SOCIAL ARBITER Michael Musto has written a guide to the new New York scene appropriately titled *Downtown* (Random House, $10.95). Tourists and urban anthropologists will welcome this colorfully detailed guidebook to the hot nether regions below 14th Street. Moralists and voyeurs will hail Mr. Musto as a latter-day Dante, leading us through some thoroughly modern rings of a raging, if engaging, inferno. In addition to personality interviews and profiles, there are store-by-store guides to some of the more important streets and blow-by-blow descriptions of the night moves at Palladium, Area, Limelight, Pizza a Go-Go, 8 BC and other high-life high spots. Musto's eye is typically perceptive, his style typically stylish, his subject matter utterly atypical.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Visit with Faulkner

IN 1940 I WAS A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD college student from Minnesota who admired William Faulkner's writing. I wanted to be a writer, but, stirred by his World War I stories about the Royal Flying Corps, I also wanted to be an air war hero. I decided to hitch-hike to Oxford, Mississippi to meet Faulkner.

Faulkner must have bought the house to put in a book, I thought when I saw the high, white, august-looking mansion. A man was coming around the corner of the building, leading a pony. Upon the pony sat a little girl, perhaps eight or nine years old. The man wore white duck trousers, tennis shoes and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. His hands looked small, fragile, finely wrought. He stood there with an aristocratic air, head slightly lifted. Yet there was something professional and academic in his attitude. His hair was black then, black as his small, motionless eyes.

"I called you last night," I said awkwardly.

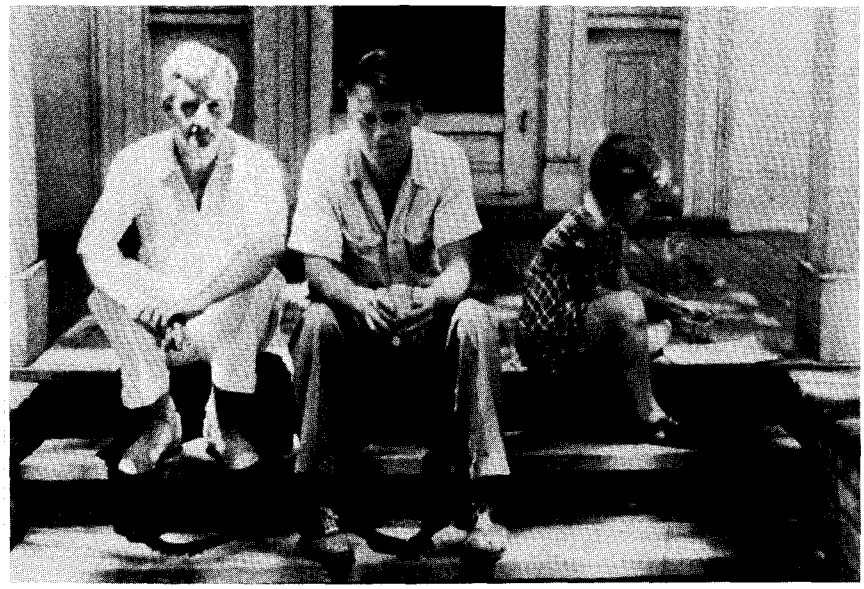
"Oh, yes," said Faulkner. Even before he finished speaking, his eyes and face seemed fixed upon something invisible, with rapt inattention to my words. He lifted an unlit pipe to his mouth and clamped it, bowl down, between his teeth.

"Jill, this is Mr. Brennan," he said.

I followed Faulkner into the house, to a high-ceilinged library with book-lined walls. Faulkner sat down at at a knee-hole desk in the center of the room, his fingers idle on the keys of the machine, his gaze thoughtful and contemplative. Then he looked at the sheet of paper in the machine and after a long moment drew it out, crumpled it into a ball and dropped it in a wastebasket beside the desk.

After a while I walked over to Faulkner and asked if he had any objection to my taking the discarded story sheets out of the wastebasket. Faulkner did not answer—only nodded his head.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Faulkner unrolled the last sheet of the story from his machine. Then he sat for another half hour, making changes in the manuscript with a pen.



Writer William Faulkner and his daughter Jill sit outside their home with twenty-year-old Dan Brennan.

"What are you going to call it?" I asked him as he arranged the manuscript into a neat pile.

" 'Go Down, Moses,' " said Faulkner. "Do you like the title?" There was something like a boyish desire for accceptance in his voice.

"What's it about?"

"A Negro funeral."

"Where'd you get the idea for it?" I asked.

"I was down to the station last week and a coffin came in off the train."

"Do you read much?" I asked. "Not any modern novels. Not for several years. I'm reading *Moby Dick* now to Jill."

"She's pretty young for it, isn't she?"

Faulkner chuckled. "She still wants to know what's going to happen to the whale."

"What do you consider the greatest novel of this century?" I asked.

Faulkner answered without a pause: "*Buddenbrooks* by Thomas Mann."

"What books might a young writer read with profit?"

"Well," said Faulkner, "there are Shakespeare's sonnets and *Henry the Fifth*, some Dickens, and Conrad's *Lord Jim* and *Nostromo*. . . ."

"Do you feel your work is getting better?"

Faulkner smiled. "Ten years ago I was much better. Used to take more chances. Maybe I'm tired. I've had insomnia lately."

He rose. "Let's eat," he said, "then go fishing."

After lunch we went fishing beside a small pool, encircled by trees deep in the woods. The little girl sat with a cane pole while her Pappy, as she called him, threaded the worms onto her hook. Sunlight was dying through the trees. It was almost dusk when the little girl caught a little fish.

On the way back to town, Faulkner said, "If the next book goes, I'll buy some more land."

The next book, which I had seen untitled on top of a filing cabinet in the library, was published later as *The Hamlet.*

"Come back again," Faulkner said as he let me off. "Stay with us next time." I left the car on a street off the Oxford town square. I never did go back. The next year was 1941, then 1942, and I went to war.

—Dan Brennan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ONCE YOU READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN OWN A RARE BERMUDA VACATION COTTAGE, YOU'LL BE SMILING TOO."

Now there's a better way to vacation on the island of pink sand beaches, warm turquoise waters, and easy-going British charm.

WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW, IN PERSON. IN BERMUDA.

Now—for the cost of "renting" a few years' ordinary vacations—you can own a private Bermuda vacation cottage. For the next 25 years.

You'll be a member of our exclusive cottage colony and vacation club. With your own swim club, tennis club and beach clubhouse—plus a Robert Trent Jones golf course next door.

The St. George's Club
Bermuda

A York-Hannover Resort.

It's a rare opportunity. Because Bermuda vacation homes are so strictly regulated and hard to acquire, prices are prohibitively expensive almost anywhere else on the island.

Add to that the fact that St. George's Club is one of very few residential communities chartered by Parliament, subject to rigidly high standards, and you can see why openings for our club memberships are filled as quickly as they become available.

If you love our island, and have a sincere interest in joining the Club, we would be pleased to meet you. And invite you to be our guest for a get-acquainted visit in Bermuda.

All you have to do is call us, and you're on your way.

In New York City, 212-682-2640. In Boston, 617-861-7810. In Philadelphia, 215-527-1750. In Connecticut, 1-800-245-3535. In New Jersey, 1-800-245-3535. In Washington, 202-293-6262. In Baltimore, 301-321-8833. In Bermuda, 809-297-1200.

This is not an offering which can be made only by formal prospectus available from sponsor.

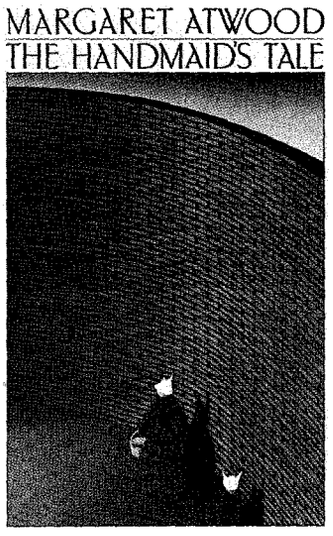
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF

BY BRUCE ALLEN

AROUND THE DAY IN EIGHTY Worlds, by Julio Cortázar, translated by Thomas Christensen (North Point Press, $20). This miscellany of newly translated essays, poems, stories and less classifiable marginalia might be called a common-place book on an acid trip. In it, we observe Cortázar, like a mildly deranged Montaigne or Emerson, wondering at some length whether to write his memoirs, discussing the metaphysical problem of evil (he imagines Jack the Ripper in exile in Argentina), and reporting, quite imperturbably, on the "campaign against dead leaves" that takes place every autumn. His literary essays include authoritative analyses of fellow Latin American writers, and his appreciations of great jazz musicians (like Louis Armstrong and Clifford Brown) are both incisive and likably sentimental. There are travel essays that mushroom into Kafkaesque dreams, "amorous memories" and teasing "explanations" of his own cryptic and remarkable fictions. The late Julio Cortázar (d. 1984) was a rare writer indeed: an authentic surrealist whose roots are in Marcel Duchamp and Salvador Dali; whose fabulous creations are great and stimulating fun for readers of all persuasions.

In the Penny Arcade, by Steven Milhauser (Knopf, $14.95). Here are seven shapely and intelligent stories from the author of the celebrated *Edwin Mullhouse* (1978), a fictional biography of a prepubescent "literary genius" who died at age eleven. Milhauser is interested in people overpowered by their intelligence and their emotional resources (the title story, the somber "A Day in the Country"), but he's also a fantasist who can construct Calvino-like fables about imagined, if not imaginary, places ("Cathay"), and a sensitive analyst of late-adolescent angst and self-consciousness ("The Sledding Party," "A Protest Against the Sun"). Two other stories offer ingenious and provocative parables of artisthood. "Snowmen" turns a delicious idea—a neighborhood filling up, after a storm, with elaborately designed, "passionately detailed men and women and children of snow"—into a suggestive evocation of the universal yearning to create. Even better, the novella-length "August Eschenburg" traces the vacillating fortunes, and increasing disillusionment, of a young German inventor devoted to "the creation of living motion by the art of clockwork." His lifelike automatons are first admired, then made into commercial successes; as the luckless August pursues his "perfection of craft," the world around him exploits his genius, imitates it, then blithely passes him by. This is an ironic comedy that resembles, and nearly equals, Thomas Mann's elegant studies of artists *in extremis*. It's a great story.



The Handmaid's Tale, by Margaret Atwood (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95). This visionary satire, in part a feminist reworking of Orwell's *1984*, is set in the near future in an America now known as the Republic of Gilead and ruled by a savage Puritanism which has sprung up in reaction to uncontrolled violence, pornography and related forms of social license. It's a rigidly stratified society, jealous of its arrogated powers. Enemies of the Republic are executed and their bodies publicly displayed. "Outlawed sects" are engaged in an ongoing guerrilla war against the regime. Women are taught "Gyn Ed," and esteemed only as a means to reversing a declining birth rate. "Handmaids" like the narrator are named after the "Commanders" of the"Households" where they're incarcerated, as "breeders." Atwood has imagined this dystopian horror in detail that's at first exhilarating, then gradually grows tiresome; there isn't enough here to power the story forward, and it eventually lapses into self-conscious linguistic trickery and predictable ironies. The protagonist Offred ("of Fred") endures a succession of representative abuses, is further victimized by her own emotions and ends up a marked woman fleeing from a death sentence. There is real substance, and suspense, in Offred's memories of her earlier life and her family, and especially in the concluding "Historical Notes" that look backward (from the year 2195) at the story we've been reading, and place it in a context of chilling irony. The book has the shape and pace of a thriller, but not the content. Only sporadically does Atwood's imagination rise to the challenge she has set herself. It's a very disappointing novel.

The Good Apprentice, by Iris Murdoch (Viking, $18.95). Murdoch's twenty-second novel, rhetorically and strategically similar to most of its predecessors, once again probes complicated (perhaps insoluble) moral questions by way of a byzantine story whose chief features are its characters' crisscrossing mutual entanglements. It begins when Edward Baltram accidentally causes the death of his beloved friend Mark Wilsden, and sinks into a deep slough of self-hatred and despair. Almost simultaneously, Edward's stepbrother Stuart Cuno renounces a promising academic career and vows to live a selfless life of service to mankind. Around their Cain-and-Abel-like orbit there swirls a constellation of friends, enemies, lovers and reality instructors that includes, most notably, Edward's father Jesse, a mad artist who lives in seclusion with the women he charms and enslaves; a Scottish psychiatrist at half-war with his own raddled personal history; and a pair of neurotic sisters who may just be two of the Furies in disguise. The delectably convoluted story brings the pathetic Edward to a form of peace with himself—and other perpetrators and victims get their just rewards as well. There are *longeurs* aplenty; those who can't abide Murdoch's ruminative-analytical sensibility may well be bored beyond tears. But I found this an increasingly engrossing novel that becomes more human and affecting as it works its odd slow magic on you. SR

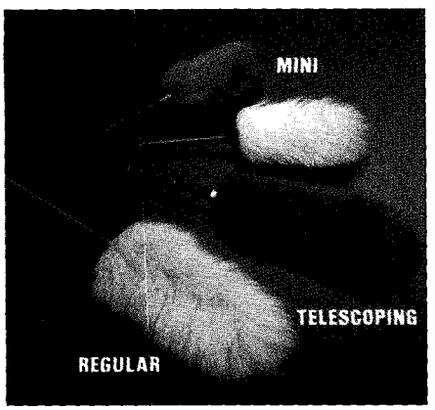
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

A COLLECTION OF FIRST CLASS CONTEMPORARY MAILORDER PRODUCTS

When was the last time you learned the ins and outs of a product from a sales clerk? Tools for Living gives you high information value shopping. The products here have been researched, used and evaluated carefully and we provide all the relevant information. You can buy with the confidence of knowing exactly what you are getting — high quality, good value and satisfaction guaranteed.

DUST-MAGNETS™



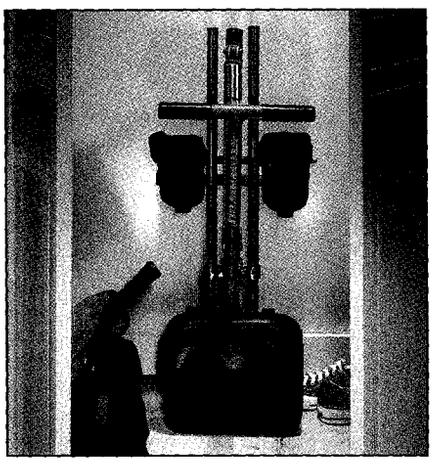
Lambswool contains a natural static charge that makes dust literally leap off surfaces. This magnetic attraction is just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal and pictures. Our dusters are imported from New Zealand where climate conditions grow the fluffiest, highest quality lambswool in the world! Our all-time favorite, the standard 27" long duster costs only **$8.00** ($1.95) #A1351. We also offer a set of four lambswool dusters: our popular 27" duster, our telescoping duster which extends to more than four feet — lets you reach high corners, top shelves, overhead lights and collapses to 28", and two mini-dusters for extra fragile objects (surprise a friend with one!) for only **$16.00** ($2.95) #A1352.

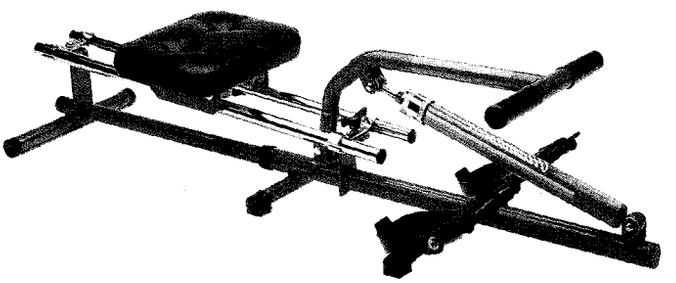
GOOD NATURED GRATER

The Leifheit 4-in-1 grater is a sure-grip food holder that lets you work at top speed with no fear of flaying your fingers. Molded hand-grip gives sure control, indentations seat the grater securely atop bowls from 4½" to 9½" diameter. Blades are stainless steel, store right in grater frame, and provide choice of small and large shredders, medium grater, and ground-edge slicer. The unit itself is made of tough ABS plastic, dishwasher safe. Imported from West Germany. It's the first truly civilized grater we've seen. **$19.00** ($3.95) #A1233 each.

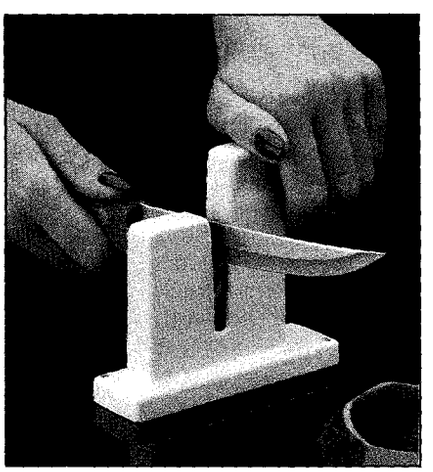
STOWAWAY ROWER

Rowers require elbow room. But when the workout is over, why have your home looking like a health club? The new Stowaway Rower from Vitamaster slides shut after use, requires only 12" x 15" x 34" storage space. Stow it in a closet, behind a door, in back of a couch, under a bed. Takes less room than a suitcase, packs all the quality you need, for a first-class workout. Padded contour seat with nylon roller riding on chrome rails for comfortable quiet rowing action. Single rowing arm with hydraulic tension resistance, 12 dial-adjustable settings, from ladylike to linebacker strength. Hefty tubular steel construction. No-Mar foot pads protect floor or carpets. Fits nicely in a budget, too, only **$99.00** ($11.95) #VMA1522.





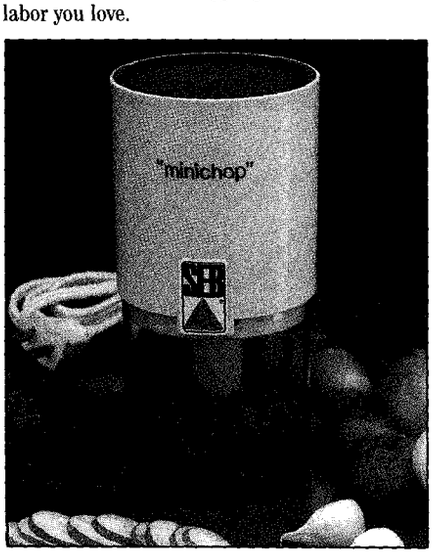
SHARPEST OF THE SHARPENERS



The classic knife sharpening tool is the butcher's steel, but most people find it intimidating. The Chantry Knife Sharpener duplicates butcher steel action but makes it so simple anyone can sharpen and realign a blade edge perfectly in moments. As the knife edge is drawn between a pair of hard (Rockwell 64-65) Sheffield Steel rods, spring-loaded at just the proper angle, both sides of the blade are aligned. Works on stainless or carbon steel knives, straight or serrated edges. The Chantry is made of heavily enameled steel, can be countertop mounted, costs **$32.00** ($4.95) #A1225. It is included in the permanent design collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

CHOP, CHOP, QUICK, QUICK

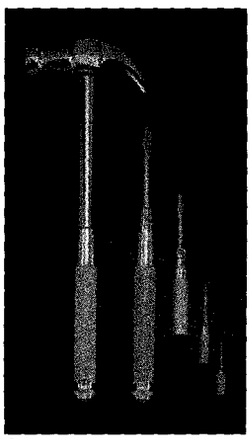
Food processors are great for big slicing jobs, but have you ever tried to mince parsley in one? You end up with a combination of chunks and parsley juice. From France, where mincing is an art and garnishes are *de rigueur,* comes the electric Minichop for all those in-between jobs that are too tedious to do by hand, too small or delicate for a full-size processor. The Minichop gives you fine even chopping for onions, garlic, fresh herbs; works on nuts, coffeebeans, peppercorns; even makes babyfood. It is simple to use and a snap to clean and costs **$32.00** ($3.95) #A1107. Now even chopping onions can be a labor you love.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

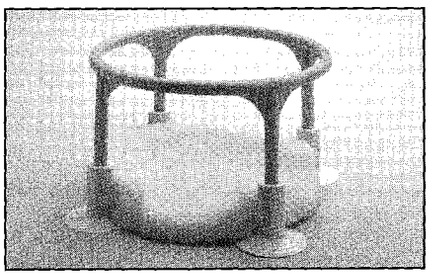
TOOLS FOR LIVING®

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

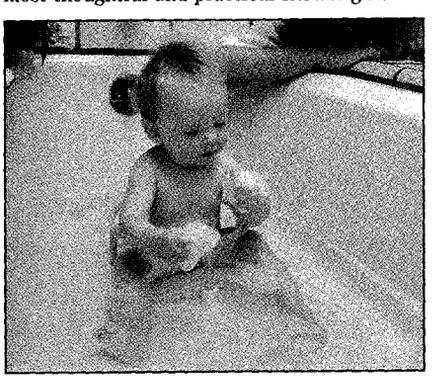


Hammer and screwdriver are civilized man's most indispensable tools. The problem is how to assure their availability in all those daily circumstances when we need such tools of persuasion. The 6-in-1 hammer is perfect for pocketbook, briefcase, office drawer, car glove compartment, dorm room — anyplace where you would be glad to have tools but don't have a toolbox. It's only 8" long, and weighs under 8 oz. Includes claw hammer head, 4 sizes of screwdrivers nesting inside handle. Knurled solid brass handles, tempered steel blades. **$9.00** ($2.95) #A1517. It's a great way to begin a tool collection.

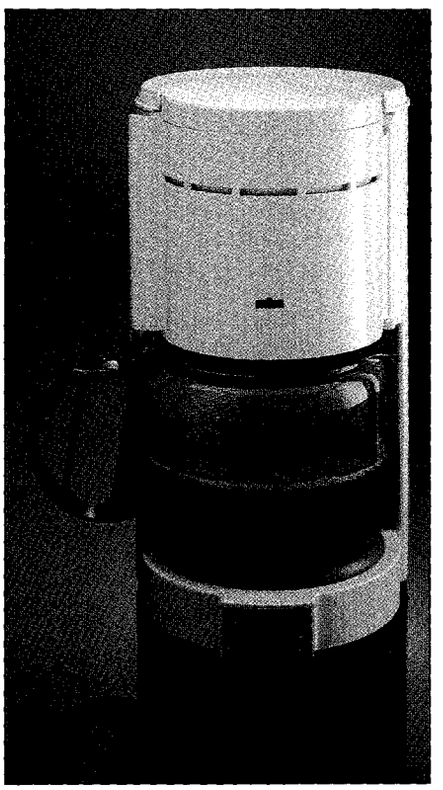
BABY BATH SITTER



Few things are slipperier than a baby in bath water. As a result, what should be a relaxing enjoyable experience for parent and child alike instead becomes an exercise in anxiety. Now baths can be beautiful again with the Baby Bath Sitter. Four large suction cups anchor a polypropylene ring that keeps baby stable and upright. A contoured foam seat provides comfort along with the security of a slip-resistant base. No sharp edges or metal parts. Leaves parent's hands free for soaping and rinsing — and playing with baby. Recommended by doctors and childhood educators. Designed for babies six months and older, or whenever child begins to sit. The Baby Bath Sitter costs **$15.00** ($3.95) #A1492, delivers a great deal of convenience and peace of mind. It makes bath time the joy it should be for all concerned. A most thoughtful and practical shower gift.



AROMA IS THE ANSWER



The newest generation of home coffeemakers achieve new levels of taste by brewing just under the boiling point and then trapping the steam so it re-condenses without carrying off the delicate dimensions of the flavor. The pivoting filter on the Braun Aromaster gives maximum protection against aroma loss, yet is convenient enough to operate with one hand. "Plus" Switch gives extra filtering time for added aroma when making 3 cups or less. Designed for super-easy use and cleaning, with a removable water measure scale, excess cord storage, and automatic drip stop feature. Special interrupt feature lets you remove carafe during brewing cycle for a quick first cup of coffee. Ten cup model for **$59.00** ($6.95) #A1476; or 12-cup for **$69.00** ($7.95) #A1477. Lifetime filter of fine gold-plated mesh **$17.00** ($1.95) #A1374.

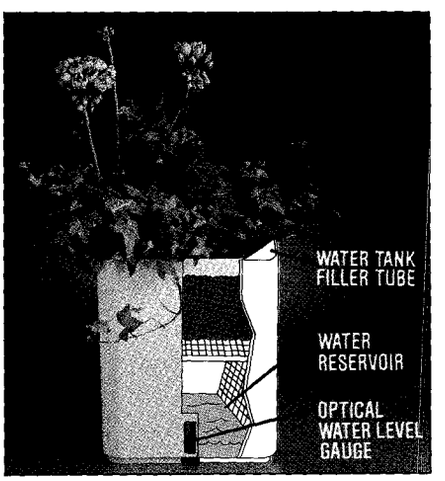
ODOR ELIMINATOR

Mother Nature knows a *lot* about cleaning, since her realm is continually decomposing. Bacteria produce enzymes that devour all manner of organic wastes. Now you can put this natural process to work in your home, eliminating *all* the waste residue from pet accidents and other odor-causing problems. Even works on mildew and perspiration. Two 16 oz. bottles of OUT! cost **$13.00** ($3.95) #A14962. Dilutes for economical use on any water-safe surface.

IT SWIVELS!

Backless "Back" Chairs have solved the age-old problem of proper seating, aligning the body on its natural axis so that sitting does not stress spine or back muscles. The redistribution of body weight is dramatically more freeing, natural, comfortable. But until now you had to give up mobility to sit this intelligently — these chairs were unidirectional and if you needed to change orientation you had the awkwardness of moving the whole chair. Finally it swivels! In its brand-new swivel incarnation, the Back Chair is suited for use at any work station, desk or table. The reinforced oak 4-star base has commercial-quality dual-track casters for easy manueverability over carpets or floors. Effortless swivel action. Manual height adjustment. Gray poly-cotton fabric over plush cushion. This is a new twist on a good idea and until you use it you don't know how relaxed and productive you can be sitting down. The price is a nice turn too, only **$69.00** ($11.95) #EVA1337. Minimal assembly.

SELF-WATERING PLANTERS



The French have kept this idea a secret for 15 years. Here's how their "intelligent" planters work: There is a reservoir of water in the bottom of each pot with an easy-to-read water level indicator. Next there's a layer of circulating fresh air to aerate the roots and prevent rot. The top level of the reservoir is a grid covered with a special rot-proof fabric that wicks moisture to the roots as needed. Because water is supplied "on demand," you can plant varieties with quite different moisture needs in the same pot. It takes the guesswork out of watering — *and you only have to refill the reservoir every 3 to 4 weeks!* Made of polystyrene, for indoor or outdoor use, we offer a set of 2 small planters, each 4¾" x 4¾" x 5¼", for **$14.00** ($2.95) #A13582; 1 Med. 9¾" x 9¾" x 11" for **$19.00** ($3.95) #A1359; 1 Lrg. 14¾" x 14¾" x 10" for **$29.00** ($4.95) #A1360.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

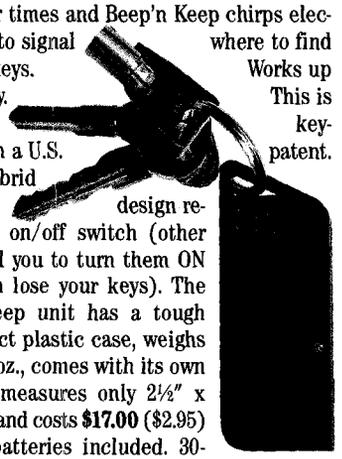
TOOLS FOR LIVING®

INFRARED IMPROVEMENT

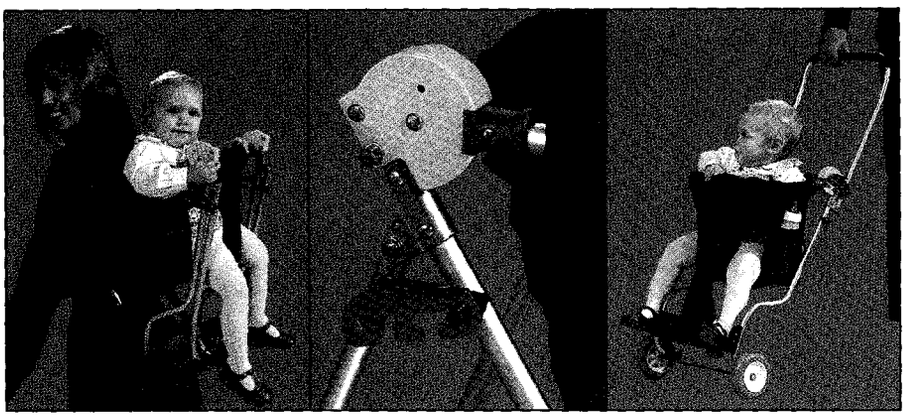
Home infrared heat treatments are an increasingly popular form of natural pain relief. Now the means of applying that heat have been significantly improved. Heating surface has been tripled, the larger contour head comfortably angled for reaching neck and back. The replaceable interior infrared bulb is now 10w, giving 45% more heat. The new Infralux relieves muscular aches and pains, sinus headaches, arthritis, bursitus, backache, neuralgia. Reaches deeper than heating pads or hot water bottles. Dialates blood vessels, increases cell metabolism, soothes irritated nerves. UL-listed. **$39.00** ($3.95) #A1524.

BEEPER KEY KEEPER

Keys are misplaced more often than any other modern essential. Which results in an awful lot of frustration and wasted time. Now thanks to Beep'n Keep your keys can tell you where you put them. Just clap your hands four times and Beep'n Keep chirps electronically to signal where to find your lost keys. Works up to 30′ away. This is the only key-finder with a U.S. patent. Special hybrid microchip design requires no on/off switch (other units need you to turn them ON *before* you lose your keys). The Beep'n Keep unit has a tough high-impact plastic case, weighs a mere ½ oz., comes with its own key ring, measures only 2½″ x 1⅛″ x ⅜″, and costs **$17.00** ($2.95) #A1429, batteries included. 30-day warranty. It will save your time — and your temper. Order one for every set of keys.

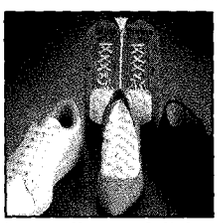


2-IN-1 KIDDIE CADDY

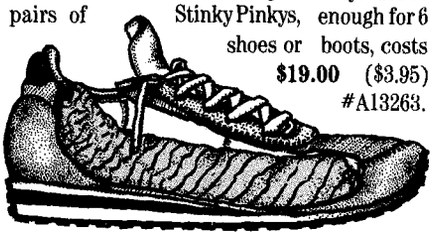


How to carry the baby. It is one of humankind's longest standing concerns. But the new 2-in-1 Kiddie Caddy opens a new era of convenience and choice. One moment it is a deluxe backpack carrier with a double set of leg openings so baby can face forwards or back. The next moment it is a two-wheeled stroller-type carrier that lets you wheel the baby along in comfort. Weighs a mere 4 lbs., converts in just two quick motions. Unique hinge system allows whole unit to fold nearly flat for compact storage. Aluminum frame with durable washable nylon fabric. Padded seat with safety strap for baby, padded shoulder straps and back support for parents. Carrier locks into place as a stand for ease of entry and exit. Wheel covers protect against dirt. The 2-in-1 Kiddie Caddy improves the mobility of any family with small children, makes an ideal gift. **$59.00** ($6.95) #A1519. Recommended for babies up to 40 lbs.

STINKY PINKYS



Fortunately, human anatomy is arranged so the nose and the feet are separated by the greatest possible distance. Even so, the twain do occasionally meet — and the nose is usually not delighted to know of the foot's exertions. Now just put a Stinky Pinky "sock" in each shoe and overnight odor is gone, absorbed by the special blend of all-natural earth materials. Works in running shoes, sneakers, boots, leather shoes, anything that goes on your feet. And keeps on working, too — just put Stinky Pinkys out in the sun for a day every three months or so to restore their odor-catching ability. Three pairs of Stinky Pinkys, enough for 6 shoes or boots, costs **$19.00** ($3.95) #A13263.



ORANGE MAGIC

Oranges are good for a whole lot more than eating. Citrus oil, is a powerful cleaning agent with none of the liabilities of chemical solvents. It is safe, gentle, natural, pleasant to use. Orange Magic levitates — inkspots, blood, grass stains, paint splatters, caked-on grease, mildew, adhesive, lipstick, gum, tar, and scuff marks. Just spray it on, wait a few minutes, rinse, and see the dirt vanish. It's good enough to be the New York Transit Authority's cleaner of choice for combatting graffiti in the subways. It's pleasant-smelling, nonabrasive and nontoxic, kind to hands, and colorfast fabrics, biodegradable. We offer two pump bottles of Orange Magic for **$15.00** ($3.95) #A1342.

*ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in ( ). Be sure to add the item price **plus** shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the **total price** of each item. (Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.*

TOOLS FOR LIVING

FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE **800-334-7777** IN NEBRASKA CALL 1-800-642-9900

DEPT. SRC06; 400 S. DEAN ST., ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS ORDER FORM AND HAVE IT IN FRONT OF YOU WHEN CALLING.

SEND TO (PLEASE PRINT)	ITEM NO.	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION/COLOR	ITEM PRICE	SHPG. & HNDLG.	TOTAL PRICE
ADDRESS	#					
CITY STATE ZIP	#					
ENCLOSED IS A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (NO CASH PLEASE)	#					
FOR $ PAYABLE TO **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**	#					
WE ALSO ACCEPT ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AM. EXPRESS EXP. DATE			ENCLOSED IS $1.00 FOR YOUR NEW **TOOLS FOR LIVING** CATALOG.			
ACCOUNT # SIGNATURE					**TOTAL AMOUNT**	

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.

© ISP, Inc. 1985

ADVERTISEMENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILM

9½ REEKS

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

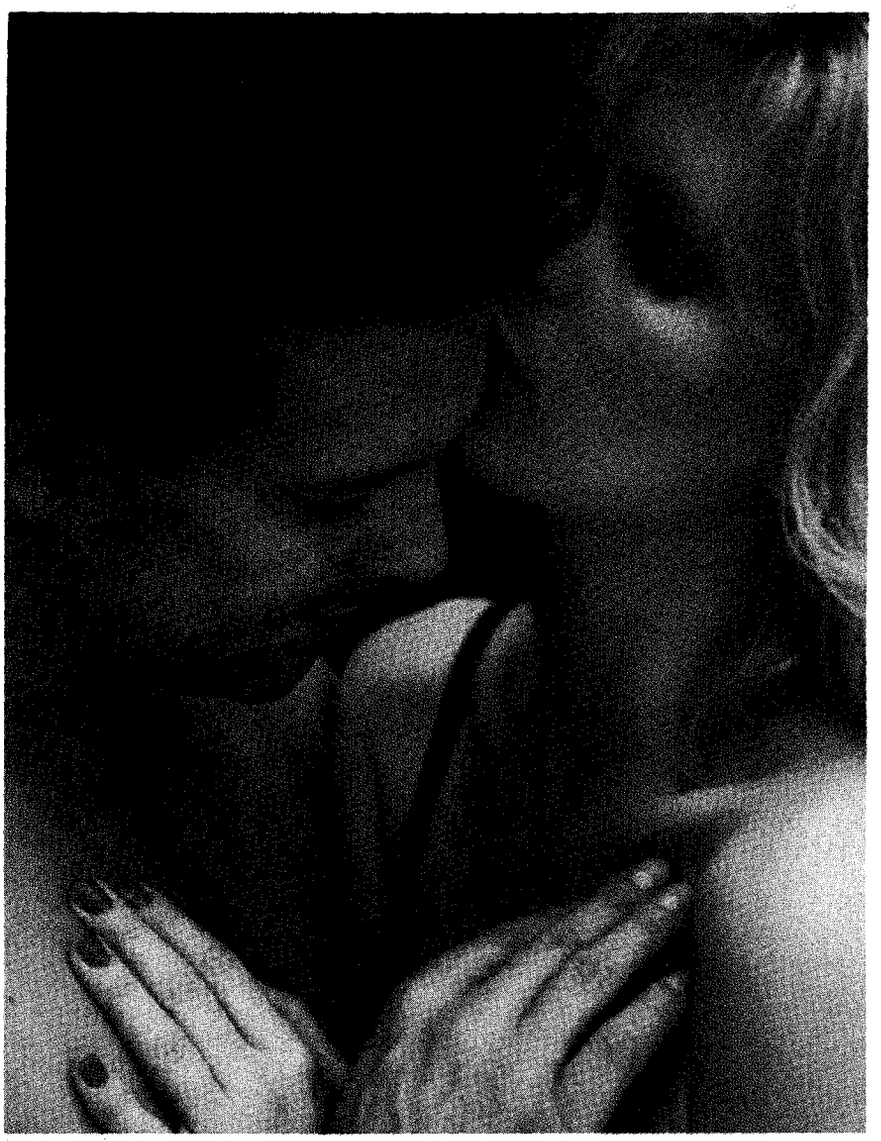
DIRTY OLD MEN USED TO BUY RAINCOATS; now they buy VCRs. Since people who would never visit a porno theater can watch the most raunchy fare in the privacy of their own homes, *9½ Weeks* should have a long and healthy life in video stores around the country. People can line up to rent this outwardly respectable yet basically smarmy tale of compulsive love laced with delirious degradation and sexual *frisson.* Lusty women will knock each other over as they rush to slide it into their VCRs and fast forward to the juicy stuff, claiming they never miss Kim Basinger's films because they are always so dramatically satisfying.

But *9½ Weeks* lacks the dramatic punch to make it in theaters, where they *don't* have fast forward buttons. Absurdity quickly dissolves most of its sexuality into a careless whimper. The film, directed by Adrian Lyne (*Flashdance*) and based on Elizabeth McNeil's novel, is a sort of *Fleshdance* that asks us to believe that a woman could be so bored and in need of excitement she'd continue her relationship with a man (Mickey Rourke) who sadistically leaves her on top of a ferris wheel, instructs her to "spread your legs for daddy" when they try out a bed in a department store, and is an all-around psychotic, though a nice enough guy.

After one particularly menacing episode—in the midst of an argument, he forcibly seduces her, and after they struggle, she succumbs (women are such slaves to their hormonal imbalances, don't you know?)—we're treated to a blithe romantic montage right out of a Claude Lelouch film from the sixties. At another point, Basinger says blankly to a friend, "I can't figure this guy out," as if she were Gidget having second thoughts about the surfer boy next door. Get over it, guys. Women aren't that stupid or that in need of thrills. Neither are audiences.

Interspersed with all this obsessive nonsense is a whirlwind of pseudo-hipness—references to diet doctors, vibrators, art galleries and anything else that might sound remotely knowing. There's also a lot of mock philosophizing about why these two desperate people need each other, leading up to some ugly revelations few will care about by that point. But the movie's instincts are to keep coming back to its meat and potatoes—the obsession itself, rendered in enough variations to make this a virtual encyclopedia of mutual consent perversions. When Basinger's character admits to having been a "nosy porker" (don't ask), Rourke threatens to spank her, and you can sense her getting aroused at the idea. When she dresses as a man (please don't ask), it hardly dampens his passion. In fact, while a blatant ripoff of the theme from *Summer of '42* wails in the background, they exchange bodily fluids yet again.

There is one lush, enjoyable scene in which Rourke blindfolds Basinger and assaults her with what seems like fifty-seven varieties of culinary delight—the ultimate overeater's wet dream. Otherwise, *9½ Weeks* leaves a very bad taste in your mouth.



WAYNE MASER

Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger get physical during one of their *9½ Weeks*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Color Film

THE SILVER SCREEN HAS ALWAYS bathed us in a rainbow of film titles—from blue lagoons to pink panthers—but these days, a movie-goer could go color blind. The palette of pictures released in the past year has included *The Color Purple*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, *White Nights*, *The Black Cauldron*, *Black Moon Rising*, *Pretty in Pink*, *Red Sonja*, *Silverado*, *Silver Bullet*, *The Emerald Forest*, *Violets Are Blue* and *Blue City*. Why are movie titles becoming more colorful than ever?

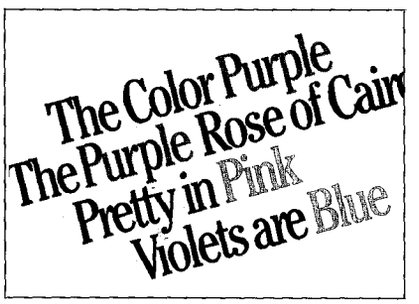
A color consciousness is sweeping the nation, in an era where "Goonies" crooner Cyndi Lauper switches her hair tint more often than your local theater changes its marquee. People are rushing to high-priced color consultants to find out their best shades to wear in clothes, blending with the eat-to-win, dress-for-success trend of the eighties. Colors in a title—as well as on a person—send out crucial signals, according to David Kibbe, former color analyst for Color Me Beautiful and founder of Metamorphosis, a Manhattan-based image consulting service.

The Woman in Red, for instance, wouldn't have had so many paying customers if she were dressed up as *The Woman in Yellow*. "Think of *red*!" cries Kibbe. "It means sexy, exciting and is associated in our country with loose morals—*The Scarlet Letter* or Scarlett O'Hara when she wears that red dress in *Gone with the Wind*." The same color, though, can have a more somber and less profitable effect when used differently, which Warren Beatty discovered when he tried to paint the town *Reds*.

Some of the most popular colors used in film titles are black and blue; the least favorites include gray and brown. "Different colors have different emotional connotations," says New York-based psychiatrist and psychoanalyst Dr. Richard Robertiello, pointing to examples in our language: green with envy, red with anger.

When blue and red are combined, they equal up to the hottest color in this year's Oscar derby, as evidenced by *The Color Purple* and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. "Purple fascinates because it traditionally represents spirituality," says Kibbe, adding that the color works almost like a magnet to teenagers and people seeking answers in self-help groups.

In fact, Alice Walker's best-selling *The Color Purple* is dedicated "To the spirit," and themes of feminism, civil rights and growing up run through the Pulitzer Prize-winner's work and conversations. In Steven Spielberg's film version, they're embodied by Whoopi Goldberg as Celie, who survives hard times in Georgia in the early 1900s to experience an emotional and sexual awakening. Surrounded by violets as distinct as Liz Taylor's eyes, she says, "I think it pisses God off if you walk



by the color purple in a field somewhere and don't notice it." Says Kibbe, "Celie teaches us that no matter what, you can find strength and inspiration in yourself."

Celie is wide-eyed like Cecilia, Mia Farrow's depressed, Depression-era waitress in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. Cecilia is in a movie theater watching a film of that title, daydreaming as handsome explorer Tom Baxter (Jeff Daniels) searches for a purple flower inspired by an old Cairo legend: "A pharaoh had a rose painted purple for his queen, and now the story says, purple roses grow wild at her tomb." Cecilia's attraction to Baxter is so strong that she manages to actually make the character come down off the screen to meet her!

The vivid, mystical color underscores the intrigue and passion in Baxter's tale, as well as the sweet romance with Cecilia that follows. "Purple is a color that stands for some kind of intensity, like a life-and-death situation," claims Robertiello. "One of my girlfriends used to sign her letters 'With Puddles of Purple Passion. . . . ' "

Adds color king Kibbe, "Purple is an ancient color that has only become popular again in the late seventies and eighties, which makes sense in this new age of higher consciousness." After creating a *Purple Rain*-bow in his Oscar-winning film, album and stage persona, controversial Prince continues to play variations on the theme—he wore a "Raspberry Beret" on the record charts last year, and will star in a new black and white film this summer titled *Under a Cherry Moon*.

Sometimes, though, it's more of a black and white situation. The mournful, mysterious tint of *The Black Cauldron* hints at adventure and a force of evil that conjures up images of death and Darth Vader. Two number one ballads, "Say You, Say Me" and "Separate Lives," helped put the hit *White Nights*, a film whose title can be interpreted on several levels, into the black. "White is historically the Christ light, the combination of all the colors, and the purest of everything," says Kibbe. "Everyone can wear white—everyone needs it—and it's probably our most uplifting color."

Rooted in childhood institutions from *Snow White* to "White Christmas," the color has a literal meaning in *White Nights*, referring to the famous twenty-four-hour sun in Siberia that makes no visible distinction between night and day. The color alludes to both the white knights of chess (a game the bad guy Russians play in the film) and the story's stars, ballet phenomenon Mikhail Baryshnikov and tap dancer Gregory Hines, as they courageously join forces for a *pas de deux* to freedom. According to Robertiello, "White is purity, nobility, the good guys."

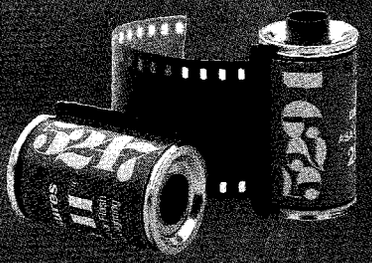
One writer/director in a gray flannel suit, however, has a less rosy theory about this color-by-numbers method of filmmaking. "Hollywood is happiest when a film title translates into box-office dollars," he explains, "and that's why the most popular color in Tinseltown is *green*."

—Richard Rothenstein

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

35mm That Comes Alive

Prints and Slides from the same roll



Kodak MP film — Eastman Kodak's professional motion picture film that's designed for still cameras, too. Same film as the Seattle FilmWorks photographers use. Fine grain, true color, extreme sharpness. Exacting standards of Hollywood filmmakers. All the qualities you demand. Plus, you'll have fun with it. Get great everyday shots or capture special effects. Shoot in low or bright light from 200 ASA up to 1200 ASA (with our high speed 5294* film). Get prints or slides, or both, from the same roll. And it's economical!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

☐ RUSH me two 20-exposure rolls of KODAK MP film — Kodak 5247® and Kodak 5294®. Enclosed is $2.00. I'd like to be able to get color prints or slides (or both) from the same roll and experience the remarkable versatility of this film.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Mail to: Seattle FilmWorks 288
500 Third Avenue West, P.O. Box C-34056
Seattle, WA 98124

©1984 Seattle FilmWorks

Kodak, 5247, and 5294 are registered trademarks of Eastman Kodak Company. Seattle FilmWorks is wholly separate from the manufacturer. Offer does not include processing. Process ECN-II. Limit of 2 rolls per customer.

SCENE AND HEARD

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

DUSTIN HOFFMAN SAID THEY'RE OBscene. Luis Buñuel said he'd be disgusted if he won one. And Susannah York said that when she was nominated for one, she felt a "ghastly, sickening thud."

But let's face it. For all the disgust they inspire, Oscars are worth having breakdowns about. They turn the delicate art of acting into a three-ring circus that's so glamorous it's okay that it's so vicious, too. They make actors who've fought for their roles to begin with battle each other again via sympathy, promotion and sometimes even quality, to assure that by the next year they'll be almost completely forgotten.

But if Oscars aren't important, why did ten-year-old Brandon de Wilde's parents shield him from potential trauma by not even telling him he was nominated until four years later? Why did thieves steal Vivien Leigh's Oscar while she was away trying to earn another one in a sanitorium? Why did Eric von Stroheim threaten to sue Paramount for daring to lower him to the Supporting Actor category? And why did Meryl Streep get so nervous about the whole ordeal that she left hers in the ladies room—probably the most spontaneous performance she's ever given?

All of these items, and hundreds more, are from *Inside Oscar* (Ballantine) by Mason Wiley and Damien Bona, a well-researched, droll and funny peek into the sick, but very appealing world of the statuette one screenwriter once described as "a powerful athletic body clutching a gleaming sword with half of its head, that part which held his brains, completely sliced off."

Wiley and Bona put the brains back into Oscar. The book takes on the Academy Syndrome year by year, starting at the very beginning in 1927, and giving us bite-sized chunks about the major films of the year and how they were received (*The Magnificent Ambersons*, for example, was dumped by RKO onto a double bill with that Lupe Velez classic, *Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost*) leading up to the gold rush they call, simply, "The Big Night." You can practically hear the cracking open of the envelope as the book describes Frederic March in '47, when Rosalind Russell was the hands-down Best Actress favorite, announcing the winner was "Ros . . . Loretta Young" as Russell slid back down into her chair. (Young then asked March to show her the name in the envelope—better safe than sorry.) There's Joan Crawford lying home "ill" the night of the Oscars, her health improving dramatically when she won (at which point she still insisted she'd voted for Ingrid Bergman). And Sammy Davis, Jr. saying the Academy was honoring two movies about his people—*Shaft* and *Fiddler on the Roof*. But let's not forget that classic moment when the author of *The Dawn Patrol*, accepting an award for originality, reminded everyone that he was in the midst of a lawsuit for plagiarism.

Inside Oscar is a glittering tribute to "all the little people" who populate it with such delicious pettiness they finally acquire some kind of perverse stature. It's a grand, grotesque Hollywood party, and what a guest list!—*Mildred Pierce* director Michael Curtiz wondering "Why should I waste my time directing a has-been?" (Joan Crawford); Liz Taylor saying *Butterfield 8*, for which she won her first Oscar, "stinks"; Fellini saying about Sidney Poitier, "That colored fellow is wondeful"; Anne Bancroft telling victorious Poitier to enjoy his fame because "it doesn't last long"; Kate Hepburn reacting to Ginger Rogers' *Kitty Foyle* victory by saying she'd turned down the part; a columnist suggesting that Terry Moore's bra should win best supporting; and *Chariots of Fire* producer David Puttnam blasting the year's Best Director Warren Beatty, saying Hugh Hudson (*Chariots*' director) "is without a doubt a better director than Warren is, or ever will be." Hudson, of course, went on to do the recent and immortal *Revolution*.

Oscar brings out the worst in people, which is just why we tune in year after year. As Glenda Jackson is quoted as saying, "No one should have a chance to see so much desire, so much need for a prize, and so much pain when it was not given." True, no one should—but please, can we, can we? To Wiley and Bona, we give the same speech of gratitude Robert Redford so articulately delivered in 1980: "Thank you very much." SR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATURAL WEIGHT LOSS!

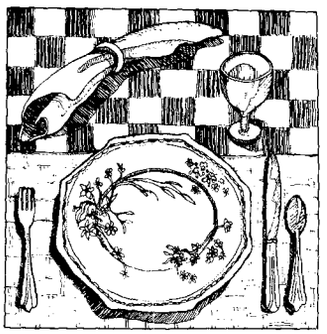
THE PRE-PACKAGED DIET GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE.

It's the safe, sane, and sure way to weight reduction. As easy as a TV dinner without the chemicals or the guilt!

You can have it all with High Meadow Farm's natural food diet. Seven days of delicious precooked natural meals that take only minutes to prepare.

We'll show you how to live longer, more healthfully. And we'll save you enough on your food bill to enable you to do it!

High Meadow Farm is more than a mail order grocer. We're the introduc-



tion to a way of life. The conscience of your digestive system. We know you. We know how you feel and we know how to help you. Want proof? Read on.

You've heard the reports from the National Research Council and The Senate Select Committee on Nutrition on the links between diet and health. You know that increasing your diet of whole grains appears to be a big factor in the reduction of heart disease and cancer.

You've read the nutrition magazines and browsed in a health food store. You were bewildered and intimidated by the products and you estimated the cost of buying the necessary cooking appliances and basic foods at about the price of a new Honda.

You used to read the labels on the food you ate. Lately you've noticed that the packages have become suspiciously bigger just to accommodate the number of chemical ingredients on the label. Intuitively, you find it hard to believe that the additives are there to make you healthier. You decided to do something about it but as yet haven't.

All of which brings us back to our original point. You know you should modify your diet and we can help you do it — easily and affordably.

There are no preservatives, no enhancers, no chemicals of any kind in any High Meadow Farm product!

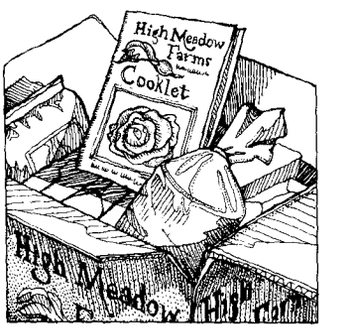
High Meadow Farm has packaged an entire week's supply of precooked natural meals. If you can boil water you can be a gourmet natural cook the High Meadow Farm way.

Each day's menu consists of three main meals and two snacks. In addition to what we provide, we recommend that you continue to supplement your diet with as many fresh fruits, vegetables and salads as you like. You can even add a bit of fish or chicken if you wish. But no red meat, refined sugar or dairy products. And absolutely nothing artificial.

You'll eat grains and vegetables specially prepared for the American taste.

You'll love our noodles in broth — all three kinds. Our soups are delicious. Rich creamy pea, thick robust minestrone. The nutlike taste of our brown rice dinner is fantastic when we mix it with vegetables and azuki beans. Our natural tamari makes it even better. Our hummus would tickle a sultan's palate. Rice pilaf, plain and carob soy milk, Oatios, fruit butter, natural oatmeal, rice cakes, miso soup, herb tea. It's all delicious and it's all natural. And the snacks we'll send you taste nothing short of sinful. You won't believe you can actually eat meals like this and lose weight. But lose weight you will and you'll feel better to boot. You can eat as much as you want as often as you like. The more you eat the better off your system will be. And all the while your weight, blood pressure and cholesterol level should continue to drop.

There is no claim in this ad that you do not already intuitively know to be true!



Ask your doctor about our plan. Chances are he'll be thrilled to have you try life the natural way.

SPECIAL COOKLET OFFER

Each order will include our new Guide to Natural Cooking. It's filled with recipes that will help you eat better more tastefully at a price the whole world could afford.

7 Day Package
21 Delicious Meals
Plus Extras **$39.95**
(Plus $4 Shipping)

28 Day Package
84 Delicious Meals
Plus Extras **$139.95**
(Plus $12 Shipping)

SEND CHECK OR VISA/MASTERCARD
Include account number and expiration date

H·I·G·H MEADOW F·A·R·M

666 Davis Hill Road
New London, NH 03257

Phone Orders: 603/763-2535

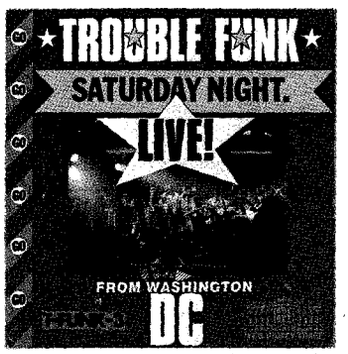
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS

ROCK/POP

BY JOHN SWENSON

***White City*, PETE TOWNSHEND** (Atco). Townshend floundered as the Who dissolved, but *White City* proves he's regained his vision as a solo artist. Recalling the finest moments of *Rough Mix* and *Empty Glass*, *White City* has at least one timeless Townshend song, "Face the Face."

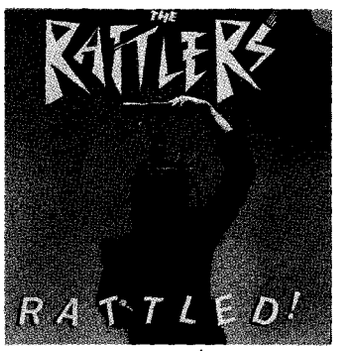


***Saturday Night Live! From Washington D.C.*, TROUBLE FUNK** (Island). The flagship band of Go-Go music showcases the genre's strengths impressively—multilayers of acoustic percussion, James Brown-style vamps with Sly Stone-level dynamics, infectious vocal chorus chanting. Even wallflowers get up and dance when they hear this stuff, which is why Go-Go music is the most important development in black sound since the pre-disco era.

***Pack up the Plantation—Live!*, TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS** (MCA). In which Tom Petty once again reveals his debt to the Byrds, adding the Searchers, Animals and Isley Brothers to the list. Fans who've argued that Petty sounds better live than in the studio will cash in all bets on this one.

***Who Knows Where the Time Goes?*, SANDY DENNY** (Hannibal). The late Sandy Denny was the premier voice in British folk music as the lead singer for Fairport Convention and Fotheringay. This carefully assembled four-record set presents her considerable strengths in a historically complete package that is essential listening for any lover of folk music.

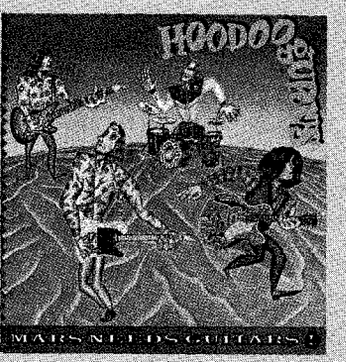
***Bringin' It All Back Home*, JOHNNY COPELAND** (Rounder). This vaunted attempt to fuse African music with Texas blues works to Copeland's best interests as a vocalist and songwriter, as well as to producer Dan Doyle's love of idiosyncratic jokes and unusual musical combinations. It falls short of being some kind of Rosetta Stone, though.



***Rattled*, THE RATTLERS** (PVC/Jem). Taking cues from a quarter-century of rock and roll influences, this New York-based quartet cranks out a gritty, danceable sound. "Rattled" is an instant classic, "Bottom of the Barrel" a modernized smoker and "I'm in Love with my Walls" was co-written by the late critic/rocker Lester Bangs.

***Biograph*, BOB DYLAN** (Columbia). This five-disc retrospective is, as the title suggests, a comprehensive overview of Dylan's brilliantly quirky career. Several previously unreleased tracks add collectability, especially a spectacular live version of "Isis" from the Rolling Thunder tour.

***Echoes in the Night*, GARY BROOKER** (Mercury). The soul of Procol Harum continues to release beautiful solo albums in the same mode. The melodic richness



Up From Down Under

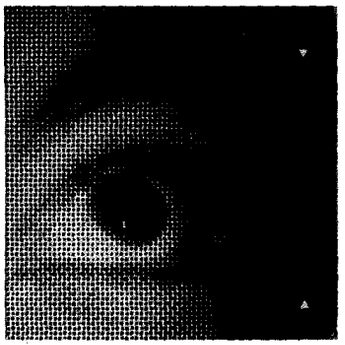
MARS NEEDS GUITARS! SAY THE *Hoodoo Gurus*, and this Australian quartet could be just the band for the first trans-planetary cultural exchange. Their combination of witty/melancholy lyrics, hook-infested melodies and guitar-propelled songs makes them the best proponent of muscular pop songs around today. Dave Faulkner (vocals, guitar), Brad Shepherd (guitars, vocals), Clyde Bramley (bass) and Mark Kingsmill (drums) make music that could even make H. G. Wells's martian horrors dance their leathery tentacles off.

Unabashed admirers of American junk culture, the Hoodoos have dedicated *Mars Needs Guitars* to Jonathan Harris, who played Dr. Smith on the TV series *Lost in Space*. Their previous LP, *Stoneage Romeos* (named after a Three Stooges short and released on A&M Records) was dedicated in part to *F-Troop*'s Larry Storch and Arnold Ziffle, the porcine cult hero from *Green Acres*. Their musical influences range from the Ramones and the Cramps to Gary Glitter.

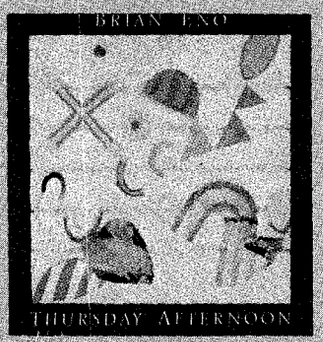
Mars may need guitars, but American radio has an even greater urgency for songs like "Bittersweet." The Hoodoos are on Big Time Records, and are available in a quality record store near you.

—Tom Huntington

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



in a song like "Count Me Out" is the mark of a quiet genius. Significantly, ex-Procol co-writers Matthew Fisher and Keith Reid collaborate on several tunes.



Disc-only

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN AS A soundtrack for the video of the same name, Brian Eno's *Thursday Afternoon* is available only on compact disc. This sixty-one minute example of Eno's soothing Ambient Music utilizes two of CD's best features: the ability to store long pieces of music, and its lack of background noise.

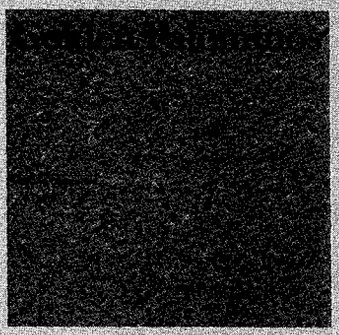
Eno is no stranger to innovations: a founding member of Roxy Music, producer of bands that include Talking Heads, Ultravox and U2, and solo artist, he has long been at the forefront of popular music.

Thursday Afternoon is on Editions E.G. Records, distributed in this country by PVC/Jem. The *Thursday Afternoon* video (which must be viewed with the TV turned on its side) features seven video paintings by Christine Alicino, and will be available soon from Sony.

Nothing Succeeds Like Excess

THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS ARE A super-group for the eighties. Organized by drummer Anton Fier, this go-round (another version of the band recorded an album in 1984) for the group includes Michael Stipe (R.E.M.), Jack Bruce (Cream) and John Lydon (formerly Rotten) on vocals, Richard Thompson on guitar, Bill Laswell on bass and Carla Bley on Hammond organ. Other musicians include Chris Stamey, Bernie Worrell and Arto Lindsay. Perhaps the most pleasant surprise, though, is the haunting vocals of the relatively unknown Syd Straw on "(Kind of) True" and "Buenos Aires."

Though the second Palominos album, *Visions of Excess* (on New York's Celluloid Records) was originally intended only as a studio effort, several band members (including Stipe, Straw, Stamey, Fier and guitarist Jody Harris) performed some impromptu concerts in Boston and New York in January. Further live shows are possible.



FOR THE RECORD

***Afterburner*, Z.Z. TOP** (Warners). A formulaic rehash of *Eliminator*, and one of the few bad albums this band has ever made. . . . ***Cabin Flounder*, FETCHIN' BONES** (dB Records). Another quirky and damn good rock band from producer Don Dixon. . . . ***Done with Mirrors*, AEROSMITH** (Geffen). One comeback the world can live without. . . . ***Herman Ze German and Friends*, HERMAN RAREBELL** (EMI). Scorpions drummer in solo effort. Doesn't he know heavy metal is dead? . . . ***Swamp Thing*, MALCOLM McLAREN** (Island). McLaren's still looking to put one over on the public, and here's hoping he succeeds.

COMPACT DISCS

***Songs in the Key of Life*, STEVIE WONDER** (Motown). As a two-record set transferred to CD, *Songs* utilizes more disc than the average release. A good buy. . . . ***Buddy Holly*, BUDDY HOLLY** (MCA) The sparse production style on Holly's recordings makes for excellent CD transfer despite the low fidelity mono recording. . . . ***James Brown*, JAMES BROWN** (Polydor). Chock full of Brown's hottest dance standards, this CD package makes you feel like you're in the studio doing it to death with the JBs. . . . ***That's Why I'm Here*, JAMES TAYLOR** (Columbia). Taylor exploits CD's capacity by adding a non-LP track to sweeten the package.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS

RECENT VIDEOS

John Lennon Live in New York City (Sony). Newly released live footage of Lennon from the 1972 "One to One" concert at Madison Square Garden has never been available to the public before. . . . ***Monterey Pop*** (Sony). D.A. Pennebaker's documentary of the 1967 Monterey Pop festival features vintage performances by the Who, Otis Redding, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and others. An invaluable addition to anyone's video library. . . . ***Sounds of Motown*** (Sony). Rare footage from the British televison show *Ready, Steady, Go* of the Supremes, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Stevie Wonder, the Temptations, Marvin Gaye and Martha and the Vandellas.

LAURA LEVINE

SATURDAY REVIEW PROFILES

TOMMY KEENE

TOMMY KEENE'S GETTING A CHANCE to become what critics and fans have been calling him all along: The Next Big Thing.

"I'm just surprised it's taken this long," the Washington, D.C. singer/songwriter says of his major label debut, *Music from the Film*, on Geffen.

So far one of Keene's biggest lessons has been that life in pop's fast lane isn't as glamorous as it seems. "When I heard that we were going to Montserrat to record, I thought, 'Great!' But when we got there, it wasn't a resort at all. Rustic is an understatement. There's one bar, a disco and an active volcano. And there were two earthquakes while we were there. Unfortunately, I slept through both of them."

Still, Keene's thrilled about the record he made there with Beatles/Elvis Costello producer Geoff Emerick. Rich with arpeggios, hooks and heartache, it's the kind of guitar pop that made him an underground sensation and established his reputation as one of America's finest young tunesmiths.

—Ted Drozdowski

CLASSICAL

BY GREGORY SANDOW

***Verdi's Rigoletto*, GIUSEPPE SINOPOLI** (Philips). An extraordinarily expansive and tender performance—from Sinopoli, anyway, who at his best rethinks the music he conducts so thoroughly that you'd swear even a standard like *Rigoletto* had never been performed before. As ever, his singers don't probe so deeply, though this bunch comes closer than most.

***Schoenberg, Suite, Op. 29*, PIERRE BOULEZ** (CBS). Uncommonly spiky-smooth, and so expertly played you may just start to believe Schoenberg's prophecy: maybe future generations *will* whistle his twelve-tone tunes. On the flip side, *Verklarte Nacht* is just a bit sanitized. But it still seethes.

***Schubert, Die Schone Mullerin*, FRANCISCO ARAIZA** (Deutsche Grammophon). Araiza's opera roles hardly prepared me for so vivid and touching a performance of this song cycle—which I'd say (purists, avaunt!) has much more to say to us than Schubert's other one, the much more prestigious and gloomy *Winterreise*.

***Atalanta*, ROBERT ASHLEY**, (Lovely Records). This is hardly a mainstream opera, though it's sung (moaned and spoken, too) by actual opera singers—and in Italian, yet. Ghosts of tunes keep pushing through the haze; is this how reality blends with the world of dreams? A treat for anyone with an open mind about what music might be.

CAPPA/DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

GIUSEPPE SINOPOLI

GIUSEPPE SINOPOLI IS SURPRISINGLY shy. His conducting can be astounding, sometimes arbitrary, more often powerful. But, at forty years of age, he himself seems in no way iconclastic—just thoughtful.

I tried to talk to him about the music of the past. Does he think it needs to be refurbished to make any sense today? No, he says, struggling just a bit to express himself in English. The contents of a work of art don't *belong* to the past; instead they are "expressive of the past." One difference, of course, is that until our own century, composers were not necessarily intellectual. With the benefit of literary and psychoanalytic theory, we can now intepret them in ways that may now be necessary, but that they themselves would not have understood.

Thus speaks a man who himself composes, who studied psychiatry in his native Italy before becoming a conductor, and who for his records writes program notes steeped in literary and psychoanalytic ideas. As an example of a composer who needs interpretation, he cites Schubert, whom he thinks was no angel—the usual portrait—but instead a none-too-clean bohemian, living at best on the fringes of respectable society.

Mozart, he thinks, was just a shade diabolical. In Mahler's music—one of his passions—Sinopoli hears explosive emotion in stretching traditional forms almost past the breaking point. Schoenberg's twelve-tone system in turn strikes him as an almost desperate attempt to restore order. When Sinopoli talks about Verdi—his greatest specialty— he emphasizes simplicity and violence. He takes a white match book and, with his finger, traces the imagined image of a single black line. Such a line, he says, would be simple, but against the white background would be "pregnant with information."

What about singers, who can't yet match what he conducts? Softly, he replies: "I have worked always with compromise." If you believe his publicity, he's "the hottest name in Italian opera." I'd say he's just starting to get hot.

—Gregory Sandow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reaching for Success?

UNLEASH YOUR MIND'S POWER TO ACHIEVE ALL YOUR GOALS FASTER

Read this report and find out how Subliminal Stimulation™ can give you the winning edge.

You've read in *Time, Omni, Psychology Today, the Wall Street Journal* and elsewhere about the exciting success of subliminal techniques. Now, thanks to recent breakthroughs by leading psychologists, you can use these same innovative techniques to *turn your life around.*

Maybe you want to improve your memory, increase your income, lose weight, build your self-confidence. These are just a few of the accomplishments within your reach.

The subconscious mind is a mysterious thing. We're finding out more about it every year. It's not like your conscious mind. Instead it soaks up impressions. You'll be amazed how fast the "success-mechanism" within you makes big changes in your life.

SUBLIMINAL TECHNIQUES ARE THE PROBLEM SOLVERS FOR THE 1980s AND BEYOND.

Subliminal Stimulation is used today in countless ways. For example, to reduce shoplifting, department stores nationwide are finding that a "hidden" message in the public-address music cuts pilferage substantially. This message repeats—over and over—such tested phrases as "I am honest; I don't steal."

Customers aren't even aware of it. Yet inventory statistics reveal a big decrease in shoplifting. In fact, in some cases by as much as 67 percent.

YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS IS YOUR ALLY. LET IT WORK MIRACLES FOR YOU AS IT DOES FOR THOUSANDS TODAY.

Until recently, scientists were unable to harness the powers of the hidden mind. For years we knew it controls our destiny. But the question was: "How can we tap its strength?"

Through constant testing a breakthrough came. The credit goes to some of the top researchers in this country. Their untiring efforts have enabled people of all ages, from all walks of life, to enjoy exciting self-improvement fast.

EVERY TAPE YOU SELECT BRINGS YOU TWO DIFFERENT KINDS OF STIMULATION.

On one side, subliminal stimulation. You hear waves breaking on the shoreline. But your subconscious hears more. There are subliminally embedded messages at work—literally hundreds. Chances are, you won't be able to hear them consciously. But your subconscious will. And, it will obey. Listen while you work, read, play, relax, watch TV, or even while jogging or driving your car. The sounds of the waves create a pleasant background while alone or with others. A brief introduction on each tape lets you know the exact wording of the subliminal messages coming up.

While you go about your activities, you'll be fully awake and alert. Yet all the while your subconscious will be *listening and heeding.*

You'll get all the benefits of subliminal stimulation—and more. On the other side of each tape is an audible *Natural Response*™ program. You'll hear suggestions, affirmations, in a very real sense "orders to your subconscious." Yet all you do is relax. Put forth no effort whatsoever. You're in full control. Both sides provide you with an experience unlike any you've ever had before. And the results are *sensational.* In fact, these techniques are widely used by professional therapists and hospitals.

Each side inspires you and revitalizes you. So listen again and again. Very soon you'll see an exciting change in your life. That is why more aware people—people who want more out of life—are finding new happiness today. These Subliminal Stimulation™ Tapes are the long-sought answer.

WHAT AREAS OF IMPROVEMENT DO YOU NEED? THESE TAPES WILL SURPRISE YOU WITH DRAMATIC RESULTS.

By stimulating your subconscious, you'll feel more youthful and dynamic. You'll get more out of life—because you'll be programming your subconscious to bring out all your hidden abilities. Instead of being satisfied with what each day brings, you'll be able to achieve more and enjoy long-held ambitions.

You'll capture opportunities so much more easily because your inner strength, your subconscious, will be working for you, not against you. You'll rid yourself of childhood-acquired hangups and misconceptions about yourself. In their place will be a truly new you—a you you'll like so very much more. You'll gain more happiness, more fulfillment, and a better life than ever before!

ORDER TODAY. READ ABOUT THIS SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING OFFER:

Each **Subliminal Stimulation™ Cassette** sells for $14.95. But during this **Special Introductory Offer** to *Saturday Review* readers, the price is only $9.95. You save $5.00 on each and every selection.

But here's still more good news. You get one FREE for every three you order! Just fill out the No-Risk *Express* Order Form and rush it back today, along with your check or money order. Or use your Visa or MasterCard. You're protected by our **FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**: We call it our *"triple-length"* guarantee because it's good for 90 days, not 30. If you're not elated with the results the tapes bring, return them for a full, prompt refund—including the $2 shipping and handling.

©1985 Advanced Learning Systems, Inc.

Prompt shipment guaranteed. Mail your order today! Credit card users, order

TOLL-FREE
1-800-624-9000
Extension 204

ADVANCED LEARNING SYSTEMS, INC. Corporate Offices:
7236-D Owensmouth Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303

"TRIPLE-LENGTH" 90-DAY FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
plus Lifetime Warranty Against Defects

NO-RISK *EXPRESS* ORDER FORM

Check your choices and mail today:

- ☐A1310 **STRESS RELIEF**
- ☐A1102 **MEMORY IMPROVEMENT**
- ☐A1202 **WEIGHT LOSS**
- ☐A1303 **DYNAMIC SELF-CONFIDENCE: Overcoming Shyness**
- ☐A1104 **PINPOINT CONCENTRATION**
- ☐A1203 **STOP SMOKING**
- ☐A1316 **SELF-ESTEEM: Feel Good About Yourself!**
- ☐A1301 **HIGH-ENERGY & ENTHUSIASM**
- ☐A1507 **PROSPERITY: Financial Success**
- ☐A1304 **DECISIVENESS: Stop Procrastinating!**
- ☐A1106 **UNLIMITED MENTAL POWER**
- ☐A1509 **TIME MANAGEMENT: Get More Done Every Day**
- ☐A1315 **THINK POSITIVE!**
- ☐A1412 **SEXUAL CONFIDENCE**
- ☐A1214 **ENJOYING EXERCISE: Have Fun Getting in Shape**
- ☐A1208 **SLIM THINKING**
- ☐A1317 **SELF-ASSERTIVENESS**
- ☐A1309 **MAGNETIC PERSONALITY**
- ☐A1318 **INCREASE PERSONAL POWER: Gain Influence and Respect**
- ☐A1101 **READ FASTER**
- ☐A1508 **SUCCESS NOW! Get Ahead Fast**
- ☐A1302 **PROBLEM SOLVING: Creative Dreaming**
- ☐A1306 **FREE YOURSELF FROM WORRY**
- ☐A1206 **RESTFUL SLEEP: No More Insomnia**
- ☐A1320 **WINNING SELF IMAGE**

- ☐A9001 Sanyo Slimline Cassette Recorder $39.95
- ☐A9002 Sanyo Sportster Mini-Stereo Cassette Player w/Headphones $29.95

Special Introductory Offer: Regularly $14.95 each. Now if you hurry, **only $9.95 each.**

FREE BONUS **CHOOSE ONE FREE FOR EVERY THREE YOU ORDER.**

SUBTOTAL _____

California residents add 6½% sales tax _____

POSTAGE & HANDLING (any size order) 2.00

☐Cash ☐Check ☐MO **TOTAL** _____

☐VISA ☐MasterCard Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

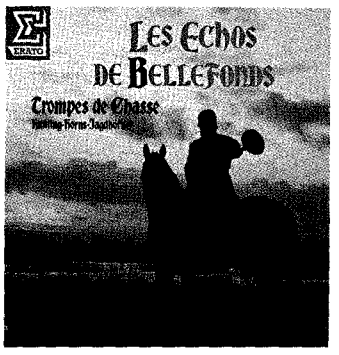
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to:

ADVANCED LEARNING SYSTEMS, INC.
7236-D Owensmouth Ave., Dept SR64
Canoga Park, CA 91303

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS



Les Echos de Bellefonds (Erato). Traditional French hunting fanfares, echoing from the barbaric hills of the past as they're brayed on old-fashioned hunting horns. You can't imagine how bracing this record is (I'd compare it to the English marmalade that's as pungent as mustard). It's an antidote to modern life.

Debussy, Suite Bergamasque (and other piano works), **ZOLTAN KOCSIS** (Philips). Superbly confident playing of music we think more fragile than it really is.

FOR THE RECORD

Haydn, Sturm und Drang Symphonies, **L'ESTRO ARMONICO** (CBS). Tasty antique instruments. . . . ***Rossini, La Donna del Lago,*** **MAURIZIO POLLINI** (CBS). Pianist-turned-conductor removes all the bounce. . . . ***Schubert, Sonata in B-Flat, D.960,*** **RICHARD GOODE** (Nonesuch). Unusually gentle, unusually firm. . . . ***Handel, Organ Concertos,*** **TON KOOPMAN** (Erato). Virtuoso entertainment made dull.

COMPACT DISCS

Holst, The Planets, **GEORGE SOLTI** (London). Lots of bang for your CD buck. . . . ***Puccini, La Boheme,*** **TEBALDI, BERGONZI** (London). Buy for spacious, grand performance, not for sound. . . . ***Beethoven and Brahms Violin Concertos,*** **JASCHA HEIFETZ** (RCA). New life for classic fiddler. . . . ***Mishima,*** **PHILIP GLASS** (Nonesuch). Clean, diverting. . . . ***Beethoven, Fidelio,*** **KURT MASUR** (Eurodisc). Blazing drama: available only in CD.

JAZZ

BY JOHN SWENSON

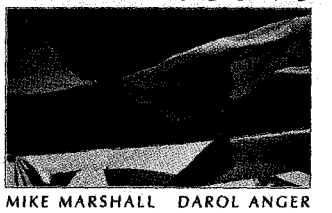
The Solo Album, **SONNY ROLLINS** (Milestone). The great tenor saxophonist has been working in fusion-style groups over the past few years, often to the chagrin of fans of his earlier work. No one will be disappointed by this record, though, a document of his solo performance at the Museum of Modern Art in 1985. For nearly an hour Rollins develops stunning solo ideas that rank with some of his best playing ever.

Barrelhouse Stomp, **JOHNNY OTIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA** (Jukebox Lil). Drummer Johnny Otis is a legendary figure in the R&B and proto-rock fields, but his first recordings were closer to the big band blues sound of the Count Basie and Jimmy Lunceford orchestras. These tracks, dating form 1946 to 1951, show this side of Otis's music and feature jazz players such as Paul Quinichette, Ben Webster and Curtis Counce.

Opening Night, **KEVIN EUBANKS** (GRP). Eubanks is a talented young guitarist who ranges tastefully from bop through contemporary contexts. Surrounded here by like-minded musicians such as pianist Kenny Kirkland and tenor saxophonist Branford Marsalis, Eubanks delivers a solid performance highlighted by his exchanges with Marsalis on "Opening Night" and percussionist Big Black on "Shades of Black."

First Edition, **REGGIE JOHNSON** (Jeremiah Robinson). Bassist Reggie Johnson has been a sturdy but unheralded accompanist for twenty years backing leaders like Archie Shepp, Kenny Burrell, Art Blakey, Bobby Hutcherson and many others. This, his first album as a leader, is a fine set played with quiet intensity by a group of little-known but talented musicians.

CHIAROSCURO



MIKE MARSHALL DAROL ANGER

Chiaroscuro, **MIKE MARSHALL/ DAROL ANGER** (Windham Hill). Multi-instrumentalists Anger and Marshall unleash a torrent of stringed instruments on this spectacular album. When Anger's on violin and Marshall on mandolin, the ensuing magic must be heard to be believed.

FOR THE RECORD

Urban Earth, **HARVIE SWARTZ** (Gramavision). Bassist Swartz leads a crack band featuring fine Mike Stern guitar playing. . . . ***Better Than Death,*** **SWIMMAN** (BTD). Michael Lytle's bass clarinet evokes shades of Eric Dolphy on this challenging set from one of the best of New York's downtown punk jazz groups. . . . ***The Savoy Recordings,*** **DEXTER GORDON** (Savoy). The legendary saxophonist's Savoy sides are well presented on a historical anthology.

COMPACT DISCS

Ella Fitzgerald Sings Gershwin, **ELLA FITZGERALD** (PolyGram). One of the hottest CDs on the market, this five-disc package shows what the format can offer at its best. . . . ***Sweet Rain,*** **STAN GETZ** (Verve). Though this program fails to make full use of the CD running time, Getz and pianist Chick Corea play with understated elegance on this 1967 session.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDS

. . . ***Now's the Time***, **CHARLIE PARKER** (PolyGram). The awesome alto saxophonist can be heard with stunning clarity on this CD, which includes never-before-released material as an incentive to collectors.

COUNTRY

BY CHRISTOPHER MANION

Sweet Dreams: The Life and Times of Patsy Cline, **PATSY CLINE** (MCA). The best of the old (Patsy Cline's original vocals, from twenty-five years back) and the new (remixed with instrumentation from the 1980s), this collection offers a bundle of good, pleasing classics. Makes you want to see the movie, too.

Acousticity, **DAVID GRISMAN** (Zebra Records). Serious students of the cutting edge of country acoustic performers will welcome the addition of drummer Hal Blaine to a style we already thought was perfect. These guys are worth seeing, too.

Greatest Hits, **EARL THOMAS CONLEY** (RCA). Not only does Conley have one of the finest voices in country, but his productions are also always right on target. They do justice to taste and tradition, while using the best that contemporary studios have to offer.

Anything Goes, **GARY MORRIS** (Warner Brothers). Here's some music worth mulling over. Some of the best guitar playing around adds to a moving, polished delivery of some very good tunes.

Life's Highway, **STEVE WARINER** (MCA). It's been a very good year for Steve, judging from the quality of this album compared to his first effort a year ago. He's using some of his own material, and we should encourage him to do more of the same.

Howard and David, **THE BELLAMY BROTHERS**. (MCA/Curb). These two really bring imagination to country. Practiced ease and a sense of humor that reflects the country philosophy everybody likes to talk about. The whole album is worth "I'd Lie to You for Your Love."

FOR THE RECORD

Rockin' with Rhythm, **THE JUDDS** (RCA). More crowd pleasers from the ladies who can do no wrong. . . . ***Restless Heart***, **RESTLESS HEART** (RCA). Big Band country with some catchy stuff. Worth watching. . . . ***Streamline***, **LEE GREENWOOD** (MCA). Well done. Maybe overdone. . . . ***Old Flame***, **JUICE NEWTON** (RCA). Freshly squeezed, any time of day, and good for you. . . . ***Chasin' Rainbows***, **CONWAY TWITTY** (Warner Brothers). Not bad, I guess, if you like Conway Twitty. . . . ***Get to the Heart***, **BARBARA MANDRELL** (MCA). Same old stuff. SR

John Kennedy Toole

Continued from page 50

script. Faust ignored these letters and discussed her grievance with various lawyers. In August of 1984, Faust filed suit against Thelma Toole. A week later, Thelma Toole died.

In her will this extraordinary mother, a mother who had never tired of laboring on behalf of one novel written by her dead son, expressely forbade the publication of the other. She left *Neon Bible* to Dr. Kenneth Holditch, requesting him to hold it in a trust forever.

Before *Confederacy* was published Thelma Toole had persuaded her husband's family to waive their rights to the novel. She neglected to get a similar waiver for *Neon Bible*, and Dr. Holditch thinks this oversight is responsible for Thelma Toole's reluctance to have *Neon Bible* published. "Thelma told me repeatedly," he says, "that Rhoda Faust would never publish *Neon Bible*, that unless she could get the rights away from the Toole family, nobody would ever publish it."

When LSU Press informed Mrs. Toole that Louisiana law made it impossible for *Confederacy* to be published without permission from her husband's heirs, her first response was to try to have the inheritance laws changed. Rhoda Faust incurred a venemous letter and several months of stony silence when, in an effort to negotiate the necessary waivers, she made the mistake of loaning one of the Tooles her copy of *Confederacy*. "She told me I had betrayed her into the enemy camp," Faust says. "She said the Tooles were a bunch of no-neck, ignorant usurpers, who had no right to even touch the paper her son wrote on."

Dr. Holditch can only speculate about the reasons for Mrs. Toole's antipathy for her husband's relatives, but her distaste for them was apparently long-standing. She referred to them as "shanty Irish" often and in public. "They weren't friends of Ken's," Holditch says. "One had never even met him. Thelma told me when Ken committed suicide, one of them said that he brought disgrace upon the Toole family."

THE AFTERNOON WORE ON IN THE CHILLY courtroom. John Hantel, the attorney for the estate, repeatedly asked Faust why, if she thought she had a contract, she hadn't published the book. Her response was always the same: until she met attorney Brian Bégué in 1984, she hadn't known that a verbal contract was enforceable.

Dr. Holditch testified briefly, describing Mrs. Toole's reaction when he told her that Faust had included *Neon Bible* in a prospectus for her publishing company. "She was very upset," he said simply.

The defense rested its case. Judge Fedoroff instructed both Bégué and Hantel to present precedent briefs for burden of proof in verbal contracts. Bégué approached the bench with a manuscript bound in red. "Here's something we present off the record," he said. Everyone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the room knew what it was; most of us had read the copies that had been circulated by both sides. "Now don't go thinking you can try to publish that," Hantel said as he handed over *Neon Bible* to the judge.

I FOUND MYSELF THINKING OF KEN TOOLE and his mother. It's not difficult to find admirers of Ken Toole who think his domineering mother was the reason he despaired of life. She liked to recall him as a boy obsessed with pleasing her. The picture she painted of him as a child, dressed in her homemade costumes, playing parts she wrote for him in theatricals she managed, is a sad and stereotypical one. In her memory he was always thinking of her, always deferring to her superior experience, always seeking her opinion and confidence. "He would come to me at night," she says in the film interview, "and sit on my bed and say, 'Mother, I want to show you how much I love you, but I don't know how.' "

There isn't much concrete evidence for this version of Ken Toole's life. If there were it seems certain Thelma Toole would have produced it. He never wrote a letter addressed to his mother alone, though he did write a few to his father. He never showed her, or anyone else, his first novel, though he did send it off to a contest before condemning it to a drawer. Thelma Toole knew nothing about *Neon Bible* until after her son's suicide.

It's hard to guess what Ken Toole was really like or what he would have thought of strangers battling over the rights to his adolescent efforts. The letters he wrote to his parents while he was in Puerto Rico reveal a clever, dutiful, affectionate son. He spoke frankly of his obsession with Marilyn Monroe, his sadness at the news of her suicide. He made light of the trials of military life and he described his hopes for the novel he had begun to write. He wrote, "You both know that my greatest desire is to be a writer and since I finally feel that I am doing something that is more than barely readable, I am very concerned about a civilian situation which will make completion and revision of this particular work possible. . . . If this thing can be worked upon, I am almost certain that a publisher would accept it and so do one or two others to whom I have shown excerpts. (I must not set my hopes too high.)"

The voice on trial in New Orleans is not so different from the voice in these letters. The narrator of *Neon Bible*, a boy named Dave, tells his story simply and clearly in a voice as different from the exaggerated, self-mocking, cynical Ignatius Reilly as Camus is from Dickens. He's an isolated, alienated young man who has grown up in an ugly house on a clay hill somewhere in Mississippi. He's raised by two women: his mother, who is weak and goes mad, and his Aunt Mae, who is strong and goes to Nashville. Both women are rejected by the Southern Baptist townspeople and Dave spends his childhood looking through windows at the respectable world, perfectly resigned to being an outcast.

Neon Bible is a terse but strangely passionate story, told by a boy no one will ever love. It's difficult to believe that the author of this cold and unembellished melancholy was sixteen years old. Walker Percy, in a 1984 interview for the *Times-Picayune*, said the book "shows a style that most of us have to work very hard for many years to perfect. For a young writer to show such talents is remarkable." Reading Toole's powerful rendering of a small town morality, it's hard not to see the grim hopelessness of his own future.

OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE, RHODA FAUST AND Chris Wiltz agreed to meet in the French Quarter for a drink. Faust discussed the mechanics of the appeal she intends to make if the judge decides against her. Four of the five Toole heirs have signed their interest in *Neon Bible* over to her. A decision in her favor would mean that she has rights to ninety percent of the manuscript she is determined to publish.

Two weeks after the trial the remaining heir filed suit against the Toole estate, claiming that Thelma Toole's will is invalid. If this suit, which may not come to trial for a year, is successful, the fifty percent of *Neon Bible* Thelma Toole bequeathed to oblivion would be redivided among the five Toole heirs.

In *A Confederacy of Dunces* there is something of a prophecy. As Ignatius Reilly sets out for a new life, his accomplice asks him if he wants to pack anything. "Of course," he replies. "There are all my notes and jottings. We must never let them fall into the hands of my mother. She may make a fortune of them. It would be too ironic."

John Kennedy Toole was almost right. The novel that made him famous is full of his mother's voice: she wanted the world to hear Ignatius Reilly. But as for the notes and jottings that are her son's own voice, that she has forbidden any of us to hear. But though *Neon Bible* may never be published it seems certain that the manuscript will keep the living talking to the dead for a long time to come.

At press time, Judge Fedoroff had not reached his decision. SR

James Herriot

Continued from page 59

interesting period in the profession. When I first qualified, penicillin and all these steroid drugs were unknown. So, I wanted to capture an age that has gone forever.

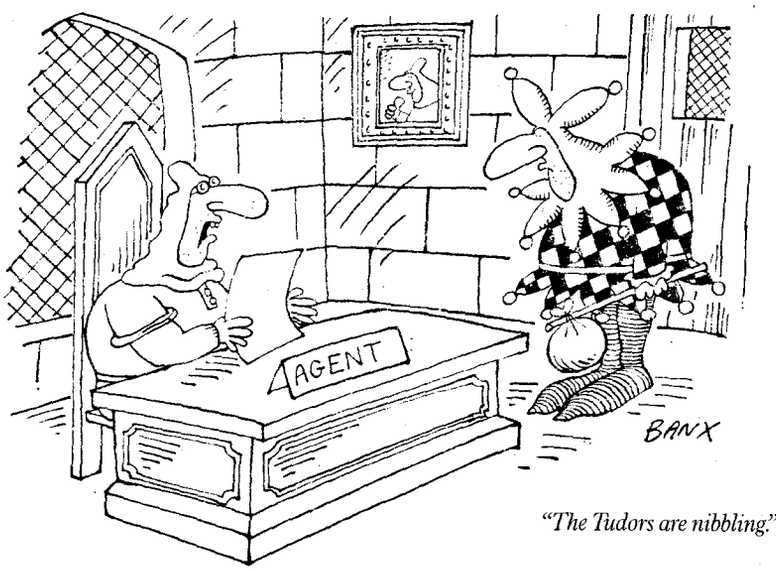
In those days a veterinarian was practically a practitioner in black magic. A vet was almost like a witch. Farmers would stick an onion up the backside of a sick animal hoping to cure it, and the vet would be labelled a miracle-worker because he'd pull out the onion and the animal would get better. Common sense and trial and error were the most important tools in a vet's black bag. I can remember Donald telling me one day, "Alf, there is more to be learned up a cow's arse than in many an encyclopaedia."

If you couldn't think of anything else for curing the animal, you'd send him on a bloody good gallop, often with spectacular results. Enemas were the most common cure for everything. I remember another old vet telling me, "Keep the bowels open and trust to God." I would take a long rubber stomach tube, pump two gallons of warm water rich in formalin and sodium chloride into the cow, and it made me feel like Napoleon sending in the battalions of the Old Guard at Waterloo. If that wouldn't work, nothing would.

***Q** With all the experience you've amassed with both Yorkshire's farmers and their animals, would you be capable of writing a professional tome on vetting?*

A Well, I've certainly had a lot of experience. Once a farmer asked me if I knew anything about skin diseases in lizards. I told him to bring the reptile to me. Actually, I didn't know anything about lizards, but I read up on it beforehand. In cases like these, the best thing is to look terribly knowledgeable to the farmer as though you're totally capable of dealing with any kind of animal at any time of day.

Animals have a language all their own, you know. When I'm talking to a Yorkshire calf, I call it with a "Sook, sook." But their mothers



"The Tudors are nibbling."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respond to a cry of "Cush, cush." You learn how to maneuver in a barn when giving a cow an injection so you don't get your ribs squashed and your toes stood on. And you learn to watch out for the cow's tail because it's a menace lashing about. More than once it has caught my big fifty-c.c. syringe and smashed it into the wall.Broken glass everywhere. And even if it doesn't break your instruments, it's not very edifying when you receive a whack across the face from a shitty tail.

***Q** You appear to be in remarkably good shape for a man close to seventy. Does the life of a vet keep you in good physical condition?*

A The difficult thing about being a country vet is that first you have to catch your patient. I can remember rounding up a litter of sixteen piglets not long ago. They hurtled around like little pink racehorses. I spent a long time diving frantically after them, only to see the other group escaping while I rounded up their brothers and sisters. And when you're taking a calf from its mother, you may spend hours with your arm in the cow's vagina, she squeezing it so tightly that the circulation virtually stops. It keeps you fit all right.

***Q** You give me the impression that being a vet requires a good deal of pure brute strength.*

A Take the prolapsed uterus in a pig. I've tried everything with that type of condition: directing a hose on the everted organ, pushing, straining, sweating over the great mass of flesh, trying to push it back through that absurdly small vagina. And most of the time not succeeding, with the result that the pig eventually becomes pork pies. You have no idea how tough it is, lying on cold concrete, fighting to get that uterus back into the animal until your breath gives out, your feet braced against the wall and shoving, gasping, shoving, gasping, until you're completely exhausted.

***Q** It sounds as if you pick up more cuts and bruises than a professional footballer.*

A It's not for nothing that I have steel tips in my Wellington boots. Cows like almost nothing better than standing on your feet. I say "almost" nothing because they also like kicking. Most of the time they catch you on the knee or shin bone, which is bad enough. But there have been occasions when both hind feet have lashed out and hit me simultaneously, sailing me out through the barn door. That's when the farmer often says laconically, "Aye, she's allus had a habit of that." If the kick is low enough, he's liable to add a certain amount of additional ripe comment, embracing the possible effect on my future sex life. I'm particularly wary of black cows; they're the worst.

***Q** Of course, most of your readers are not farmers and their major contact with animals is because they have pets in the home. Do you believe that certain kinds of people should have certain kinds of pets?*

A Of course. I particularly remember Mrs. Rumney, who was a gentle, delicate flower of a lady who was afflicted with a most obnoxious boxer. His name was Cedric and she called me because of his excessive, as she put it, "flatulence." To put it bluntly, the dog farted. All the time. Continuously. And with a most foul odor. I can't imagine how she ever got involved with a hound like Cedric. It's difficult to think of an animal less suited to her personality. But she was stuck with him. She didn't want to put him down and I couldn't cure his affliction, no matter how much I cut down his proteins, added carbohydrates to his diet, prescribed an antacid mixture and even fed him on chlorophyl. It was awful.

But then I came up with a solution. I persuaded her she didn't have to put the dog down; she could give him to one of the villagers. He was a man who, because of an operation, had no sense of smell. It worked perfectly and the last time I saw her she had a new pet—a lovely little poodle puppy sitting happily on her lap.

***Q** You obviously have had a succession of pets in your own home.*

A I've always been as soppy as any old lady over my own pets and I suspect many of the vets I know are the same. I like cats. I've always liked them and since I feel that animals recognize this in a person, I've usually been able to approach and handle even the shyest cats. My voice turns to molten honey as I go "Poos, poos" to them and they rub their cheeks up against my hand. Oscar was a stray cat we took in and he became one of the family. But his original owners turned up after a few months to claim him and we had to let him go. It upset everybody. We hesitate to keep cats now because the mortality rate is so high. Dogs you can fence in. But it's really traumatic when you lose a cat, killed on the road.

***Q** Are you really distressed when you run into examples of cruelty to animals?*

A Some of the things people do to animals are really shocking. I have no time for people who lose their temper with their pets and beat them. What's even worse is that we have had outbreaks of animal poisoning here.

Something happened once which really put me in a bad mood. A man came in who wanted his dog put down. The gent owned him for ten years, but then he got married for the second time and the new wife wouldn't accept the dog. The man was heartbroken. I had to put his pet down even though I didn't want to. It's better to do it that way. If you refuse, some people will go right out to the chemist around the corner and buy prussic acid and give it to the dog, or even hang the animal at home. I've known that to happen.

So, if a pet has to be put down, it's best for me to put it painlessly to sleep. But if I were that man I'd watch out. The wife may decide to have him put down next.

***Q** Do you find the mail your readers send you particularly rewarding?*

A People lose a child and they write to say that one of my books has made them laugh again. A woman wrote me that she hadn't smiled for a year since the death of her young son until she read one of my books. I find that humbling. I've just written down my own simple experiences without thinking that they would actually help anyone. What worries me is that people believe I have some secret of living—which, of course, I don't. Or that I am devoid of troubles or problems of any kind—which I am not.

My books are a restatement of old values: hard work and integrity. You can see them on the farms here in Yorkshire all the time and it's quite a contrast to what one finds in city life today. SR

Solution to Tunick Double-Crostic No. 13:

PEARL S. BUCK: TO UNBORN NOVELISTS

Be born anywhere, little embryo novelists, but do not be born under the shadow of a great creed, not under the burden of original sin, not under the doom of salvation. Go out and be born among gypsies, or thieves, or among happy workaday people who live in the sun and do not think about their souls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TUNICK DOUBLE-CROSTIC #14

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 X	2 B	3 D	4 K	5 Z	6 C	7 U	8 Q	■	9 B	10 J	■	11 I	12 X	13 U								
■	14 W	15 Q	16 N	17 L	18 E	19 D	20 I	21 C	22 V	23 J	24 Z¹	25 A	■	26 Z¹	27 K	28 H	29 F	30 P	31 U											
32 V	33 W	■	34 E	35 Z¹	36 T	37 D	38 Z	39 Q	40 Y	41 J	42 I	43 C	■	44 R	45 L	46 Z¹	■	47 M	48 L											
49 K	50 G	51 C	52 Z	53 H	54 J	55 E	56 W	57 F	58 A	■	59 F	60 H	■	61 Z¹	62 O	■	63 I	64 F	65 Q											
■	66 C	67 A	68 W	69 U	70 G	71 I	72 Z¹	73 T	74 R	■	75 E	76 P	77 L	78 D	79 Q	80 S	81 O	82 N	83 W											
84 V	85 M	86 H	■	87 A	88 Z	89 Y	90 K	91 W	92 T	93 S	94 E	95 M	96 C	■	97 N	98 D	99 Y	■	100 W											
101 I	102 G	103 Z¹	104 U	105 M	106 N	107 J	108 F	109 X	■	110 B	111 E	■	112 Z	113 Q	■	114 H	115 L	116 O	■											
117 H	118 Z	119 W	120 Z¹	121 F	122 X	123 T	124 R	125 J	126 L	127 I	128 D	129 U	■	130 V	131 Y	132 X	133 Z	134 J	135 C											
136 S	137 W	138 Q	139 P	■	140 H	141 B	142 R	143 P	144 N	145 U	146 C	■	147 I	148 O	■	149 W	150 J	■	151 W											
152 B	153 C	154 D	155 A	156 I	157 H	158 V	159 M	160 O	161 K	■	162 H	163 P	164 C	■	165 Y	166 P	■	167 R	168 B											
169 J	170 Z¹	171 S	172 Q	■	173 C	174 P	■	175 Z¹	176 V	177 J	178 M	179 U	180 S	■	181 J	182 Q	183 S	■	184 Y											
185 D	186 V	187 R	■	188 U	189 P	190 B	191 M	192 Q	193 G	194 A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■											

Letters of the clue answers (below) spell a quotation when put in the numbered squares (above). Reading down, the first letters of the clue answers spell the name of the quotation's author and the title of the work.

CLUES	ANSWERS
A. Antisepsis pioneer (1827–1912)	25 67 87 194 58 155
B. Where schnooks and nudniks come from	2 9 152 168 110 190 141
C. *Tender Is the Night* heroine (2 wds.)	164 135 21 173 51 43 66 6 153 96 146
D. Seaport on the Oresund	154 19 37 78 3 98 128 185
E. Delicately suggestive	34 94 75 111 18 55
F. Message from departed spirits?	64 59 57 108 121 29
G. Not enough, to Jacqueline Susann	70 102 193 50
H. Bon mot	140 53 114 60 157 117 28 86 162
I. SW African nomad	147 127 156 42 20 71 11 101 63
J. Will-o'-the-Wisp; Jack o'lantern (2 wds.)	169 54 107 177 10 181 125 134 23 41 150
K. Grain to be ground	161 27 4 90 49
L. "An — man is the noblest work of God" (Pope)	115 45 48 17 77 126
M. 1938 song hit by Grever and Leveen (3 wds.)	95 47 191 159 178 105 85

CLUES	ANSWERS
N. Determines weight by lifting	144 106 97 16 82
O. North Rhine-Westphalia city	148 81 62 116 160
P. Camera opening	163 30 189 166 143 76 174 139
Q. Thick vegetable soup	8 39 15 192 113 138 172 182 79 65
R. Cause—or result of cause	142 187 44 167 124 74
S. Cad	180 171 93 136 80 183
T. Sacred bird of the Nile	123 36 92 73
U. Dismal; dreary	104 69 145 179 188 31 13 129 7
V. Innocent; without guile	84 176 22 186 32 158 130
W. Brasher doubloon collector's hobby	56 137 119 14 68 83 151 91 149 100 33
X. Take out of the game	132 109 122 1 12
Y. "Her women fair; her men — for toil" (Campbell, *Theodric*)	99 165 89 131 184 40
Z. Ophthalmologist, once	118 5 88 52 112 133 38
Z¹. Handel opus, c. 1715 (2 wds.)	175 24 170 72 46 120 35 103 61 26

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

ART

EXQUISITE figure studies. Original slides. Samples, lists $5. "Asarte" POB 6413, San Rafael 94903.

BETTER HEALTH

Can't quit? Try Smokecontrol! $7.95 to PO 12179, Boulder, CO 80303.

BOOKS

Books collections built through global contacts. Contact Murray Zuckerman, 1037 10th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90403.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, Box 15-W, Falls Village, CT 06031.

SATISFY!, an illustrated manual with board game to help improve and repair your relationship. New, unique. Couples, lovers, friends, parents can learn, practice and enjoy these skills. Tested, recommended by professionals. Perfect Christmas or wedding gift. Send $18.95, Dept. S, Factor Publishing, Box 815, Eastsound, Washington 98245. Check, M/C, VISA.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

EDUCATIONAL

LEARN TEN LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding, driving, working—200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

EMPLOYMENT

Serious shortage Montessori Teachers. Training and Certification in one year. Midwest Montessori, 1010 West Chicago, Chicago, 60622.

INVESTMENTS

INVESTOR'S GUIDE TO PRECIOUS METALS—A unique and complete guide to investing in gold, silver, platinum, palladium. Shipped promptly. Send $8.95 to Pasztor Publications, Box 507, Centreville, VA 22020.

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION

FOREIGN LANGUAGE, SELF-INSTRUCTIONAL BOOK/CASSETTE COURSES. 120 courses in 42 languages. Catalog $1.00 refundable on order. Audio-Forum, Dept. 151, Guilford, CT 06437.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU . . . no obligation. Book Service, Box 3253R, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

Out of Print Bookfinder. Send wants. 2035 SR, EVERDING, Eureka, CA 95501.

PERSONALS

FRIENDS NEARBY, WORLDWIDE—for hobbies, sports, vacations, correspondence—seventy countries. Write Electronic Exchange, Box 68-S1, Manhattan Beach, California 90266.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

CARAVAN CORRESPONDENCE CONNECTION, a new concept in penfriendship, invites you to make new friends worldwide. Write: CARAVAN, Box 27186, Phoenix, Arizona 85061, USA.

WORLDWIDE FRIENDS!! Japan, Sweden, Peru, Australia . . . 101 countries seeking American men. Free Brochure. Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021SR, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 580-SR Hwy 67, Florissant, Missouri 60331

THE COUPLE NEXT DOOR. Magazine. Sample copy $5, sign over 21. CND, POB 47081-NG, Atlanta, GA 30362.

RENTAL PROPERTY

COROFIN, COUNTY CLARE, IRELAND. For Rent. Vintage 1850 Georgian farmhouse, renovated to U.S. standards. 100 acres plus lakes. 3 bedrooms. Shannon 30 minutes. Call (daytime) 212-742-6716.

SOFTWARE

SOFTWARE LISTENER. New Computer Program listens, responds, affirms you. Free Brochure. Box 1884-D, Boston, MA 02105. (617) 492-1678.

TRAVEL

U.S. Virgin Islands (St. John) mountaintop oceanview home, $500 wk., 305-893-8792.

ARIZONA GUEST RANCH—Riding ranch bred horses, swimming, tennis, shooting and fantastic birding, in a verdant valley between historic mountains. Nov. 1-May 15, 40 guests. Special Nature Study Program May 16-25, 20 guests. CIRCLE Z RANCH, Box 194-SR, Patagonia, AZ 85624. (602) 287-2091.

Roam the world by freighter or cruise ship. Luxurious, exotic, inexpensive! TravLtips Association, Box 188 C1, Flushing, NY 11358.

EUROPE'S HEART. Explore the Upper Rhine area—France, Germany, Switzerland. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write Kevin Hickey, Threeland Tours, 7859 Efringer-Kirchen 7, West Germany.

ALASKA WILDERNESS with Gary Snyder, David Brower, others, to Katmai, Brooks Range, Artic Refuge. Roger Tom, Box 81267, Fairbanks, Alaska 99708.

RECIPES

Taos Trader's Soup. Recipe for a delicious, thick soup with a Southwest twist. $2.00. Write to P.K., Box 234, Tano Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

SERVICES

WRITING/RESEARCH. Comprehensive. Highest quality. RESEARCH SERVICES, Box 48862, Niles, IL 60648. (312) 774-5284.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $3.75 per word; 3 times, $3.35 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $3.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $3.00 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, *SR* box numbers, and telephone numbers count as two words each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using *SR* box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: ONE COLUMN WIDE, NO FRACTIONS. ONE INCH = $210. TWO INCHES = $420. To avoid delay in publication please include your permanent address and telephone number, and either a sample of, or literature about, the product/sample being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (6 weeks prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to *Saturday Review*, to Classified Department, *Saturday Review*, 214 Massachusetts Ave., NE, Wash., D.C. 20002. *Replies to SR box numbers should be sent to the same address. Tear sheets provided upon request.*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

____ words × ____ inserts at $____

per word = $____ Total Enclosed

Month(s) ad is to appear _____

AD COPY _____

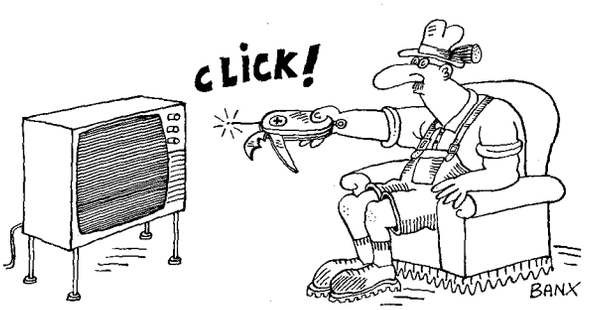
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PICK OF Punch

SR *presents cartoons from the British humor weekly.*

"Good! We'll take Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island too!"

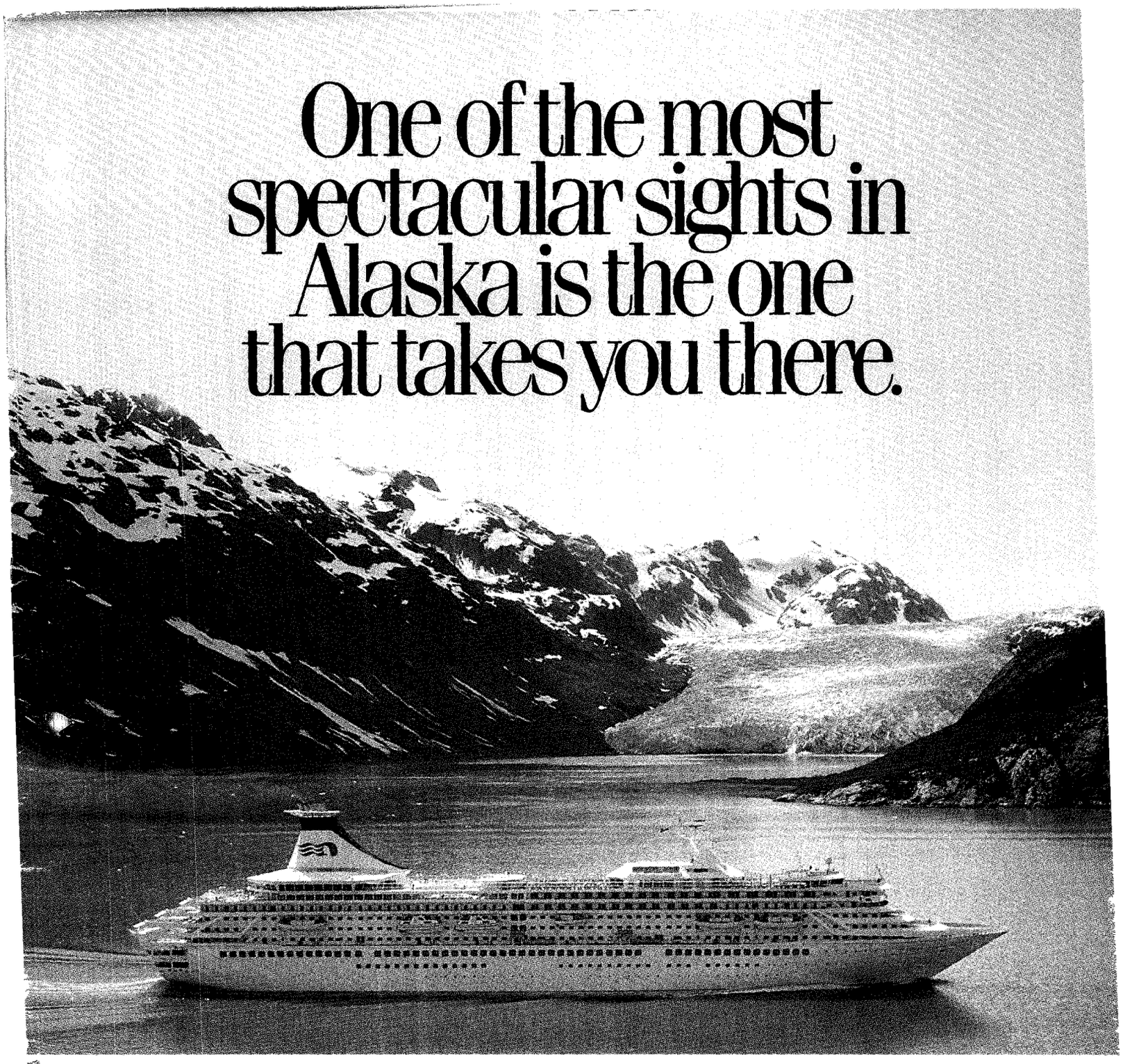
"It seems a cargo plane crash-landed in '44 and the natives were so stupid, they thought it was sent by the gods."



"I think he still doesn't realise what serious trouble he's in."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the most spectacular sights in Alaska is the one that takes you there.



On a Princess Cruise to Alaska, you'll not only take in the beautiful surroundings. You'll take them along.

You're aboard the Royal Princess, a ship of unparalleled luxury. The only ship afloat with all outside staterooms, many with private verandas. The only ship with two acres of protected deck space, so you can appreciate nature's wide, open spaces while you enjoy some of your own.

Gliding past is a wall of ancient ice. You're sailing past miles of untouched timber. Walking down creaky wooden sidewalks in Skagway. Over there, Ketchikan. Juneau. Sitka.

It's Alaska as only Princess can show you.

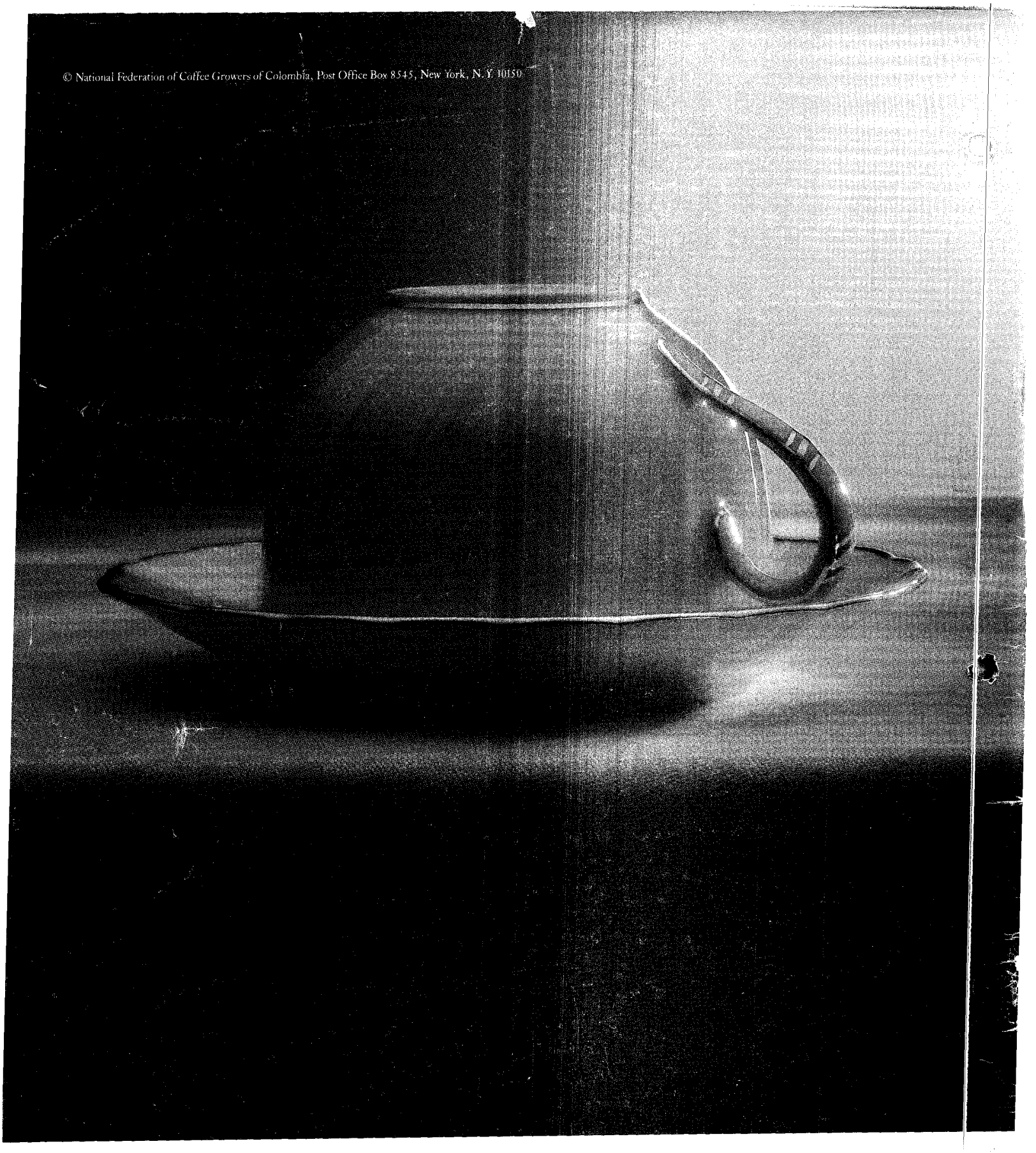
British officers to inform you. Charm you. Assist you. An Italian dining staff to wine you. Dine you. Thoroughly delight you. With the ultimate British-registered ships to take you.

The Royal Princess, for ten spectacular days, departing from San Francisco. Or the elegant Island Princess or sleek Sun Princess, for 7 days, departing from Vancouver. Or our new 7-day itinerary on the Pacific Princess departing from Seattle.

For your free brochure with information on Expo 86 packages, air programs and special discounts, call 1-800-421-0522, extension 24, or see your travel agent. And be with us this summer.

Princess Cruises to Alaska

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The only alternative to 100% Colombian Coffee.

100% Colombian Coffee

The richest coffee in the world.™

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED